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THE STORY OF HIS LOVE

BEING THE

JOURNAL AND EARLY CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ANDRÉ-MARIE AMPÈRE

WITH HIS FAMILY CIRCLE DURING THE

FIRST REPUBLIC, 1793-1804

D509

EDITED BY MADAME H. C.

From the French

BY THE

TRANSLATOR OF 'THE BLOCKADE' 'MAN OF THE PEOPLE' ETC.

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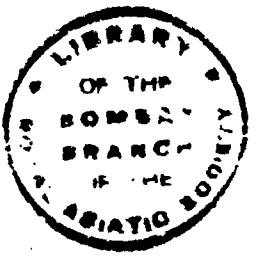

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DEDICATION.

WITH a respectful and abiding recollection of the learned, kindly, unsophisticated Jean-Jacques Ampère, this translation of the touching and simple letters exchanged, in the early part of the century, between his parents and others of his family has been made. The Journal and Correspondence present a phase of French society which the English public of that time had no means of contemplating, and which can scarcely fail to interest all the lovers of excellence in our own. Her modest share of the work is affectionately dedicated to MADELEINE by

THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON, 1873.

PREFACE.

THE name of the illustrious savant which graces the title-page of this work, is possibly little known to the general public. To the scientific world it is as familiar as that of our own Newton or Faraday. The man who was said by those who knew him best, to be 'as tender, as kind, and as simple as he was great,' died a member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, the Academies of Berlin, Stockholm, Brussels, and Lisbon, of the Philomatic Society of Paris, of the learned societies of Cambridge and Geneva. This is not the place to enter into the questions solved by his powerful intelligence; nor to give a list of the learned works he bequeathed to the world.

The Story of his Love has nothing to do with the story of his scientific life; we leave him in 1804 with his foot on the first round of the ladder which led up to fame; we may possibly hereafter trace his ascending steps; suffice it to say, that, beloved and honoured,

and under the burden of a large share of the sorrows and annoyances which assail the best among us, he triumphantly reached the highest scientific glory, and that, among the studies and labours of his life must be hailed, the discovery of the principle which now vivifies, we may almost say rules, the world —in a word, of the *Electric Telegraph*.

Ampère, who wrote so little, says his friend,[1] has left us some papers under the title 'Amorum,' to which, he day by day consigned the touching, simple record of his feelings. The first words run, 'One day after sunset, as I was walking by a solitary stream,' and here the paper is torn; but we know that the stream ran not far from the village of Saint-Germain, Mont d'Or, that the day was the 10th of April 1796, and that it was then he first saw the woman to whom he may be said to have been then married; for, from that hour to the end of her existence, she was his one only thought. Yes, he loved and was loved; and such a halo of delicacy and purity shines round the pair, that we feel tempted to call this the Paul and Virginia period of his life. Let the reader judge.

The immediate effects of the elder Ampère's death on his son's sensitive nature, are but slightly

[1] M. Arago.

touched on in the pages that follow. Stricken indeed he was by the blow; his wondrous memory a blank, his mind a wreck; and in this state he lived for nearly two years, when the reading of Rousseau's Letters on Botany aroused in him a love of flowers, and at the same time some of the odes of Horace exercised over him a potent charm. It was when botanising, and at the same time reading his favourite author, that he saw before him the sweet woman who was afterwards his wife, and with whom the reader will become well acquainted through the letters that were so religiously preserved by a son, who has left to posterity (and it is saying much) a name and reputation for talent and excellence worthy of both his parents.

Errata.

Page 31, line 27, *for* 'designated the position of the East,' *read* 'as the position of the Dipping-needle.'

Page 36, line 14, *for* 'box,' *read* 'pannier.'

JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ANDRÉ-MARIE AMPÈRE.

MADELEINE,—It is of you that I think now as ever, as I displace the dust on the discoloured, time-worn papers which contain the history of two hearts united for a brief period upon earth.

I desire to place before you a short phase from the life of a celebrated man, and to speak to you, moreover, of the sweet creature who was his companion, friend, counsellor—in short, the guardian angel of his pure youth.

My sketch will not require long commentaries to excite your respectful emotion; it will present to you at times the attraction of a simple romance, blended with the practical exhibition of many virtues; you will see the rare combination of true simplicity and transcendent intelligence, of profound sensibility and genius; you will appreciate a tenderness faithful and devoted even to self-forgetfulness—manifesting

itself not by word alone, but by constant labour and privation of every kind; a love never weakened by the alternations of continued illness and the trials of nursing, but increasing on the contrary with the sacrifices and material embarrassments of existence. None of these moral beauties will escape you; they will fortify your heart and mind, ripened as they have been too early by a cruel loss, and tested by trials usually spared to youth.

At the commencement of my memoir we must place the death of the father of André-Marie Ampère. Three years later, in 1800, his son Jean-Jacques was born. To give, therefore, a befitting title to the manuscript, we must head it

The Three Ampères.

In the month of May 1793, the town of Lyons, driven to a climax by the odious despotism exercised by the Jacobin Club, rose against its Terrorist municipality, succeeded in snatching away its authority, and for sixty days resisted the Republican army sent by the Convention to bring the unfortunate city to submission and destruction.

Jean-Jacques Ampère, a merchant of long standing, who had exercised the functions of justice of the peace previous to the siege, did not abandon them at the moment of insurrection; exasperated like his fellow-citizens by the iniquities of which they

were the victims, he was not dismayed in his courageous indignation by the new dangers to which his official post exposed him; and on September 29, when Dubois-de Crancé, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, entered in triumph the conquered city, one of his first acts of vengeance was to send the justice of the peace to prison, and soon afterwards to the scaffold.

On October 17 of the second year of the Republic, the condemned man wrote a few directions to his wife from the cell No. 5 of the house of detention at Roanne, five weeks before his execution. They are as follows:—

'My beloved one,—It will be necessary for you to renew in your own name the promissory notes that Tatan holds, or else that in the name of your sister you should claim the sole real property belonging to me at Polémieux, the portion that your uncle assigned to you, the receipts for the town house which I sold to the late Citizen Guyau, your contract of marriage containing a list of your furniture, the pension for life of 500 francs with which I am charged to provide your mother-in-law, and a capital of 5,000 francs which I owe to my cousin Hilaire in Paris.

'You will find in my bureau the deeds that concern you. If they persist in selling Polémieux to your detriment, you can repurchase it through

Delorme or some one else, either in your own name or in that of our children.

'I owe twelve francs and ten sols to the Citizen Passot for fifty second-hand bottles, which must not be used before they have been well tested and cleaned, nearly eight francs for bread to Citizen Barbaret, and about fifteen francs for bread to widow Pourra.

'There is a sum of ten francs due to Citizen Rivai, Grande Rue Mercière, for my son's cap. I do not think I owe anything more, except sixty francs to a glazier who repaired the windows of the loft.

'You must not forget our servants, from whom you have received such good and faithful services, that they may obtain payment of their wages, due at Martinmas.

'I reckon among our debts those that I have contracted with Citizen M——, who supported us, that is, Tatan and me, through the siege, and who advanced my brother almost a whole year of the allowance that I have made him.

'I attest that the debts here detailed are just and veritable, and I thus hope to secure myself from the reproaches of my fellow-citizens who have followed my convictions.

'JEAN-JACQUES AMPÈRE,

'Justice of the Peace up to this time.

'Lyons: Thursday, October 17, 1793,
the year II. of the Republic.

'I am far, my beloved one, from leaving you rich, or even in common comfort; but you cannot impute this to my bad conduct, or to any dissipation: my greatest expense has been the purchase of books and geometrical instruments which our son required for his education; but even this expense was a wise economy, since he has never had any other master than himself.

'I must confess, however, that my fortune, since my retirement from business, has suffered a diminution; the residence I have occupied two years cost me 3,000 francs of my capital, and this has also undergone some subtraction by the redemption of feudal rights, both fixed and eventual, which I have paid to the national authorities for more than two years—a payment which, with the assessments which have accumulated during four or five years, has made a hole in it of 18,000 francs; added to all this, a quarter of my income has been expended on the demands of my country, and my share in the recruitings of last March has amounted nearly to 2,000 francs. There has been besides the great expense necessitated by my position as justice of the peace, which required me to keep an extra apartment and a servant, involving more housekeeping and three additional fires. I doubt whether, with resources as small as mine, there is any citizen who has done so much for his country. I regret nothing but the unhappiness of being disowned by her, for it afflicts me

little, though it astonishes me, to be denounced by my enemies and by those envious of me.

'I had never any other taste and passion than for my duties. I feel neither repentance nor remorse, and I am ever worthy of thee. I embrace thee and all dear to us from the bottom of my heart.

'JEAN-JACQUES AMPÈRE,

'Husband, father, friend, and ever-faithful citizen.'

A month later, on November 23, Jean-Jacques Ampère, on the evening before his death, addressed his last words to those he was on the point of leaving, and to his *dearly beloved* country; and then, pardoning his executioners, he abandoned himself to God.

This simple man, so gentle in his resignation, so strong in his purity of conscience, so grand in his high-souled feeling, was to be the noble stock of two generations conspicuous for talent and for genius.

Concentrate your thoughts now, Madeleine, and read the pages that follow with a feeling of veneration.

'I have received, my dear angel, your consoling note; it has poured a life-giving balm on the moral wounds made on my heart by the regret of being misunderstood by my fellow-citizens, who exclude me by the most cruel separation from my country, which I have cherished so dearly, and whose prosperity has been so earnestly desired by me.

'I trust that my death may be the seal of a general reconciliation among all our brothers: I pardon those who rejoice at it, those who have provoked it, and those who have ordered it.

'I have reason to believe that the national vengeance, of which I am one of the most innocent victims, will not extend to the small property which sufficed us, thanks to your wise economy and to that frugality which was our favourite virtue. It comes from you, it belongs to you, or to your sister, or to those creditors whose claims are not equivocal. You will put forward your own rights jointly with them, according to the instruction I gave you at the beginning of my detention in this dungeon; and the pledges of our union, who are so worthy of our tenderness, will be at least saved from indigence.

'I hope that a motive of such importance will make you bear my loss with courage and resignation. Next to my confidence in the Eternal One, to whose bosom I trust that all which remains of me will be borne, my sweetest consolation is that you will cherish my memory as fervently as you have been dear to me. This recompense is my due.

'If in that eternal Home, to which our dear daughter has preceded me, it were granted me to interest myself with the things of the world below, you and my dear children would be the objects of my cares and pleasure. May they enjoy a better lot than their father, and ever keep in view the fear

of God—that salutary fear, which, working within us, makes us innocent and just, in spite of the frailty of our nature.

'I desire my tenderest farewell to Tatan, and I rely on her affection for you and yours: may she share the courage that animates me, so that you may support each other. Do not speak to Joséphine of her father's fate; contrive to keep her in ignorance of it. As to my son, there is nothing that I do not expect from him so long as you are granted to each other. Embrace each other for my sake. My heart is with you all. Adieu, beloved one; receive these last expressions of my tenderness; tell him who shared our retreat that I love him as much as I honour him, and remember me to the Citizens Per.

'J.-J. AMPÈRE.

'November 23, 1793.'

These lines, written a few hours before mounting the scaffold, in the prime of his life and in the full enjoyment of his faculties, are in themselves a complete biography of this just man, a testament worth far more than parchments.

The condemned man alludes to his eldest daughter whom he is going to meet above, to Tatan his sister-in-law, and to the little Joséphine who is to be left in ignorance of her father's tragic fate. As he thinks of André, whose genius he has perceived,

a parental pride, rising paramount in his heart at this exciting moment, called forth the words: 'As to my son, there is nothing that I do not expect from him.' Prophetic words! sacredly treasured up by him who was one day to justify them; many a time, without a doubt, ye have raised his courage on that rugged path that led him to glory!

André-Marie Ampère was eighteen years old at the time of the terrible catastrophe. Struck down and overwhelmed by his stupendous affliction, the orphan was crushed, and succumbed to it for a moment.

The shock was so great, that for a year his powerful intelligence seemed to have vanished or to be slumbering. At length, one day, an interest in flowers seemed to arouse it. From flowers to poetry the step was easy and natural. He soon became intoxicated with the beautiful poems of Homer, Horace, Virgil, and Tasso; he became an enthusiastic lover of nature, and entered ardently into the delights of friendship—friendship, that *hereditary* sentiment in his family, which Jean-Jacques elevated into the rank of a virtue.

In such a condition of mind, André-Marie met a young girl whom he was to cherish still more than flowers and poetry and science. Julie Carron was to be the passion and the one affection of his whole life.

In the neighbourhood of Lyons, near Polémieux,

the maternal estate on which André Ampère was born, stands the little village of Saint-Germain-au-Mont-d'Or; here, throughout the summer, in a modest country house, the Carron family resided. The father was engaged in business. He had four children; a boy and three girls. The eldest of the latter had married her cousin, Marsil Périsse, a partner in a bookseller's establishment, well known and respected then as now in the commercial circle of Lyons; the second, Mdlle. Julie, was to be the mother of J.-Jacques Ampère; the third, Élise, a person of an original and cultivated mind, gifted with great goodness, but with a somewhat riotous imagination, initiates us in her correspondence into the simple habits and domestic virtues of her pious home. A most tender mother, a sick father, the object of general solicitude, a grandmother beloved by all her grandchildren, Mdlle. Boiron, a sister of Madame Carron, an aunt devoted to each member of the family, and some old friends, compose this intimate circle. The only son of M. Carron was engaged, at the time we first become acquainted with them, in 1795, to Mdlle. Aguarite de Campredon.

Julie was a fair girl with auburn hair, as the title of a poem evidences; André thus completes the portrait in another part:—'Her blue eyes wear the serenity of an angelic soul; a smile animates every feature; all her movements are marked by grace; candour gleams on her brow, and colours her cheeks

with a light tint of rose.' As to her heart and her judgment, if we would gain an idea of them at once, let us pause a moment upon an episode in her youth—foreign indeed to our principal subject, but affording us an opportunity of making a more intimate acquaintance with this amiable girl and with those connected with her.

M. Dumas, a doctor of some reputation at the early age of twenty-nine, a professor in the École centrale de Santé at Montpellier, desired the hand of Mdlle. Julie Carron in marriage in the year 1795. The affection he felt was sincere, for the allurements of a handsome dowry did not exist.[1]

Between the years of nineteen and twenty-one, therefore, Julie twice inspired a disinterested affection—a sentiment less rare, it appears, seventy years ago than it is at the present day.

Monsieur Dumas' amorous style does not escape the influence of his time. He depicts his passion with dramatic fervour, and uses a force of expression which would be little appreciated in our

[1] Dumas, a physician, born at Lyons in 1765, studied at Montpellier, was employed at the Hôtel-Dieu at Lyons, where he rendered great services during the siege of the town in 1793, and subsequently in the army of the Alps (1794). In 1795 he was called to be Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Montpellier; he became successively Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and Rector of the Academy at Montpellier, and he died in this town in 1813. His principal works are—*Principes de Physiologie*, 1806, in which he developed Barthez' doctrine of the vital principle; and *Doctrine des Maladies chroniques*, 1812—a new work, in which the author treats of the theory and formation of diseases.

own day, and would run the risk of provoking a smile more frequently than any tender emotion. Nevertheless, I repeat, under a form too highly romantic there is true depth and real tenderness.

In the present day, suitors couch their proposals in another formula. They cannot be accused of lacking simplicity of language or of wanting plainness in their declarations. Alas! there is an excess of this!

It is to Julie's mother, of course, that the young professor first addresses his petition. He speaks of his present situation and of his hopes for the future, and thus begins :—

From M. Dumas to Mme. Carron.

'Madame,—Ah! could you but know my whole soul! When I returned from Paris, six years ago, I entertained even then the same sentiment towards your daughter. I was without fortune; I had to make it before I could think of her. I went to Montpellier to be examined for a professorship which had been conferred upon me. My poor mother, aware of my attachment, stimulated me to great effort for the sake of meriting its object; contrary circumstances, arising from the Revolution, retarded the time at which my position ought to have been established. I arrived at Lyons, in the hope of securing a position. My stimulant to success was Julie alone;

for her I braved the rigours of the siege, and exposed myself to all the miseries which this terrible event brought upon me. You know them; I will therefore not recall them to your sensitive heart. I will only tell you that, menaced by pressing danger, overwhelmed with privations and misfortunes during those unhappy days, my sole regret was for Julie. I take delight in believing that she would have consented to be my wife had not fresh circumstances combined to remove me from my own neighbourhood.

'I languish in the most cruel uncertainty. Be kind, and rescue me from such a condition, and by a single word to fix my bad or good fortune, for Julie alone can confer happiness or misery on me.

'The National Convention has just appointed me to an advantageous position, and one suitable to my tastes. I am made Professor at the École centrale de Santé established at Montpellier, and my duties are to teach anatomy, physiology, and physic, as applied to the art of healing. The salary of each professor amounts to six hundred francs a month. I hope, moreover, that the practice of my profession may not be unprofitable.

'I do not offer wealth to Julie, but I bring her a heart full of affection for her, and one which from her earliest youth has been penetrated with a love that time can never alter.

'I await your reply, Madame, and I shall count

the days, hours, and minutes which elapse until it reaches

'DUMAS,

Professor at the École centrale de Santé, at the house of the Citizens Durand, Rue Haute, Montpellier, year III. of the French Republic.'

This letter, which came unexpectedly in the midst of the regular and quiet habits of the Carron family, was the cause of some agitation, especially to Elise, who could not endure the prospect of being separated from her sister. This great event speedily became known abroad. It was whispered from one to another, though each thought it necessary to maintain a discreet and careful reserve towards his neighbour. Elise, who was at Saint-Germain with her grandmother, while Julie remained at Lyons by her father's sick bed, depicts the position of things to us in an account of her visit to Marsil, her brother-in-law.

From Élise to Julie.

'Saint-Germain.

'Oh, my dear Julie, how we have talked with my brother-in-law! I doubted he was aware of your affairs; he adhered, however, like myself, to reserve; but when he was on the point of leaving, I detained him, saying: "Do you know nothing more—*nothing more* at all?" He began to laugh, but, afraid of compromising his wife, he was still

silent; at last we both burst out at once, and we each confessed all that we knew on the matter. Jenny having told him everything necessarily obliges us to conceal nothing from him. He begged me, however, not to let you know that he was so well informed, for fear of making you ill at ease with him. I laughed at this reason, for I think so good a brother makes an excellent fourth in our feminine quadrille; he possesses as much sensibility as any, and loves you almost as much as your Elise does.

'This visit of Marsil's set the whole neighbourhood in commotion—Mdlle. Laurent, M. Richemberg, and many others. . . . I was quite dismayed and red as fire at finding myself at such a fête, and was not a little glad on their departure to find myself again with my brother, who, out of kindness, remained until this afternoon.

'Embrace papa and mamma from me; above all, do not forget to love me. I could smother you with kisses.

'ELISE.'

We find no reply from Julie to her sister, but here is one addressed to the professor, rather threatening as regards his affection, in spite of the hopes for the future with which it is interspersed:—

'Sir,—It has been quite against my wish that you have been left so long in painful uncertainty. I should have been glad to make a prompt decision,

but I attach too great importance to the engagement you propose to me not to give it serious reflection, and this demands a tranquillity of mind which I am far from experiencing by the bedside of a dear invalid.

'You imagine that your proposals have been disagreeable to us; how can they be so from a person whom we all esteem so highly? I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of a separation from my family; I feel as if I should never consent to it, not knowing, yet even, how far our characters and tastes are such as are needful to mitigate the troubles which are not to be avoided in any condition of life. The reasons which detain you at Montpellier are very natural; it would be unwise to quit an advantageous post at a time in which they are so rare. I am very sorry to have contributed in making you neglect your advancement; but circumstances may change. Lyons will offer you some day, without doubt, the opportunities which once presented themselves to you. For my own part, I shall not always have the sorrows that I now experience; but, for the present, the idea of leaving my father for a single moment could not but add to my pain.

'I am, sir, with much esteem, yours,

'JULIE CARRON.'

To these few words, full of reason and politeness,

Mdme. Carron adds some lines that are less encouraging.

'To quit all that we love in the world, and to settle at sixty leagues distance with one of whose very tastes and habits we are ignorant, is, you will yourself confess, to take a step which requires great resolution, and a decided inclination for marriage.'

Thanks to the illusions which lovers cherish, the confidence of Dumas was not shaken. Once more, on the 29th Floréal, he endeavoured to set forth the advantages of his career.

'Montpellier, year III. of the French Republic.

'Madame,—How touching is the manner in which Julie expresses her sentiments. How truly it displays the candour of a pure soul, and the solicitude of filial tenderness. The obstacles that she opposes to my happiness would make me cherish her still more, if my love were capable of increase. The idea of a separation frightens her; but consider my position and judge if I ought to throw it up at this moment.

'I am at the head of a new establishment, formed on the ruins of the most celebrated school in Europe. I occupy one of the first posts in the medical profession in a city which has always contained a large number of famous physicians; my position secures me a regular income; it leads both to glory and

fortune, it connects me with public utility, and I find myself at the age of twenty-nine more distinguished and esteemed than many a physician of forty years of age in another town. All these advantages seem to me the more precious after the sad events which have removed me from my own place. . . . I will renounce, if necessary, the brilliant career which is open to me; I will go, if she requires it. Yes, I will go with her to a town in which I think it dangerous to reside; but in so doing, what will remain for me to offer her? . . . sacrifices and nothing else.

'Receive, Madame, the assurance of my respect.

'DUMAS.'

These arguments are not without a certain force; more than one father of a family would have been satisfied with them, but alas! Dumas did not conquer Julie. A fresh missive received at Saint-Germain acquaints us with the fact. This letter, intended for maternal confidence, was conscientiously despatched by Madame Carron to the lover whose despair it was to seal.

'Lyons, 20 Germinal. Evening.

'We have just received, my dear mother, a letter from Montpellier. I had permission to open it, but it has made me very sad. I was tranquil the last few days; you had answered, and all was as I desired. I feel the value of such a sensitive heart. But to

leave you, to separate myself from those whom I love, *no, no,* I cannot contemplate such a lot without intense grief. I, who would like every morning to leap across the three leagues that separate me from you to return in the evening to my father and my Elise! I must answer him. But how can I say by letter so many things that can be felt better than they can be expressed? It is plain that he does not think my father is so ill. If my mind were more at rest as regards him, I could occupy my thoughts far more with a matter on which the happiness of my life depends. I see that I am truly loved; better known, perhaps, I should be less so. For myself, moreover, I can alone be happy in cherishing him with whom my life has been spent. His letters are well calculated to give me a good idea of him: they prove he has a tender heart and a feeling of friendship towards my family. These are things that I have always desired to meet with in a husband, if I were ever to have one. But, besides these, there are so many affinities of character and taste which contribute to mutual felicity! I have told you before, I do not know him enough; I paid little attention to the interest he used to show in me, thinking there was nothing in it.

'I appreciate all his good qualities, but he no longer speaks of settling at Lyons; travelling becomes difficult when one has a household to leave behind. I repeat this to myself. I revert to it always, because I think of it incessantly. What

pleasure I should have in confiding to you all my thoughts, and in listening in my turn to your counsels! But I cannot again leave Élise alone with my father; together we help each other to bear our fears. How could I then resolve to go so far away? and for such a long time? Oh! no, *no*. Send what answer you choose to this tender letter, but I cannot quit those whom I love so much.

'Adieu, mamma,

'Thy JULIE.'

The truth seemed to flash for a moment before the unhappy lover; but his heart would not submit. He gave vent to one last sigh, he uttered one last entreaty.

'Montpellier, year III. of the French Republic.

'I understand you, madame; I understand you, I understand, too, Julie's answer, in spite of the delicate feeling with which she endeavoured to mitigate its bitterness.

'This answer almost bids me to be silent. How dare I indeed still speak to you a sentiment which cannot be satisfied without costing the object of it many bitter tears? How could I be happy unless Julie were so too? And yet the longing to open my heart to you is not exhausted. Men talk to me of fortune, business, hopes of a brilliant destiny: what avail all these things to a heart filled to the very brim with thoughts of Julie alone? I shall gain

wealth by my labour, for I shall be animated by the desire of rendering happy the wife I adore. My sole business will be to love Julie daily more and more; my hope, to merit her tenderness.

'I pray you, Madame, make one effort more with her, and with yourself; are there no means of rendering less painful the separation which alarms your tender heart? Time flies, the moment of happiness seems long as coming to one who has never experienced it. No, there is no sacrifice of which I do not feel myself capable in order to obtain Julie. . . .

'I have been thinking, for in love one is full of thoughts, that the baths of Balarue have their source near Montpellier; why, then, should not your invalid accompany his daughter, and enjoy, with *his two children*, the combined benefits of a delicious climate, high medical art, and health-giving waters? A lodging has been set apart for my use in the École, which could soon be arranged for his reception. In my castles in the air I amuse myself with planning the room which would be assigned to him, that which you would occupy when you come to see us, that which Julie. . . . But I forget that to think of this, is, alas! as she says, only to add to her unhappiness.

'Adieu, adieu, I feel myself worthy of compassion.

'DUMAS.'

Julie could not remain wholly insensible to the

suffering she caused. In taking up her pen to write for the last time to Montpellier, she thus begins in her imprudent innocence :—

'I did not think, sir, that the reply to my letter could have been so sad. I tell you, it is true, that I cannot make up my mind to quit my family; I urge you also not to abandon, in this time of revolution, a post so advantageous to you. Grieved as I am to see my father in his dangerous state, can I entertain an idea of changing my condition?

'If I desired to know you better, was it not equally for the happiness of both? Did I not risk as much as you did in the test? A residence at Lyons is distasteful to you; what would it not require to make you forget a place that you love, and advantages so difficult to replace elsewhere? You say that years are passing rapidly away; I feel this also; but would it not be better to employ them in seeking a happiness that may be attained rather than in grasping its shadow? I do not doubt that you will meet many rich and amiable women; your position requires you to settle speedily; may you be happy! If I have caused you pain, the remembrance will ever add to my own, and far from finding my own happiness in the sacrifice that you make of yours, the thought that I may have affected it will always be painful to Julie.'

The unhappy Dumas had to pass through all the

sad phases of the malady of which he was the victim. A few words dictated by a sentiment of pity were sufficient to re-animate his hopes. Without paying attention to the rest, he read and re-read a hundred times the first words of Julie's note, obstinately allowing them to take possession of his mind. 'I did not think, sir, that the reply to my letter could have been so sad;' and more passionately in love than ever, clinging to his illusions, he gave renewed vent to his feelings. The object of his love, on the contrary, energetically defended her liberty, and remained mistress of her heart. The ardent Élise, following with anxiety all the alternations of the little romance of Montpellier, trembled lest she should see the passionate professor triumph, and she addressed a letter to her sister from Saint-Germain, full of sincere lamentations.

To Citizen Julie Carron, Rue Clermont, No. 21, Maison Debrosse, Lyons.

'Saint-Germain, Sunday evening, O.S.

'Dear Julie,—Yesterday was a painful day to your Élise; I trembled for fear of receiving the news which never arrived. There are moments in which everything overwhelms one. I am stunned, stupified, and I have a dread lest my weak head may not be able to withstand so many things; the smallest drive

me to despair, because of the weightier ones which leave me neither day nor night. Ah! how I long to speak to you of yourself! How heartily I could weep! This last letter in which a residence at Lyons is negatived, raises my fears to a height. I am disheartened, life is a burden to me; I reproach myself moreover with the pain which my sadness and my lamentations cause you. Oh! if your love ever fails me, hide it from me if you wish me to live! But whither is my disquietude carrying me? Have you not enough of it yourself? But it is a relief to give it vent.

'I shall return to nurse our dear father as soon as mamma is recovered. Remember me affectionately to Aguarite. We have heard of her fiancé; he was well received by my uncle, and had a prosperous journey. God grant that things may continue so!

'But to return to your affairs; everything else, though it interests me deeply, touches me far less keenly. Aguarite advises you to accept him; but how can you decide, knowing each other so little? She should know by experience that you ought to be sure of reciprocal confidence. She finds such great satisfaction in hearing all that our brother has thought and thinks: how would she be contented with conjectures and letters?

'All the reasons you allege are excellent; nothing offensive, nothing hurried; in short, it is the expression of your feelings. If he had seen what you wrote

to our mother, he would not speak again of the journey to Montpellier as a trifle.

'I am stupified to-day; our good mother's illness, and many other things, have so shaken me, that I know not whether I am asleep or awake, whether I am foolish or reasonable.

'Adieu! Love me in spite of everything, and believe that I love thee truly! Ah, my dear Julie, the conclusion of this matter is at hand; heaven grant it may be for thy happiness!

'ÉLISE.'

We are in truth approaching the catastrophe; the lover's dream was on the point of vanishing; a last letter, which announces the fact to us, ends thus: 'Mademoiselle, may you at least have the happiness which I lack, and thus I shall feel my privation far less. Live tranquilly in the bosom of a family who love you, far from a man who adores you, and sometimes give a thought to the unfortunate being whose lot could only be made happy by you.'

Let us pity Dumas; he deserves our commiseration; but let us hope that he found some compensation in the future. We may truly say, having gained such an insight into his heart, 'Happy the woman to whom it was given to console him!'

And Julie, on her part, has she not also inspired some sympathy? Hers is a fine nature, an upright mind. She possesses the feeling of duty to a high

degree; she sees the shortest path in reaching an end, for her good sense rarely fails her.

The Montpellier professor, whom she had known but casually, and who desired to take her from her family, may, perhaps have accused her of coldness. But her devotion to her parents belies all conjectures of the kind. But as to love, Julie's heart had not yet spoken. In the terrible epoch of 1793 her youth had scarcely unfolded. Events such as these mature minds quickly; the dangers which menaced her family had bound more tightly the bonds which united her to them. To separate herself from them just as the terror was over, and sickness paralyzed her father, was a sacrifice which seemed impossible to her. She refused, therefore, the offer, always a *rare* one for a girl without fortune, of being advantageously settled in life. She refused, though not without having hesitated for awhile; for, in spite of her resolution not to yield at that time to the suit of an irreproachable man, her conscience, touched with gratitude for his affection, told her that she was loved. Julie struggled with her feelings, but her filial affection gained the mastery.

This domestic crisis having come to an end, each member of the Carron family resumed without interruption their usual habits and occupations. Élise, reassured as to the separation she dreaded, speaks to us with greater serenity of the marriage of

her brother and Mdlle. Aguarite than she had done of that of her sister. She congratulates herself at escaping, as far as she herself is concerned, the torments of love; and we thus arrive, in company with this honest-hearted and impetuous girl, to the end of the year 1795.

From Élise to Citizen Julie Carron, at Lyons.

'Tuesday evening, 1795, O.S.

'Are they or are they not married? for I know neither the day nor the hour. You have not time to write to me, and that I may not be surprised, I expect no tidings at all. Nevertheless, a crowd of ideas throng upon me, and bring before me a confused vision of wedding festivities. I see dear Carron so happy, and our good Aguarite also; and then mamma, not knowing what to do next.

'You must require your clothes, so I send them. I trust they will not reach you like mustard when dinner is over. The house just now is, as you say, an abyss; things appear and melt away. I only hope you will not melt away yourselves, and that I shall find you recognisable personages!

'Your affectionate heart makes you picture Élise very sad in her solitude, and you would like to come and take my place. Ah me! how could I, all at once, take yours in that whirlpool at Lyons? Believe as I do, that Providence places me where I am, and see

how many obstacles combine to oppose my being elsewhere. Let us then take the part assigned to us, and leave off ever looking for ways and means that are never to be met with. I wish, sometimes, for the sake of your repose, that you were a little more indifferent to events; but, on the other hand, when I think of myself, I am very glad to see in you a thoughtful, sensible being, and one who loves me so well.

'My love to Fanchette and her merry little brother Périsse, who will not submit to have the fashion of his dress interfered with, and who imagines he can face everything with his portfolio.

'Adieu, I am going to bed. What a contrast for our mother is the life she has now for some time led in the town, and the tranquillity that awaits her at Saint-Germain!

'ÉLISE.'

At this epoch André was just twenty years of age. For some years he had been as well acquainted with geometry and mathematics as professors or books could make him. A Latin and Greek scholar, extravagantly fond of poetry, he wrote tragedies, and made rough drafts of poems on the natural sciences, on the ethics of life, and an epic on Christopher Columbus. He scribbled rhymes and madrigals, he arranged and classified his flowers, and saved his roots from death by replanting them in his

garden. He studied chemistry, physical science, mechanics, heraldry, and philosophy. What did he not study! What did he not know even now! this man who was to complete his labours, twenty years afterwards, by conceiving and arranging a new classification of all the branches of human knowledge!

We must return to André at Lyons, installed in the Rue Mercière, giving lessons all day, and reserving to himself long mornings, the value of which he appreciated. In winter, he rose before daybreak at four o'clock, left his room, and climbed up to an apartment on the fifth storey, in the Place des Cordeliers, where he joined a group of comrades eager, like himself, to learn and know everything. They read together the treatise by Lavoisier, devoured it with enthusiasm, and wondering at all the new discoveries which Ampère, still ignorant of his own genius, was soon to equal, if not to surpass. Alluding to this heroic worker, M. Sainte-Beuve thus charmingly expresses himself:

'Sweet season of youth! aspiring age! period of fertility, in which everything is exhaled and co-exists at once, in which the man loves and meditates, scrutinizes and discovers and sings, which is sufficient for everything, which leaves nothing unexplored which attracts it, and which is attracted by everything true and beautiful. Age ever regretted, when the man at the outset of his career,

beneath a radiant sky, half leaning forth from his chariot, gives free play to the reins, and urges on his coursers.'

At the end of each week thus laboriously spent, Ampère quitted the town of Lyons to spend the Sunday in repose with his family at Polémieux. Sometimes he stopped on his way at the house of an aunt residing with her daughter at Saint-Germain. Was it these journeys and visits which became to our young savant the occasion of a meeting which was to fix his fate? Probably so. At this time he complains and is weary of the void within his heart, and speaks of the apathy that he feels in spite of his books and studies which hitherto have been his dearest delight.

'The cry of nature spread a vague and insupportable disquietude throughout my soul. One day when I was walking after sunset by the side of a solitary rivulet' . . . .

The paper says no more. The words, traced on a loose sheet, are here broken off, but they serve as an introduction to the journal which is about to begin; they announce the aurora of a radiant day, the apparition of Julie. On the first page of a manuscript, more stained than the rest, and scattered over with many an x and y, may be traced the letters *Amorum*, the last word of a title the commencement of which is torn off.

Before going further, let us pause a moment; let us

consider this young professor of twenty years of age, who owes everything he knows to himself, and who knows *everything*, except the world. Hitherto he has been acquainted with no other joy but that of work; his courage is his fortune; his simplicity his nobleness; his good nature springs from the purity and truth of his soul. He may be thought awkward and clumsy, perhaps, in his timid inexperience; but if he sometimes calls forth a smile, it is accompanied with a certain veneration. Beneath this true humility let us not fail to recognize the genius that is concealed; for this timid, tender, and modest man is already rendered great by science, the limits of which he is to enlarge.

In 1840, in the Académie des Sciences, M. Arago, its illustrious secretary, after having explained the laws which regulate the phenomena of electro-dynamics, exclaimed, in speaking of André: 'Some day we shall hear of the laws of Ampère, as we do of the laws of Kepler.' Then he related how, on September 18, 1820, the period at which his immortal discovery was presented to the Institute, 'Learned men, both national and foreign, for several weeks, repaired in crowds to a humble study in the street of the Fossés-Saint-Victor, and there saw, with astonishment, a wire of platinum, which designated the position of the East by the action of the terrestrial globe. What would Newton, Halley, Dufay, Æpinus, Franklin, and Coulomb have said, had any one

told them that the day would come in which, without the aid of the magnetic needle, navigators could direct their course by observing the electric currents, and by the guidance of the electric wire ?'

To this last homage rendered to genius by Arago, M. Littré adds his own, thus concluding a remarkable notice on Ampère :—

'The present day, which was once time future, will become in its turn time past; and an epoch will arrive in which all our science will seem but small. That which Seneca said of his age, we can repeat of our own—posterity will be astonished that we should have been ignorant of so much. The report of fame will grow weak as it passes through space. Our volumes, swelled with contemporary science, will be reduced to a few permanent lines which will form the basis of new works. But in these works, at whatever degree of perfection they arrive, however mighty may be the natural discoveries they contain, however elementary may then appear all that we at present know, *a place* will always be reserved for the name of M. Ampère, and for his simple and beautiful doctrine of electro-magnetism.'

Now, dear Madeleine, that you know a little better the author of the journal and of the following pages, open this book without fear. It is not a lesson in geometry, penned for your benefit; it is a simple history, namely, that of his love.

A·M O R U M.

1796.

Sunday, April 10.—I saw her for the first time.

Saturday, August 10.—I went to her house, and they lent me 'Le Novelle Morali di Soave.'

Saturday, September 3.—M. Coupier had left the day before. I went to return 'Le Novelle,' and they allowed me to select a volume from the library. I took Mme. Deshoulières. I was a few moments alone with her.

(M. Coupier, a friend of the Ampère family, was much interested in botany, physics, and mechanics. He was intimate with André, who constantly, in his letters, consulted him upon scientific difficulties which he could not himself solve.)

Sunday, September 4.—I accompanied the two sisters after mass. I brought away the first volume of Bernardin. She told me that she should be alone, as her mother and sister were leaving on Wednesday.

Friday, September 9.—I went there, and only found Élise.

Sunday, September 11.—After mass I went to return Bernardin. I learned that Julie was coming back, but with Jenny.[1]

[1] Jenny de Campredon, Aguarite's sister.

(Brought up by a most pious mother, André's religious sentiments date from his possession of reason. His first communion had been the great joy, the light of his youth, just as the calamity of '93 was to be the terror, the stupor, the shadow of his eighteenth year. His profound Catholicism, which had exhibited itself with enthusiasm at the beginning of his life, though cooled down and even obscured in the middle of his career, soon asserted itself again, and became fixed up to the close of his existence. His son, Jean-Jacques Ampère, often declared that the Catholicism of his father, and of Ozanam, and the spectacle of his mother's religion, had been a more striking and touching sermon to his heart and mind, than all the arguments sought for and found by him in the works of the most learned theologians.)

Wednesday, September 14.—I took back Voltaire. I found them at table, and I accompanied them to Curis. (Curis was the residence of the Bœuf family, who were connected both with Mme. Carron and Mme. Ampère.)

Friday, September 16.—I returned the second volume of Bernardin, and had some conversation both with her and Jenny. I promised to bring some comedies on the following day.

Saturday, September 17.—I took them, and began to open my heart.

(Five months after having seen Mdlle. Carron

for the first time, André begins to open his heart. I doubt whether this confidence revealed much to Julie. The young man's secret had been guessed, for a letter from Élise, written at this period, alludes to it.)

To Citizen Julie Carron.

'Saint-Germain, Thursday evening.

'You tell me that you will not speak to me of things which fatigue and worry me. Ah! I beg you, my dear Julie, make no effort of the kind; give free vent to your thoughts. What name does a love deserve which is only willing to share happiness! it would not be a love to my taste, and it will never, I trust, be yours, which is of such a kind as to wish to investigate *every little corner in the heart of Ampère.*

'Remain with papa and mamma; they both need you, and cannot leave Lyons before our brother's departure. Write to me as soon as the request has been made. How happy we are that my uncle takes an interest in Carron! How much we are to be pitied that the latter should have to go a hundred leagues away! Good and evil are linked everywhere. You are wrong in thinking that I give myself too much trouble for others; the bare idea would make me do what I have just found fault with, and I would not whisper a word more as to

myself and my occupations: in truth, there would be no great evil in that.

'I have not had time to iron mamma's caps. Young Rissimbourg came with his brother; I had to get them some luncheon, and I let the fire go out. The children are making such a noise that it prevents my thinking; they are dragging about the shovel, and the little one is doing whatever she likes. I don't know where I am, and I make no attempts to preserve a silence which I am not able to maintain. But it is certain that they take every advantage of the little patience I possess.

'Were the eggs broken? Was the wine spilt? I did not fill the box, and they tell me that mule has a trick of lying down. I wish Aguarite could hear how dear mamma pities her at Carron's departure. "She will shed many tears," she says; to which I answer, "And we also;" then Marion exclaims, "*Ah ouai*! it is quite another thing with a sister! It is a thing which no one can understand till she has gone through it."

'I do not know why neither our good mother nor Marion think of pitying my poor brother; women seem to have acquired a great reputation for sensibility.

'How many things we shall have to say when we meet again! But, nevertheless, I do not know, in writing, what string to touch upon; it is for you to encourage me either to speak or to be silent.'

(In spite of these last words, the good Élise was not a girl to restrain for long the open expression of her feelings; thus, at the end of her letter, she changes her tone, and expresses herself plainly.)

'I think your reasons suitable, and not to be gainsayed; what can be said against so natural a desire not to be separated? That point must be settled, and where there is love it will be settled.'

(The question *sine quâ non* of separation ever recurs; it is again treated and discussed in the family circle.)

Sunday, September 18.—I saw Julie playing at draughts after mass.

Monday, September 19.—I made my avowal of affection. I left with faint hopes, and with a prohibition to revert to the subject before her mother's return.

(Here we find a letter written to Julie, the rough and much erased copy of which is twice begun afresh.)

"Will you pardon a sentiment which forces me to write to you? It is impossible for me otherwise to break a silence which I cannot bear. Since your absence has deprived me of the joy of seeing you and hearing you, the sole delight of which I am now able to partake, I opened my heart to your mother; and it seems to me that she would not oppose my happiness if you were willing to consent to it.

'I know how little worthy I am of such felicity.

May the tender affection with which my heart is filled, suffice to move you to pity at my fate, and induce you to listen to me.'

(We find no answer to André's declaration. Élise's comments on this subject inform us that the note reached its address.)

'Saint-Germain, Tuesday evening.

'Dear Julie,—I receive two letters at once, and what letters!! How many reflections do they call forth! how many things to answer!

'Do not be uneasy on my account: I am very well. I work at my embroidery, I write, I eat, I sleep. I am not cold when I go into the cellar; it is warmer there than in the sitting-room; I always take off my pelisse when I go there. I take care to go to the fruit loft; as to the pig, he has received but one visit from me. Do not trouble yourself, therefore, on this point; draw out this thorn; there are still plenty remaining. The note you have received has greatly surprised me! I begin to believe in constancy, and I discover *in the proceedings of these ladies* a thousand things which I had not remarked, and which are not to the disadvantage of the *brother*; but I cannot explain myself here, there is too much of *why* and *because*. I am sorry for you, dear Julie, that you should again have to undergo reflections of this nature. I advise you to let them slumber till we are calmer and both together;

but this advice is easier to write than to put in practice.

'Adieu, adieu! I embrace you heartily.

'ÉLISE.'

(She is not yet at the climax of her astonishment, this good Élise; for the constancy that surprises her now was to last more than two years before it was recompensed; *the proceedings of the ladies, which were not to the disadvantage of the brother*, prove that mother and aunt, cousin and sister, were already secretly endeavouring to forward André's views.)

Let us return to the journal.

Saturday, September 24.—I took back a volume of Bernardin and brought away the 4th volume of the Dunciad and an umbrella.

Monday, September 26.—I found *her* in the garden, but did not venture to speak to her.

Friday, September 30.—I took back Racine. The mother was in the drawing-room measuring some linen.

October 3.—I went there. I contrived to say a few words to her mother. I brought away the first volume of Sévigné.

Thursday, October 6.—I found myself alone with *her* without daring to speak to her; they gave me the first set of *bouts-rimés*.

Monday, October 10.—I brought them filled up, and contrived to slip them into her hand.

Saturday, October 15.—I took a letter, but *she* had gone to Lyons.

Tuesday, October 18.—I opened my heart fully to her mother, who did not seem to wish to deprive me of all hope.

Tuesday, October 25.—I took back the fifth volume of Sévigné. I found Élise there, which prevented my speaking, and carrying away any encouragement.

Friday, October 29.—I saw Julie in the court-yard as I arrived, but some men, unfortunately, were unloading a cart. I went in and found Mme. Petit there, and did not venture to say a word.

Monday, October 31.—Large party; lost an opportunity in the garden. I returned the seventh volume of Sévigné; I forgot to take away the eighth, and my umbrella.

(André manages to find twenty pretexts for going to see Mdlle. Carron; but when speaking to Julie is in question, the timid lover loses every opportunity.)

Wednesday, November 2.—I went to fetch my umbrella. Jenny, Aguarite, a visit from the Bœufs; walks and games.

Saturday, November 5.—I spoke to Julie in her mother's presence, and brought away the eighth and ninth volume of Sévigné.

Monday, November 7.—I did not allude to the matter on this day, on account of the death of M. Montpetit.

Wednesday, November 9.—I again spoke to Julie. She told me to come less frequently.

Saturday, November 12.—Mme. Carron had gone out. I said a few words to Julie, who stopped me short, and went away. Elise advised me not to press the subject that winter.

(Julie stops him short, but does this prove to him that she does not love him ?)

Wednesday, November 16.—Her mother said, 'We have not seen you for a long time.' Élise spoke coldly to me. Julie kindly brought me 'Les Lettres provinciales.'

(In the eighteenth century, previous to the Revolution as well as after it, the grammatical education of women was much neglected in France; syntax, and especially the rules of the participles, were generally deficient; but a true taste for good literature existed in the most modest families and among persons very simply educated. Women delighted in good prose and poetry, without fearing to appear pedantic. They wrote *bouts-rimés*, and little fables, as we shall presently see in the case of Julie. They rested from the most humble duties of housekeeping by listening to a tragedy of Racine, or to some simple and tender novel, free from all the startling vicissitudes that suit the fashion of our own day, and from delineations too revolting to be pleasing, even if they are *true*.

In the present day, the art of writing, or rather

of describing, is carried so far, that this talent has taken the place of sentiment and feeling.

Is this an improvement? It seems a doubtful one.)

Friday, December 9.—Ten o'clock in the morning. She opened the door to me, in her morning cap, and spoke to me for a moment privately in the kitchen. I went in to see Mme. Carron; they talked of Richelieu. I returned to Polémieux to dinner.

(Two days after this last visit of André to Saint-Germain, Julie left the country to go to Lyons, to spend Christmas and the festivals of the new year, 1797, at the house of Mme. Marsil Périsse.

After her sister's departure, Élise, whose active habits made time for everything, maintained a correspondence with her, which keeps us *au courant* of the actions, gestures, and words of our lover, to whom we may apply even now the epithet of 'snubbed.' While we are reading Élise's letters, Ampère will continue his journal, more bare of event than ever, in the absence of Julie.)

From Élise to Julie.

'Wednesday, December 14.

'He came as we got up from table, and stayed till six o'clock. He is just gone; and without having anything very extraordinary to tell you, I will take a separate sheet.

'Mamma went out for a moment, and at once he asked me if I had tidings of you. "Alas!" I said to him, "there has been no letter-carrier for a long time, and no one is gone from this to Lyons." "And do you think she will soon arrive?" "I think she will spend Christmas with our sister." "Christmas! that is still a long way off." "So it seems to me also, and the time hangs heavy till I see her again." "Oh! I can well believe it, but you write to her, she writes to you, and that makes a difference." I cut the matter short by saying that letters were a charming invention; then mamma came in, and the conversation turned upon that and upon the pleasures of the country. I said that it would be a true happiness to be all together there, and that we should then soon forget the town. "But what would those do who delight in going to the play?" he replied, his thoughts evidently wandering to your sojourn at Lyons. "Do you think that people who care to be together would regret the play?" "But there are persons who cannot do without it." "Oh, pray let them remain in the town; their taste assuredly would have no affinity with ours. They would affect us but little." Such is the *résumé* of the conversation. I found his manner more cheerful than last time. The day before yesterday, he paid a visit to the château. I do not know if I am mistaken, but I think he improves in every way. Come, and judge for yourself, my good Julie; but

I am afraid that your eyes, dazzled by what are called *beaux*, will prevent your seeing him in the same light as I do. Adieu, at last! This budget is to go by Boi, and to-morrow I shall have news from you. If you can send me my scissors, I shall be glad. Be calm, take care of yourself; that is the burden of my song. Moitié is a little better, but his wife is ill. How is Aguarite going on? Adieu! Write of all that interests me.

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Sunday, December 18, 1796.

'He came yesterday to show me a way of writing in cypher, which you must learn, for we could then say a thousand things to each other, and no one would understand a word.

'When little Pélagot had gone, mamma said to him, "How is it, M. Ampère, that you have let this and that person see such and such things, without thinking that you expose Julie to a thousand very annoying jokes?" "But, Madame, alas! I have said nothing. Some questions were put to me upon marriage; they spoke to me of a certain Ariste, who is alone in the country, who is in love with a charming young person, and who is beloved by her; and I answered that he was very happy, and that he had done well to marry. They may

have read the rest in my looks, for I am so stupid, so stupid! But I never said anything which could lead them to believe . . ." We saw that he was so vexed at the idea of having caused you any annoyance, that mamma changed the conversation. He told us that he was amusing himself by writing a tragedy on a very ancient subject. We advised him strongly to choose one from the Revolution. He agreed that he would bring us what he had already written, so that mamma might give him another idea if she disapproved of his own.

'This is all that passed during this visit. He went to the Place, enquiring, as usual, "When will she return?" "I do not know," was the reply.

'Adieu! My love to yourself and to Mme. Périsse. Adieu! I am going to write, at length, to you on another subject.

'ÉLISE.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Wednesday, January 4, 1797.

'Ampère is just gone, my dear Julie; he had an "*Anglaise*" of a new fashion, and I should like you to have seen it. He asked me if we had any tidings; I told him we had, and that they were very good. We then began to speak on ordinary subjects.

'If you come back before mamma leaves, I shall accompany her to Lyons; if she decides to go away

after Twelfth Day, you will wait for her; but all that is uncertain. I advise you to take all the pleasure you can have up to that time, and not to leave the town so long as you are well amused there.

'Do not trouble yourself about us; all is going on well: mamma reads, I work, and we make the most amusing verses. I wrote a couplet on the first day of the year, which was shown to M. Ampère; he was delighted with it, for your name was one of its principal ornaments. He learned it by heart, and begged me to show him other stanzas. This is all the news, dear Julie, I have to tell you.

'Tonine and her sister will have to render me an account of their conduct. What are they doing which can hinder them from writing to me? It seems as if they wanted to be forgotten; but they will not succeed, for I think too often of them and their silence. You will give my sister back her letter, thanking her with my love for the pleasure she has afforded me; I have received what I have so long wished for. You have all the appearance of having whispered this idea to her; however it may be, nothing could please me more.

'You began with a journal, and now we only receive letters. The journals were much more amusing; but remember those for mamma, for she receives none.

'Adieu, adieu! With fond love,

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Thursday evening, January 7.

'This poor A—— is certainly frozen up in some corner, or he is thawing close to you, for I have not seen him at any peep-hole or window. I tremble lest he may have found you out yonder, and that he has not returned to Polémieux; that would be my fault. I comfort myself, however, by thinking he has too much delicacy not to feel that he ought not to visit you at Lyons, mamma not being with you. On the other hand, if he knows we are alone at Saint-Germain, it is a reason to prevent him from coming here. I wish he would come, for they will all see what is in the wind, and will no longer doubt that the books were but a pretext for coming, and that in your absence he is no longer in a hurry to bring them. The snow has not melted since the day after you left, and Mme. Ampère probably prevents him from going out. In short, I can make nothing of it, and I should like to know at once whether you have seen him. The hemp-dressers told Claudine that it was *la maison du Bon Dieu*; that the mother and son were so good, so good, that it was a pleasure to be with them! Will he come to-morrow? I am always watching, and no one comes. If he comes, and mamma leaves the room, he is sure to press his suit; I have already prepared

a thousand little answers which are always the same. I should like to know which could render him happy without advancing matters too far, for he interests me by his frankness, his gentleness, and, above all, by his tears, which rise against his will. There is not the least affectation; none of those novel-like speeches which are the language of so many. Settle matters as you will, but let me love him a little before you love him; he is so good! I have just had a long conversation with mamma about you both. Mamma assures me that Providence will over-rule everything; I say that we ought to help Providence a little. She maintains that he is very young; I answer that he is very reasonable, and more so than is usual at his age. But you know well enough all that we say and discuss together; I must wait till he has come before I have anything new to tell you. I am going to address my letter to my sister, whom you must embrace cordially for me.

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Sunday, January 8.

'At last, he came yesterday, trembling with the cold, still more with the fear that mamma might disapprove of his having been to see you, or rather to take your letters for us. But here is the whole history, for I know well you like the details.

"You must know that mamma now occupies your place, because she has shut up the door which chilled the room, and that, in consequence, one can hardly see, especially when one's eyes have been dazzled by the snow. In short, he entered and never perceived little Pélagot, who was behind the stove. As soon as Claudine had gone out, he said, "Madame, I have seen your daughter." I stopped him short, making violent signs at him; he, thinking to patch up the matter, resumed, "Claudine is gone; they cannot hear us; I will speak low." The little girl opened her eyes as wide as possible. When I saw that the signs produced no effect, I spoke to the child about her work—about her stocking, which was at a standstill. He was quite petrified, and tried to mend matters; but the mischief had been done. At last Pélagot went out; then he said that he was much afraid he had annoyed you; that you had said these words to him—"I am astonished, monsieur, to see you here, and mamma will certainly not conceal from you what she thinks about it." "So, madame, if I have done wrong, it has been innocently. They tell me I ought to see the world. On arriving at Lyons I called on your son; I found there Mme. Carron and her mother, Mme. de Campredon; they informed me that your daughter had arrived, and that, if I would call again next day, I could take the letters. I went there, and I am very sorry for it now, for I have certainly annoyed

Mdlle. Julie . . .". Mamma saw how unhappy he was, so she added immediately, "But, sir, you could not have foreseen that my daughter was at Lyons." He interrupted her, saying, "Alas, madame, I knew it the evening before; I have already told you I knew it. In spite of this, I went to call for the letters which Mme. Carron, your daughter-in-law, had promised me, and which they never gave me." I told him smiling, "My sister probably thought your stay at Lyons would be longer, and it was rather a warning than a reprimand, fearing that your visits might be renewed and might cause remark. But you must make up your mind, to it and not worry yourself about a thing that is done." His eyes sparkled, and his chin trembled like one who is on the point of crying. "You think then, mademoiselle, that there she is not greatly offended with me? Oh! what pleasure you give me! And you, madame, you are not as angry with me as I had feared?" Mamma told him she should have preferred his not having gone, but that as he had only intended giving her the pleasure of bringing her tidings, it would be very extraordinary indeed if she were angry at it. He made no remark as *to his intention.* Claudine came in and went out, and I put a thousand questions to him respecting you: "Did she seem to have taken cold?" "Not at all. She had on a morning cap, however; Mme. Carron and Mdlle. Jenny wore them also." "What o'clock was it?"

"Ten o'clock." "She had not then dressed. The first time you were there, who was there? What were they doing?" "All the ladies were going to the play; they urged me much to go also, but I did not dare." I should much have liked to know how you were dressed, but I was afraid of vexing you by asking. We spoke of the Lyceum; he mentioned all the professors, and said that if an astronomical course of lectures were decided on, M. Molé had assured him that the post would be given to him—that this gentleman had advised him strongly to go to Paris, where he would certainly find opportunity for making use of his present fund of knowledge. To this he replied that he could not decide on leaving his mother nor on quitting the neighbourhood of Lyons. You can well guess why.

'Such was our conversation, dear Julie. He was the first to perceive that it was growing late—a fact he forgets so easily when you are here. He went away, and left me quite in admiration of his oil-cloth hat, his fashionable trousers, and his whole appearance, which, I assure you, is undergoing many changes. He had scarcely gone when Claudine entered, raising her arms and calling out that he had become a beau, and that she did not know him. We made no mystery of his visit, since the child had heard enough to give an account of it.

'Now I should like much to know how you clear

yourself of all this, down there; and, above all, how you were able to find a moment in which to convey to him those *terrible words* in private. But no one is going again to Lyons; everything is frozen up. We keep saying in our solitude, "Julie has chosen very bad weather; I only trust she will not catch cold or commit any imprudence." Take care you do not.

'Mamma is well; my cold has not gone. I slept well last night. The hemp-combers are still at work in the house—not for us, but for our neighbours. This makes us very easy, especially now that Martin is not here.

'I embrace you with all my heart. I am sure you will think I have gone too far in calming poor Ampère; but mamma went even further than I did; in fact, it would have been cruel to have tormented him too much, as he was ready to shed tears of repentance. Adieu.

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

Sunday, January 8.—I went to see her mother and sister; I accused and excused myself. I went there twice a week until Saturday, January 7. On that day there was no one but Élise there; we only spoke of indifferent matters.

(We can imagine what André meant by indifferent matters—all that did not relate to Julie.)

From Élise to Julie.

'January 11, 1797.

'I have not told you everything: he came to-day, and we had a good deal of conversation with regard to you; but I will begin my story further back.

'Mdlle. Bœuf has been tormenting him for some time to write a poem to Nanine. "I cannot," she said, "make verses myself, and yet I should like to say something very pretty to my cousin. So, monsieur, will you be good enough to express my sentiments in verse? You know that my cousin is beautiful and talented, that will furnish you with material for something." He related this conversation to me, and the embarrassment in which he felt himself placed. I, thinking at once that he was perhaps thus pressed in order to furnish a subject for laughing at his expense, asked him if he meant to do it. "I have but little desire; but every time that I go to the château they torment me so much that I can scarcely excuse myself without being uncivil. I have only once seen Mdlle. Nanine, and I looked at her but little; I do not know the terms upon which she and her cousin are." "All this is very difficult," I said, "and if you can avoid complying, you will do best." In short, he was of my opinion; but the first thing that Mdlle. Bœuf said to me yesterday was, "I have such pretty verses in my pocket, and I will show

them to you if you will guess by whom they are written." "Well then, I must give up seeing them. How can you expect me to guess such a thing?" "I will tell you for your assistance that they are by some one in the neighbourhood." Mme. Lacostat interrupted her: "You do not say enough; they are by some one at Polémieux." "Ah, then I guess! they are by M. Ampère; they can be by no other!" She drew out the verses, and gave them to me, saying, "How do you like *sa grâce*? it seems to me that people generally say *ses grâces*?" "I am too ignorant on such points," I replied, "to be able to judge; but it appears to me difficult to write verses about any person whom one has scarcely seen, and of whose tastes and habits of thought one is ignorant." "That is true; but *sa grâce*!" and she smiled. "You see, if he had put the word in the plural, the rhyme would have been affected," said Mme. Lacostat. "He might have found another. But do you not think he is improved?" "I think so; that would not be surprising, he is so often at the château." "No, he is rather here." "In short," I exclaimed laughing, "we must share the glory of it." Mme. Lacostat then said very gravely, "This young man has a great deal of learning, and possesses solid qualities." "Yes, yes, solid! he seems like an old man, he is so serious; I have never seen him laugh. Bœuf, show us how he bows now! You shall see; but, seriously, he bows much better than

he used to do." The young brother stood there like a log, and did not venture to mimic him. His sister was a little angry, and then conversed with the same vivacity on other subjects.

'He came yesterday, and I said to him, "You wrote the verses then for Mdlle. Bœuf?" "Alas, I did; I could not help it. You saw them? Mme. Lacostat told me that *grâce* ought not to be in the singular, but I could not do otherwise. I fancied it was permissible sometimes." "Will you be so kind as to give them to me? I scarcely looked at them, and I should be very glad to read them again." He copied them for me, and I send them to you as well as another poem which he wrote afterwards, and which he did with much more facility than the first. This last one afforded him an opportunity of speaking of you. He said that he was counting the moments, that your absence was very painful to him. "I feel it just as you do." "Oh, just as I do—that is not possible." "How not possible?" "You have known her scarcely a year, and I have loved her from infancy. I am far from all whom I love, you have your sister." "That is true; but I see very well you cannot understand what I feel." "Yes, I imagine that it is a violent sentiment, but one neither so profound nor so lasting as friendship." "Not so lasting! Oh, mon Dieu! it is for my life!" "How do you know? You have seen no one else. These personal charms which have begun to excite your fancy,

according to your own account, you may find in many others; and unless the valuable qualities she possesses have attached you to her, you cannot say what new ideas will not pass through your mind." In short, we said again and again all that has been already often repeated, and he went away well satisfied with having been allowed to talk of you. One cannot write everything—I will keep the rest for another time. I send you the poems, but you will understand of course that they are private.

'Adieu, dear Julie; he assured me that he was not too young, and that the corruption of morals was the sole cause of late marriages; that it depended on you to make him happy or unhappy for ever.

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Thursday morning.

'Do not fear that I have presented your compliments. Indeed, you must think me very foolish; what hurry was there for it? And what stupidity it would be! You tell me that I have spoken too much of our home. None of us were there, and it did not compromise Aguarite; but, compliments!—I do not see how the idea can have occurred to you. No, mademoiselle, I am not such a chatterer, although I am your sister. At last

Tonine is acquainted with the matter. I have often told you that the person in question would not, in her opinion, be worth a thought, and that if her sister knew it she would make a face and say, "Oh, what a man! Do not even think of him! He is this, he is that!" But the object of her choice would probably not be equal to the other in everything, and the comparison might not be to the disadvantage of him who seems ridiculous to her. Those who are ridiculous by nature are endurable, those who proudly exhibit their absurdities, and who only think of the charms they fancy they possess, are not so. In short, my good Julie, I am a little angry with people who judge by the exterior, and fancy they know everything when they have bowed gracefully and made some witty remark which were better unheard. For the rest, far from having given him your compliments, there was no mention made of you.

'The day before yesterday he brought us the first scene of his tragedy, and a slip of carnation which I had asked for, and which we planted together, talking of something else than your fine eyes. I am doing all that I can to arouse your self-love, and when I have persuaded you that he does not think any longer of you, you may perhaps find him more to your taste; but, unfortunately, the poor man thinks of nothing else, and I pity him most sincerely, knowing that, except Mme. Périsse, all whom you daily see

are set against his personal appearance, and do not give themselves the trouble to consider whether he would constitute the happiness or the unhappiness of a wife, which is, after all, the principal thing. I am not sufficiently prejudiced in favour of manners and appearance to say that anyone deficient in them is destitute of superior qualities. Light-minded persons who look for merit in the exterior, and who regard only those who possess it as recommendable, weigh nothing very deeply. It is true that Ampère is not superficial, but it is just on this account that, if he addressed himself to these young ladies, they would not answer so quickly, and they would be very right. And why not do the same for a friend? Why help her to repel an idea at which they would pause if the thing regarded themselves? Why? why? Because we never examine with sufficient attention what does not personally concern us, and because one must love truly to think of all the pros and cons, and to place oneself in the position of another. When one says carelessly, "Oh! what a man! How can you resolve to marry him? . . . He has no manners, he is awkward, timid; he has an ungraceful address," one fancies everything has been said and settled; but I repeat, if we had to decide for ourselves we should reflect more on the matter, and should at once leave the rest, to study the character, morals, and even that simplicity

which a moment before seemed a want of familiarity with the habits of society.

'Such, my dear Julie, are my thoughts on the matter. I have expressed them before, but I cannot help repeating them. Yes, I think you to be pitied that in this business you have to consult persons who, if they do not change their views of things at thirty years of age, will be superficial characters for life. You understand Mme. Périsse is an exception; if she were not near you, I strongly believe you would return with the determination to dismiss a lover who is truly attached to you. I wish she knew him; his first address would make her smile, but his goodness would certainly interest her. I do not deny that he is a little obstinate in his opinions, but where do you find men who are not so? and it is much more troublesome to find it in a stupid man than in one who thinks and reasons.

'Adieu, dear Julie; embrace our good sister from me; say a thousand things to her. I am going to answer her letter..

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Monday afternoon.

'Guess, my dear Julie, how we have been spending our festival. In writing verses, in effacing them, and beginning them again.

'Mamma has some grand ideas about the Revolution. M. Ampère has set us going. He came yesterday and the day before yesterday, and told me that he had sent our verses to a friend, without saying by whom they were written, and that this friend considered them charming, quite charming. He asked me when you were coming back. "I do not know" is always my answer. He had the kindness to call yesterday on his way from Curis, to bring me some comedies to read; he gave us also the second scene of his tragedy, in which tender sentiments are depicted with all the vivacity possible. Fancy how little self-love he possesses when he begged me urgently to correct whatever I found amiss in his piece.

'I told him that Hodge may as well think of teaching the priest; but he insisted. You may well imagine that I am not presumptuous enough to meddle with it.

'M. Olivier met him again, and behaved as usual. I am using a pen which he mended; I fancied he mended them to perfection, but you see I am undeceived! All the letters I have written to-day are so many scrawls.

'Adieu, my Julie, for to-day. I am going to help mamma to begin a piece, a drama, perhaps a tragedy; but, in any case, it will amuse us for a little time, for we are all alone.

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

(To begin a drama or a tragedy! Elise aims high; these are certainly diversions of mind which are not within reach of everyone. But, in truth, with this ardent and clever girl imagination does not stifle good sense. What a right and firm judgment she possesses! With what fine, delicate intuition do her heart and judgment combine in separating the true from the false, the reality from the appearance! 'Those who are ridiculous by nature,' says the sister to Julie, 'are endurable; those who exhibit their absurdity with pride, and who only think of the charms they fancy they possess, are not so.' 'I pity him sincerely,' she adds, in speaking of André, 'knowing that, except Mme. Périsse, all whom you see are set against his personal appearance, and do not give themselves the trouble to consider whether he would constitute the happiness or the unhappiness of a wife, which is, after all, the principal thing.' And how, *à propos* of this, the judgment of our charming moralist smartly rebukes the whims of girls more ready to criticise others' lovers than their own!

How naïve, but life-like, are these little pictures of home, traced by the pen so badly mended by Ampère? We can see Élise installed with her mother in the room on the ground floor of the little house at Saint-Germain; the room in which they dine, which serves as drawing-room and work-room, where the little Pélagot knits behind the stove, and which is rather gloomy, and cold, in spite of the closed

door. It is there that Mdlle. Carron shares the household cares with Claudine, and superintends Françoise, the washerwoman, mends the linen, puts the irons in the fire to iron her mother's caps, prepares the luncheon, pours out the white wine, and makes the pastry for the *jours de fête*. It is in this place, the stronghold of her domestic government, that Élise receives her timid visitor with an air half gay, half grave, but always somewhat mysterious; for Julie's family was not free from a certain prudery, although not carried to an extreme. She takes exaggerated trouble in attempting to hide from all eyes that which the countenance, attitude, and words of a lover reveal indiscreetly to each. 'I am so stupid,' says André, 'that they may have read it in my looks.'

How touching and how rare is this stupidity! Élise, clear-sighted as she is, is but little deceived, and enjoys the perception with increasing pleasure, though she cannot measure the strength of the affection which she was one of the first to guess.

We can hear this amiable girl, whispering opportune advice to the man whom this Mdlle. Bœuf is trying to render an object of ridicule and of coarse jokes. We catch her tender benevolent looks, her encouraging words. Her unaffected sallies are gradually succeeded by serious thoughtfulness, deeply imbued with the sentiment which makes her thus express herself: 'He interests me by his frankness, his

gentleness, and above all by his tears, which rise against his will. There is not the least affectation, none of those novel-like speeches which are the language of so many.' In contemplating a mind so candid, the friend, the protectress of Ampère is touched, attracted by that very simplicity, the value of which is misunderstood by the giddy crowd; then suddenly, her passionate nature returning, her anger vents itself against the foolish girls, the incorrigible triflers, who, at the age of thirty, will mistake appearance for reality, if they do not change their views of things. Her good breeding would restrain her, but her indignation, stronger than her will, rises at the idea that her Julie, whom she so much loves, will perhaps throw away her happiness by rejecting a priceless heart, thanks to the jeering influences which surround her. André's confessions, his confidences, his repentance of faults which every woman would be disposed to pardon, provoke indeed a little smile from Élise. There is some reason for it truly; was there ever a lover with such a conscience? as when he says on his return from Lyons, 'Alas! madame, I knew it the evening before. I have already told you that I knew it, and in spite of that I went to call for the letters.' He adds nothing as to his *intention*, the malicious girl goes on to remark; but in spite of this little touch of raillery, the emotion which excites it becomes contagious; this portrait of Ampère, sketched by the hand of a

master, awakens our tenderness. We are tempted to think Julie too severe, too difficult to conquer, while we hear her sister's heart beat as she inscribes these expressive words: 'Settle matters as you will, but let me love him a little before you love him. He is so good.' What do not these words reveal! Ah! if André had felt for Élise the affection with which Julie inspired him, the suffering imposed on his constancy would probably have terminated more quickly.)

Thursday, January 12.—Élise was again alone; but having spoken of Mdlle. Bœuf's poem, I profited by the occasion to give her mine ('Les cheveux d'or') which caused us to converse for some time upon Julie.

(We are here informed of the colour of Mdlle. Carron's hair.)

Tuesday, January 17.—I took back Young's 'Night Thoughts.' No tidings of Julie.

From Élise to Julie.

'Thursday, January 16, 1797.

'All that you tell me is valueless to me compared with the four words—I am quite well; but why torment yourself so much as to my solitude, and embitter by such ideas the pleasure which you ought to be enjoying with mamma and all the family? You imagine that I only think of the dead. It is true the funeral bell is often to be heard, but I try

to forget it by thinking of you and your approaching return.

'Mme. Bœuf is come, and we have been laughing a little over our white wine. On returning home, she heard of the death of her cousin Settemant; thus it is that we pass from laughter to tears.

'But, my dear Julie, do not trouble yourself so much about me. I am quite well, I am not at all dull; so, remain with mamma, and do not let me see you arrive without her. It was useless your putting "immediate" on your letter of Sunday—I only received it to-day; but for it, especially, I may say, better late than never. All the details you give me, afford me much pleasure. Do you not tell me that M. Hurard was at Mme. Tournaise's? I do not understand that very well, but I understand perfectly that you were well satisfied with your own appearance, Mademoiselle Julie; and there are others who agree with you. In short, we shall have plenty to talk about when we are together.

'Jenny has written to me; she seems exiled at Collonges; I am sorry for it, and she is still more so. I foresaw perfectly that after having been absent for some time, her mamma would not permit her to come here. Good Tonine has been to console the unfortunate ones, while all her belongings were amusing themselves; embrace her also, and all the family.

'Adieu, dear Julie. Induce our mother to take

whatever she likes from my money; you know how I wish her to make use of it. You will write to me to-morrow, I hope, a little scrap of a letter; they are so amusing, and I love them so. Embrace Carron and Guarite for their sister, who does not write to them often, but who does not love them the less, they well know.

'ÉLISE.'

Friday, January 20.—Élise all alone; the presence of a servant prevented us from speaking of her sister.

Tuesday, January 24.—No Julie.

From Élise to Julie.

'January 24, 1797.

'Good morning, dear Julie. I have just received your letter, and the little note from Emilie. I feared, I do not know why, that she might have also resolved not to send me any answer. You did well to read her letter before losing it, and to keep in mind all the tender expressions it contained. The children are here, making a thorough racket, and I cannot send them back. So the rent is paid, but how? There is no hurry as regards my watch; if M. Bojolin's is sold, so much the worse, but I shall find plenty of others. *A propos* of M. Bojolin, Jenny writes to me that he and his bonbons are very good. Do not sacrifice yours for me, for you

like them just as much as I do; eat them out of kindness, practise this slight violence with your feelings. I am enjoying mine a little, but out of spite as Jenny said.

'I gave a little packet of them the other day to M. Ampère for his sister; she sent me many thanks for them.

'M. Lacostat, who met Mdlle. Joséphine the other day, said that she was well, and that she would make a pretty girl when she became less timid. To that, Mme. Bœuf replied, "She seems to me like a log." "A very well-formed log, with a superb bark." "You must confess she is yellow." "Not at all; she must undoubtedly have been ill when you saw her." They disputed the matter a long time, but I believe one rather than the other, for the evidence and the truth are both on his side, when he contradicts in the slightest degree one who never opens her mouth without meeting with his approval.

'How do you like golden hair and eyes of azure? I confess it is the lips half-closed which astonish me the most, for they seem to me, on the contrary, very wide open; but a poet of antiquity speaks in the same terms, and as his words corresponded with Ampère's thoughts, he fancied he might follow his model.

'With my fond love, adieu, adieu!

'ÉLISE CARRON.'

Friday, January 27.—At length she has arrived from Lyons; her mother did not come into the room at once. Apparently for the sake of looking at some vignettes, I knelt by her side; her mother came in and made me sit down by her.

Saturday, January 28.—I found only the two girls; her mother called me for a moment into her room, and *there* she told me not to continue coming so often, and a thousand other disheartening things.

(All these disheartening things had been probably a little provoked by his attitude at Julie's feet the evening before; Mme. Carron did not reject him, but she cannot accept him at present.)

Friday, February 10.—I did not go to the house till to-day. Julie rose from table to get me a chair, and her mother ordered some wine for me, but I did not venture to speak of anything but indifferent matters; they lent me *Le Nègre.*

Wednesday, February 15.—She was at Lyons; I promised her mother to come and nail up her curtain on Monday.

Monday, 20.—I nailed up the tapestry curtain.

Monday, February 27.—She had not come back; her mother spoke to me with much affection, made me read a letter from Mdlle. Jenny, and lent me *L'Orpheline anglaise.*

(Jenny de Campredon, Aguarite's sister, did not certainly possess the remarkable energy of Élise, but she was not deficient in gaiety and vivacity. She was

one of Mme. Carron's intimate friends, a circumstance which induces us to transcribe here one of her letters.)

From Jenny de Campredon to Élise.

'Collonges, 1797.

'No reproaches, I pray, my charming Élise, if I did not write to you on Tuesday, it was really because it was impossible. I appeal to your heart, I desire to be judged by it alone; it will be favourable to me. Give a little pity to your poor Jenny, who reckoned on embracing you to-morrow and who is obliged to renounce the happiness of doing so. They came this afternoon to upset all my projects of pleasure; such is the world, nothing is stable! All this leads me to make reflections which are little to my taste, but which begin to be suitable to my age; for if one cannot undertake a momentous step, one is only fit for a retired life, and for this some philosophy is necessary if one still preserves any pretensions.

'I am going to tell you a great piece of news; I have had the fancy to sit for my portrait. Mme. Ampère has had the kindness to procure me an artist, and it is at her house that this *chef d'œuvre* has been accomplished. My hair is simply arranged and I am dressed in white, I am holding a rose in my hand, and a basket of flowers is on my lap. I presented the little picture to mamma on her birthday. She seems satisfied with it; as for myself, I

should be better pleased if the artist had not given me quite so matronly a figure.

'I am furious with Ladvaise! How! not even to remember that I asked him for some quince-preserve, and to have the audacity to appear before me after such a forget! Let him come, and he shall feel that I am not to be offended with impunity!

> 'He shall learn, to gain my heart,
> Sweetness must use her gentlest art;
> And that a sweetmeat has the power
> To melt a heart obtuse before.

'Seriously I think, as you say, that if I ever marry him he is very likely to forget his wife as well as the quince marmalade; this, however, might after all be the best thing for her. In all prudence it would be far better not to risk such a marriage.

'I am delighted to hear that my brother is better. Do you walk much? What do you do? Write me an account of your daily life; I am fond of details, so do not spare them. The country has no charms; here and there something is beginning to shoot up in the garden, but there are not half-a-dozen violets to be found; this vexes me, as I should like to have sent you a nosegay.

'You want the pattern of a cap for Julie; I do not know if you are right in applying to me, for I am no longer *au courant* of the fashion. The Paris ladies wear cloth shawls. Your god-daughter is the soul of mischief, although very sensible. Little Emily gains strength; this is Aguarite's news.

'Adieu, dear Élise; remember that I am not to see you at present. I shall absolutely require a letter to compensate for the disappointment of this morning, all my hopes destroyed in a moment; be assured that I love you and in all moods. I am sad if you are sad, if you are merry I am merry also. Be content then; we shall both be gainers. Send me the couplet by M. Vallet, if you can.

'My affectionate remembrance to Mme. Carron.

'JENNY DE CAMPREDON.'

Wednesday, March 15.—I arrived before their dinner, and read (*D'Architetture*) during the interval. M. Angier came, I played at bowls with him, gave a lesson of arithmetic, and brought away the first volume of *Pamela.*

Friday, March 25.—Mme. Bœuf came while I was reading the tragedy of Louis XVI. We were in the orchard; Élise was sitting on the garden seat, Julie on a chair which I had brought for her, and I at her feet; *she* chose my purse as her taste.

Monday, April 10.—I read the *Marchands de Mode* and *La Rosière*, and while they were putting in some window panes and Mme. Carron was outside, I reminded Julie that this was the anniversary of one of the happiest days of my life.

(In André's lips these are not empty words, for during a whole year the affection he felt, showed itself in all his thoughts and ruled all his actions.)

Saturday, April 15.—Mme. Carron was suffering from a cold. I read *L'Intrigante*, and awkwardly waited to be told that I ought to be going; Julie having said that Mme. Larcey was coming, I remained a moment longer still more awkwardly.

(Well as he knew his errors, he never seems to know how to avoid them.)

Saturday, April 22.—I gave an Italian lesson orally, and one on division on paper; we spent the evening in the gardens.

Sunday, April 23.—My mother and sister saw Julie and Élise for the first time in Mme. Bœuf's boudoir, where we were attending mass.

(At this period, the churches had not been restored for worship. A priest who had not taken the oath officiated in a private apartment.)

(Mme. J. J. Ampère, her sister and Joséphine were only acquainted with Julie up to this time by André's description; the aunt and the cousin at Saint-Germain on the contrary, as we have already said, stood in the position of neighbours with the Carron family.)

Wednesday, April 26.—I went to return 'Larochefoucauld;' I found only Mme. Carron, and I asked her permission to bring my mother. I received but a vague reply, though sufficiently satisfactory. Julie, Elise, my aunt and cousin, came to luncheon. I poured out the white wine and used a glass which had been rinsed by *her*.

(Eager to put the momentous question, André was anxious that his mother should obtain a private interview with Mme. Carron).

Sunday, April 30.—I accompanied Julie, Élise, M. and Mme. Bœuf and M. Angier to Saint-Germain; we walked together to the house of M. Mayeuvre.

Élise told me on the way not to look so much at her sister, when so many people were there.

(Another awkwardness, of which Élise puts him on his guard. In spite of this reprimand, it seems that the affairs of our young man are advancing. If he is forbidden to look so much at Julie, it is when so many people are present.)

Thursday, May 4.—I took back *Les Anecdotes de Philippe-Auguste*; I found Mme. Boiron and Mme. Périsse and her children, with whom we made a pic-nic to Chaussin. I nailed up the thermometer.

Friday, May 12.—I returned Bernis and Bernard. Julie told me to go and see my aunt; I obeyed, and returned to take away *la Princesse de Clèves*. We lunched on '*brioches*.'

Saturday, May 13.—I went with my mother and sister to my aunt, who accompanied us to Mme. Carron's. I took a walk with Julie, Élise, and Joséphine; we returned home to hear the story of the little bird, and I attached a trap to the tree in which was its nest. In the garden, Élise, Joséphine and Julie, sat down on the seat, and I took my

place by *her* side on the grass; we had our luncheon; we were quite wet when we went away.

Thursday, May 18.—I found only Mme. Périsse, her children, and Élise, who proposed to me that I should take my mathematical case to her nephew.

Monday, May 22.—I gave a lesson to M. Périsse, who gets on very well.

Wednesday, May 24.—Élise gave me some acacia, seringa, and yellow jasmine for Joséphine.

Saturday, May 27.—On entering I saw Mme. Carron at table with two of her daughters. I was afraid that Julie would not appear; at last she came, making a thousand excuses to Joséphine. I gave a lesson to M. Périsse. Julie sat next me and talked to me.

Friday, June 9.—I was prevented from giving a lesson on account of my cough; I went away rather early, taking with me *Gresset*, and the third volume of the *Histoire de France.* Julie showed me the trick of solitaire, which I had guessed the evening before; I seated myself near Julie, and remained by her till the end.

Incidentally, referring to some airs and songs, I left *C'est en vain que la nature* on the table. I ate a cherry she had let fall, and kissed a rose which she had smelt; in the walk I twice gave her my hand to get over a stile, her mother made room for me on the seat between herself and Julie; in returning I told her that it was long since I had passed so

happy a day, but that it was not the contemplation of nature which had charmed me most; she spoke to me the whole day with much kindness.

Sunday, June 18.—I saw her at mass at Curis.[1] Joséphine was talking to her until we left her in front of the shoemaker's; in the château itself, Julie spoke to no one but Élise.

Tuesday, June 9.—I went with my mother and sister to dine at my aunt's, at Saint-Germain. We went there afterwards, and played at dominoes and solitaire.

Wednesday, June 21.—We went there early, and I did not leave *her* till ten o'clock. Joséphine was charming, and Julie showed her much affection.

Saturday, June 24.—We went to Saint-Germain to see the eclipse. I went with Julie, Élise, M. and Mme. Périsse and Joséphine to take a walk in the English garden belonging to M. Mayeuvre. I sat near *her*. During this time, Mme. Carron had a confidential conversation with my mother. The clouds did not break till ten minutes past six, when the eclipse had reached its middle point; but I observed with attention the end of it at thirty-five minutes past six, through M. Rapt's glass, having calculated the time by my watch, and by that of M. Périsse.

Tuesday, June 27.—I took a basket of gooseberries; Élise is especially fond of them, but this

[1] Name of the château belonging to the Bœuf family.

astonished Julie. I went in the evening to see my aunt, and the whole Carron family came there for a few moments; Julie deigned to have a long conversation with me.

Thursday, June 29.—My sister and mother remained alone with them and conversed with them for some time, while Aguarite teased me with trying to take my basket. I mended Julie's knife, and I went away at a quarter to ten.

Saturday, July 1.—I took them some lime blossoms and walked in the garden with my sister and Julie; *she* made Joséphine a nosegay of jasmine, privet, southern wood, and double campanula, a flower of which she gave me; I placed it in the little picture.

Sunday, July 2.—We saw them after mass; my sister took a seat near Julie. I gave her these verses:—

I love to wander where I saw her stray
Beneath a canopy of lilac flower;
I love to sit where she reclining lay,
Singing the songs which wiled away the hour,
Or roam along the stream whose limpid wave
The sweet reflection of her beauties gave,
Breathing the air that she had breathed but late,
Pressing the flowers she gathered where we sate;
Sweet flowers! that blossomed underneath her tread,
Or jasmine wreath that floated o'er her head.

MONDAY, JULY 3.—They came at last to see us at a quarter to four. We were in the avenue, where I had posted myself on the large cherry-tree, from which I threw the cherries down

to Julie; Élise, my sister, and everyone else came afterwards. I yielded my place to François, who lowered the branches so that we might gather for ourselves, which much amused Julie. She was seated on a board, on the ground, with my sister and Élise, and I placed myself on the grass at her side. I ate cherries which had been on her lap. We were all four in the large garden when she accepted a lily from my hand; we went together to look at the stream; I gave her my hand to jump across the low wall, and both my hands in returning; I remained at her side at the edge of the stream, far from Élise and my sister; we accompanied them in the evening as far as the windmill, where I sat down again near her with the others to watch the sunset, which was gilding her dress with a charming light; she accepted a second lily which I gave her in passing.

(This date written in capitals letters, proves to what extent July 3 was a memorable day to André; his love does not deceive him, he is right in attaching great value to the conduct of these ladies.

They had come at last; what happiness! Julie beneath his roof, in his home, in his garden, at the foot of the large cherry-tree, gathering and receiving fruit, inexpressible condescension! Unbounded happiness! André has eaten cherries which had been on the lap of his beloved one.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, spending a day at Thun

with two pretty and rather lively girls, Mdlle. de Graffenried and her companion Mdlle. Galey, describes pretty nearly a similar scene; the author of the *Confessions*, scarcely sixteen years of age, fancies himself very innocent and full of simplicity; he is timid and inexperienced undoubtedly, but André at twenty-two inspires us with greater confidence. The man who details with nicety common-place detail as to his umbrella, nailing up a curtain and a barometer, and measuring cloth, can express himself at other times with incomparable purity and poetic feeling. We are inclined to weep with emotion far rather than to smile at such simplicity. This powerful nature evidences similar contrasts in everything. Saint-Preux, another professor, the hero of a celebrated novel, who also loved a Julie, wrote passionate tirades; but did he possess Ampère's secret power to touch his readers?)

As I was giving my lesson to M. Périsse, at the furthest table, they said I had perhaps better come to the table at which Julie was sitting; and I went accordingly. She afterwards sang, and I was charmed.

Monday, July 10.—I took a basket of raspberries and gooseberries and another of orchids for Élise's garden. We went with Julie into the garden where my sister helped her to fold some chemises. I read them M. Derieux's speech and the reception of the Turkish ambassador. We dined all together at my

aunt's. I read an extraordinary adventure in the *Bibliothèque de Campagne*, and *La Gouvernante*, by Lachaussée ; the arrival of Mme. Bœuf and MM. Navarre and Acosta, interrupted us.

Tuesday, July 18.—I took them another basket of gooseberries which I slipped in on a chair by the door. I went into the orchard where I found Mme. Carron, Mme. Périsse, and Julie. I read *Kilpar*. On going in towards evening, we remained behind, and when I spoke of Kilpar, saying that all men did not resemble him, she replied, 'I think *so few . . . so few.*'

(What do these last words mean ? It seems that Mme. Carron had no right to carry her doubts so far.)

Friday, July 21.—I took back the four volumes of *Roland*, I remained for a few moments alone with her, and I was beginning a tender preamble when every one came in. In the evening we went again into the orchard and read *Kilpar*.

Monday, July 24.—Julie was not there when we arrived ; her mother, with a sort of uneasy air, asked where she was. Madame Périsse having called her in vain, Élise said to my sister, 'Let us go and look for her,' and I followed them. She was in the large garden, in the shrubbery ; Julie wished to go and say good morning to my mother, which she did with much grace ; afterwards I read *Kilpar*, and gave *her* an Italian lesson, and a mathematical one to M. Périsse. We lunched and then went into M. Roux's wood.

Mme. Carron remained with my mother. I was almost always with Julie throughout the day, while my sister walked with the others; she talked to me with much kindness.

Thursday, July 27.—I read two hundred and fifty pages of *Kilpar*. I gave them each a lesson in Italian; Julie would not remain alone with me during hers, and went out to sit on the garden seat where her sister was. I carried her out a chair, placing one for myself at her side, and gave her her lesson.

Saturday, July 29.—Tonine whispered to me when she saw me, 'Are you going to remain all the afternoon?' No lesson was wished for; finding myself alone with Julie, I spoke of leaving, she made a sign of silence which seemed a sign of intelligence; I then asked for a few words, but without success.

Tuesday, August 1.—I went there with my sister and Tatan. Tonine had left; I wished in vain to give a lesson to Julie; in accompanying us home, she afforded me an opportunity of speaking to her, but I was unable to profit by it.

Friday, August 8.—I returned from Claveizolle with M. Coupier, and I arrived at Mme. Carron's at 3 o'clock. Julie had gone out with Aguarite. Élise, having made me go upstairs under pretext of powdering, told me to try and dissuade her from her old conjectures. I seated myself, in consequence, in the orchard, far from Julie, who looked at me several times with an air of astonishment and uneasiness.

(What can the prudent Élise have conjectured, except that André endeavours too often to be near her sister?)

Friday, August 25.—I went to Saint-Germain on my way from Lyons. I communicated to Mme. Carron some proposals from M. Périsse, of which she did not approve. (M. Périsse proposed to André that he should undertake the education of his son.)

Monday, August 28.—Élise, Aguarite, and Mme. Carron went into the boudoir to compose some verses to M. Bœuf. I remained with Julie and Mme. Périsse.

Friday, August 31.—I found them at table. After dinner we accompanied Aguarite to the diligence as far as M. Roux' wood. I gave my hand to Julie as I did to the others at the stile, both in going and returning. On coming home, I read Saint-Lambert, among other things a most impassioned elegy entitled 'Je me sentais auprès des belles.' Mme. Carron having gone to the orchard, I consulted her again. She advised me to go to M. Périsse for a time without making any engagement. I resumed reading *Adèle*; but when Mme. Périsse left the room I paused to bewail my fate, and I did this so successfully that Julie at last spoke, and gave me the same advice as her mother had done. I said among other things before Julie, that she knew well that my life was solely at her disposal, and not at my own. I remained a few moments in conversa-

tion with her, without venturing to speak of anything but the novel of *Adèle*.

Monday, September 4.—I went there after dinner with my mother and sister. We had scarcely arrived when M. Vial came. He saw that I was acquainted with geometry, and he persuaded me to go to Paris unless my family would secure me a position; this he repeated so strongly on leaving that Julie pushed him by the shoulders, saying, 'Go away; we do not need your advice.' We went to M. Mayeuvre's house, while my mother remained with Mme. Carron and Mme. Périsse, and spoke to them so much of me, and played her part so well, that I must reckon this as a very happy day. During this time we were playing at riddles and mottoes. This was one of mine: 'Clothed with insensibility, lined with love;' and the motto was: 'Let the lining take the place of the covering.'

('Go away,' says Julie to M. Vial, pushing him by the shoulders; 'we do not need your advice.' What a confession at last! and *incurable* must be André's modesty if he does not guess from this moment that Julie's heart belongs to him.)

Thursday, September 7.—She passed out as I was going to take back a volume of Télémaque. I gave a lesson in geometry to M. Périsse; Julie returned. M. Périsse showed her the problem of an hypothenuse, and as I had spoken several times of the squares A A, B B, she asked him what P P was in

algebra, to which I replied that it was the most charming and incomparable thing possible, which made her laugh. Out walking, she sang 'Linval et la Veuve.' They gave me an invitation for Sunday.

Friday, September 8.—*The Feast of the Nativity.* I saw her after mass; she came towards me to wish me good morning.

Sunday, September 10.—It had rained. I went alone to Curis, where I heard all the sad news. On returning to Mme. Carron's, we spoke of nothing else; we read the papers. My mother, sister, and Tatan arrived, and we dined all together; afterwards we played games. My forfeit being to speak a truth to anyone I wished, I said to her: 'Mademoiselle, you are charming, but *I do not like you.*' In the evening she accompanied us to the large meadow; during the walk, I reminded her that my happiness or my unhappiness rested with her.

(This sad news, which does not prevent their amusing themselves with these innocent games, refers to the 18 Fructidor, which involved the ruin of several of their friends.)[1]

Wednesday, September 13.—She told me to write a charade for her, and I made the following:

> Mon premier plaît aux rois, connu aux bergers;
> Mon second vient des climats étrangers;
> Pour achever de me faire connaître,
> On voit mon tout en vous voyant paraître.

[1] André was born of a royalist family. He saw the Bourbon return with joy; but the triumph of his opinions, and the evils that his

But it was not much approved. They distributed the papers which I read. Mme. Carron told me, in a very melancholy manner, not to bring any more fruits.

Saturday, September 23.—We measured the distance from the steeple of Saint-Germain.

Wednesday, September 27.—I found her just arrived with her sister; she blushed at seeing me, and spoke to me with much kindness. In the evening, seated at her side, we talked for a long time about gardens.

Monday, October 2.—We agreed that they should come to dinner on the following day at Polémieux.

Tuesday, October 3.—I went to fetch them in the morning. After dinner, we went to the stream, and I gave her my hand at the little wall. Afterwards we played at games, in which I introduced my own history in a manner that amused Mme. Carron. They gave me two words to insert in rhyme.

Friday, October 6.—I took them the fable of the Cat and the Rat which I had made the evening before; it was applauded. I gave a lesson to M. Périsse. Julie would never consent to show me

country suffered, were bitter pain to his tender heart and to his love for humanity. After the battle of Waterloo, he wrote to one of his friends: 'I am like a grain between two millstones: nothing could express the anguish I experience; I have no longer the strength to endure life here. At any price I must rejoin you; I must at all events fly from those who say to me, "You are not suffering personally." As if there could be any question of self in the midst of catastrophes such as these.'

some verses she had made on the Grey Rat and Constancy. I gave them also the idyl of the Little Birds and the song 'Heureuse Philomèle,' in which Julie effaced her name, but without appearing annoyed at my boldness.

Monday, October 9.—I went to dine there with my mother and sister. Julie allowed me to place myself at her side at table. In the evening we accompanied Élise, who was going away by the diligence. On returning, I read a little of *Adèle*, and I had a conversation with Julie upon *sensibility*.

My aunt reproached me for the fear which I felt that she might lose her cause. Julie took my sister to the garden to see some asters, and spoke to her about the affair. We went and sat in the vine-arbour. She followed us with her niece as far as the trellis-work; I never thought of giving her my hand to help her up. She reproached me for not having done so, attributing it, as was true, to my mind being occupied with my aunt's business.

(The intimacy of the two families increases from day to day. They dine at Polémieux, at Mme. Ampère's; Julie places André at her side, reproaches him for being absent and with not offering to assist her up the steps to the arbour. If the young girl will not at present forfeit her liberty, she does not permit the young man to retain his. When alone, she avoids him occasionally; but we shall see her presently, nevertheless, receive him coldly enough when

her lover's timidity causes him to arrive too late. Julie is no coquette, but she is a woman.)

Thursday, October 12.—Julie cut out Joséphine's dress; I read *Adèle.* My aunt came and joined us, and had a good deal of joking with Julie, who seemed to her almost as amiable as to me.

Friday, October 13.—After luncheon, we accompanied the ladies half-way to the meadows. Julie deigned to speak with me for some time during the walk.

Thursday, October 19.—I took some mushrooms to Mme. Carron which pleased her greatly. I read *la Rosière.* Sophie made signs which seemed to embarrass Julie, and she blushed. I gave a long lesson to Périsse. I brought away two volumes of *Gil-Blas* which she lent me.

Tuesday, October 24.—Julie received me at first rather coldly, but that soon passed off. I said that I had not come the evening before because of the ladies Bœuf. Mme. Carron told me that I ought to have dined with her, and that there was always enough for me.

Julie and Mme. Périsse joked together; *she* seemed to be amused and to laugh heartily, which afforded me great pleasure.

Thursday, October 26.—I took them a small basket of chestnuts. On arriving, I found the two mothers at table. Mme. Carron told me to go into the orchard where *they* were; I found only Julie, who

appeared as embarrassed as I was. She called Périsse. I contrived to say a few words in reference to my feelings. I urged her in vain to give me her fable of the Grey Rat. I showed her my own corrected. I wished to return for a moment to the orchard where she had gone to spread out the linen, but she avoided me with even more eagerness than the first time. In the evening she told me to read *Adèle*, which gave us occasion for further conversation on the passions. I went afterwards to my aunt's, and, in going to fetch my basket, I saw Julie again.

Wednesday, November 1.—I went there with my mother and sister. I had a long conversation upon the news of the day with M. Périsse, who had just come from Lyons. We went into the orchard, where I helped to remove the linen; in play, in consequence of some jest of Élise, Julie gave me a charming tap with her hand on my arm. We refreshed ourselves on chestnuts, and returned very late.

(The orchard, the spread-out linen, the reading of *Adèle* which provokes a conversation on the passions, his basket of chestnuts, the charming tap with her hand which is given him in play, the frugal luncheon—what a picture it all is of another age! Scarcely sixty years separate us from the epoch in which this happy André wrote his journal. We are far removed from this innocent idyl. Ah! ye realists, ye have made us grow old quickly.)

Tuesday, November 7.—Julie received me well. I

told her the fear I had had of not meeting her, and told it so well that Élise proclaimed silence. Julie proposed reading *Gonsalve de Cordoue*; I could not finish it, I was in a hurry, and I said I would return to end it on the following day.

Wednesday, November 8.—I went there with Joséphine. During luncheon, Julie completed some part of my sister's dress. I told Élise that I should soon return to finish *Gonsalve*; there was a joke made that this pretext should have come so opportunely, and Julie replied, laughingly: 'Oh! with you there is always a pretext ready.' She accompanied us with her mother.

(*With you there is always a pretext ready.* It is all over—Julie will be André's wife.)

Thursday, November 10.—My mother having acquainted me with my aunt's project respecting my course of lectures, I told Élise and Mme. Carron first about it, and they seemed to approve.

(The question is mooted of establishing André at Lyons, that he may give a course of mathematical lectures there.)

Friday, November 11.—I took a pot of ranunculus; on my way, I composed the following verses, which I attached to a spray after having written them down at my aunt's:

When from the lofty snow-capt heights
Grim winter on our fields alights,
And the mild zephyrs cease to blow,

The flowers that Love calls into bloom
Dispense their sweetness in the room
Of treasures we must else forego.
'Tis love, 'tis love, with burning flame,
However chill the keen blast came,
That called us thus to blossom here ;
And where'er Julie's foot may tread,
May earth her richest treasures shed,
And Love's most precious gifts appear !

Julie was not there at first ; she came and repeated to me her charade of *Merlin* :

Mon premier engloutit les hommes, la richesse ;
On sème mon second, dans ses doigts on le presse,
Et l'on voudrait que mon entier
Fût pour toujours au fond de mon premier.

She refused to give me 'The Rat,' saying that she was not inclined. Then Mme. Carron came in and asked me what was this pot of flowers with a label. Without making any answer, I continued to read *Gonsalve* rapidly, and then went away.

Sunday, November 13.—In the garden, I talked over my affairs with Élise ; among other things, I said that she knew why I desired riches—that without that hope I had nothing to do with all the wealth of the world. She reproached me a little respecting my pot of flowers. We peeled some chestnuts, and had them cooked in the kitchen. I found myself twice alone there with Julie. The first time, she reproached me in a charming manner for having brought the flowers. I exhibited a regret at her displeasure which seemed to touch her. The second time, I spoke to her of my projected course of

lectures; she answered: '*If I could but see that that might lead you to anything!*'

(It is evident that one obstacle alone opposes the union of Mdlle. Carron and André; he has no occupation or property. The science amassed in his mighty brain, the passion which more and more takes possession of his heart, have not as yet in any way promoted his fortune. 'If I could but see that that might lead you to anything!' The words explain themselves.)

Wednesday, November 16.—The ladies made some straw flowers; I made one. I kept up the conversation, and gave a lesson to Périsse. Julie cast some charming glances at me, and bade me good-bye with much kindness.

Saturday, November 19.—I took them *l'Île inconnue.* Julie looking at the pictures, I knelt down before her, and remained thus for some time. At last she sent for her fable, for which I had asked Élise in a low voice:

A hermit living in a lonely wood
  Had nought, 'twas said, to furnish daily meat
But bread and cheese and nuts—a scanty food.
  Poor and contented in his wild retreat,
A faithful dog was his sole friend and joy,
Guarding his master's house from all annoy.
A certain evening, both, beside the table,
  Fell sound asleep after their evening meal,
When by mishap—the fact is veritable—
  A large grey rat, by hunger taught to steal,
Ran noiseless by, and stole away the cheese,
The dainty bits which such poor hermits please.
On waking, he was much surprised to find

His treasure gone, without one trace behind;
He took his lantern, seeking everywhere,
And, the search over, sank into despair.
Little it served him thus to grieve his fate;
He therefore settled to exchange his mate
For a good cat, which, wakening, would hear
The slightest sound that caught its watchful ear.
Being so poor, he had more cause, he said,
A cunning rat than any rogue to dread.

Élise made me read Cicero's 'Reflections.' In the evening, finding myself alone with Julie, she spoke to me of my projects, as if taking much interest in them. Mme. Carron came and joined the conversation, and both of them expiated on the position of a bill-broker.

(It is difficult to conceive the inventor of the electric telegraph as a bill-broker, in spite of the services which such a discovery was one day to render to those who exercise this profession as well as to so many others.)

The idea of Mme. Carron, who is endeavouring to find a lucrative position for the future husband, is original enough, and reminds us of what occurred twenty-five years afterwards at the fireside of André Ampère, then a father, when, in his turn trying to find for Jean-Jacques some occupation which would allow him to gain sufficient money without relinquishing the pursuit of science, he fancies he has hit upon this double ideal in the talent and the career of an apothecary.

How many times has the illustrious man of

letters, the eager traveller, the historian of the Eternal City,[1] the poet, and the polyglot, laughed heartily as he related the naïve urging of his relations and his own hesitation on the subject!

'Ah!' said he, 'by involuntarily mistaking mixtures or labels, what destruction, what crime, might not my absence of mind have led me to commit! I should have poisoned a whole district.'

To this we may add that though the clients of his father, the bill-broker, would have escaped the peril that menaced his patients, and though they might, it is true, have preserved their life, their fortune, conjointly with that of the mathematician, would have run great danger.)

Friday, November 24.—It was the evening before her birthday. I went to take back her fable of the 'Grey Rat,' which I had copied for the sake of keeping the original, and in which I inserted a few verses. Julie remarked that I wrote verse easily, but that she wished her own fable and not the copy; fortunately Périsse, who came for his lesson, interrupted us.

I left off reading *Adèle,* when they came to fix the stove. Julie told me in a low voice as she passed me that I must be thinking of taking my leave. I went away.

[1] Jean-Jacques Ampère died, leaving his great work 'L'Histoire Romaine à Rome' unfinished.

Sunday, November 26.—I saw her at the *château* ;[1] she came to dance with Elise and Jenny. She sat near my mother and spoke much with her both before and after supper, when she was not dancing. I drank wine with her when we all touched glasses with the Catherines.

Friday, December 1.—On arriving from Lyons, I found the three young ladies were dressing to go to the *château*. I had dined on the Saône. Being alone with Mme. Carron, I spoke to her at first only of the proposals of M. Périsse with regard to my course of lectures; afterwards I opened my heart to her. She said many consoling things to me, that she left it for my mother to decide what income was necessary for my projects, that to possess the esteem of a person and to merit it was a great deal. On leaving, she added: 'Monsieur Ampère, on what day will you come again?' I answered: 'Sunday.'

Sunday, December 3.—After dinner, in playing 'Le Meunier,' I several times took the place which Julie had just left.

Thursday, December 7.—She made me read *Adèle*, and considered *l'Histoire de Saint André* but little interesting. A raft passed in the afternoon. In the evening Julie gave me advice on various matters

[1] The 25th November is the feast of Saint Catherine, virgin and martyr, always kept by young maidens in France either on that date, or on the following Sunday.

relating to my attire, which advice manifests a slight interest.

(We shall find Julie frequently, in the future, making use of her conjugal rights in exhorting André to repair the negligences of his toilette.)

Saturday, December 9.—I heard at Lyons that her brother-in-law was ill, and I returned at half-past four to enquire further. I found Julie at home, and she seemed glad to see me; she charged me with a letter to her sister, and sat at the window to listen to some street music. She deigned to ask me if the music pleased me.

(When very young, André had written a treatise on music, and had written some letters on the same subject in a little journal of that period.)

Sunday, December 10.—I went with her to breakfast with M. Périsse. Julie gave me a quarter of a pear peeled by her own hand, she herself having eaten the other quarter; she entered also into my arrangements, preferred a *pension* for me to having dinners brought from an hotel, and a well-furnished apartment in which to give my lessons rather than the house of M. Périsse.

In the afternoon I took Julie's letter to Saint-Germain, and dined with Mme. Carron.

Monday, December 11.—I went first to my aunt; she told me to remain but a short time at Mme. Carron's, as I had tired her the evening before. The latter came soon after to see my aunt; she spoke to

me of my projects, and will only permit me to see Julie on the day of my arrival at Lyons and on that of my leaving.

(In his simple conscientiousness he accedes to the fact that he had *tired* Mme. Carron the evening before! When Julie was at Lyons with her sister, André was only to see her on arriving and on leaving. All these severities do not blunt either his submission or his tender affection.)

Wednesday, December 13.—I saw only M. Périsse, to whom I was obliged to confess that Mme. Carron had forbidden me to endeavour to meet Julie more frequently. He answered me with much kindness.

Friday, December 15.—I breakfasted with M. Périsse. Julie came at last, and I remained with her until 11 o'clock in the morning. She showed me all her jewels, and told me that they had cut my hair too much, and laughed at the dandies with whom she had spent the previous evening.

(Is not this criticism of exaggerated elegance another delicate proof of Julie's kindly feeling towards André?)

Monday, December 18.—At M. Périsse's I spoke a little to Julie and her sister of my projects. *She* seemed to attach little importance to the profession which I wished to undertake. Her remarks induced me to interrogate M. Périsse on the subject, and he repeated that she had said: 'I should much prefer to see M. Ampère in business.'

(The position which André naturally desired to obtain was that of a professor, a position suitable to one who already knew so much and who must be *always* learning. What could he do better than open the treasures of his mind to those who felt themselves capable of receiving them?

As for Julie's inclination for business, it is only to be explained, too well, by her hope of thus conquering the obstacles, with respect to money, which retard her marriage with one whom she loves.)

Saturday, December 23.—I returned from Lyons without stopping at Polémieux. I spent a part of the afternoon in reading to Élise M. de la Dixmerie's work, '*Des deux âges du goût.*' I conversed with her for some time upon Grandison and upon the passions, and I pitied the fate of those who do not know whether they are loved or not. She reminded me that last year I had said I only desired to be quite certain that I was not hated.

Thursday, December 28.—Julie had been ill on Wednesday after having danced.

Friday, December 28.—She was better, but she did not appear till half-past twelve. I left her at once.

Saturday, December 30.—M. Périsse kept me to breakfast with him; I gave a lesson in mathematics. Mme. Périsse invited me to dinner. I was on the point of refusing, but Julie said: 'Are you engaged somewhere else?'

Monday, January 1.—I wished a happy new year

to everyone; then they talked about my course of lectures; in the conversation I said, 'Even if I were to live at my mother's, at Lyons, I should have to go and dine with M. Angles when she is at Polémieux.' To this Mme. Carron replied that it was impossible to make arrangements for so distant a period, and that none knew what might happen in the interval.

On returning from mass, my cousin told me that she had prayed God to give success to my desires. I thanked her; she added that Mme. Carron wished it as much as she did, and that everyone was interested in me.

On returning to Lyons in the evening, I learned that Julie had danced the evening before, and was so well that she would dance again this evening.

Tuesday, January 2.—I went upstairs to M. Périsse to fetch his son. On going down together, he said, 'Come in here.' We went into an apartment on the first floor, where I saw her for a moment; but she was out of spirits.

Wednesday, January 3.—I did not see her in the morning before my lesson. I went to fetch the key at two o'clock, and she had just dined. I could only just bow to her, saying: 'My pupil is waiting for me.'

Thursday, January 4.—Before my lesson, I saw her for a moment, as usual, in going to fetch the key; I spoke to her a little in the evening; I returned

between five and six o'clock, but she was still out of spirits.

(Julie is no longer a child; she knows far better than Ampère all the requirements of material life; in this period so decisive for his future, reason wrestles with love within her heart; she foresees postponements without end. We can well understand her sadness.)

Friday, January 5.—I did not see her till two o'clock, on leaving Camille Jordan's house. Marsil told me that the key was on the second floor. He fetched it for me, thus affording me the pleasure of seeing Julie, who was more merry and smiling.

In the evening I returned to Mme. Périsse; I spent two hours talking with Julie, who was very gracious to me, and listened to me with such sweet patience that I was delighted.

Mme. Carron came afterwards, and obliged me to shorten my visit more than I had intended.

(To this fortunate help André owes a fair amount of gratitude. These Messrs. Périsse are compassionate men who are willing to afford a little assistance to our lover, and Mme. Carron herself, in spite of her preceding injunctions, seems no longer hard-hearted, for it is not till after two hours' conversation with Julie that she shortens the visit of this insatiable young man.)

Sunday, January 21.—I went to Saint-Germain,

and talked a little with Élise respecting the events of the week and of my affection for her sister.

Tuesday, January 23.—I waited in vain for her on Monday at her sister's; she was dining out, and did not return till six o'clock, after I had left.

I returned in the evening to Mme. Périsse's house, and she appeared at last in a *brown* wig, and nothing was talked of but wigs and literature. Little Fanchette talked to us about her work, and Julie saying, 'This is highly interesting,' I ventured to reply, 'Nevertheless, everyone likes to speak of what interests himself; happy those who can do so.'

Friday, January 26.—Not having been able to see her, because *she* was always paying visits, I heard the *decree* of her departure from Lyons; but to console me, Périsse took me to breakfast with her.

Saturday, January 27.—I saw her for some time; she had not been able to leave on the previous evening.

Sunday; January 28.—I found no one but Mme. Carron at first at Saint-Germain; Élise came afterwards, and we spoke of nothing but of my affection.

Tuesday, January 30.—Having returned to Lyons, where she still was, I saw her after dinner.

Wednesday, January 31.—Thanks to the rain, which had prevented her from leaving the town, I lunched with her.

Sunday, February 4.—I went to Saint-Germain,

where Julie had returned, but I did not see her, and I only conversed on indifferent matters.

André's Journal finishes here. The last leaves are either cut out or lost.

During the following year, Mme. Carron became a widow, and in spite of the natural hesitation she felt at the young Ampère's precarious position, his want of fortune, and his uncertain career, she appears to have tacitly accepted his attentions to her daughter.

Without being able absolutely to divine the celebrated man thus hidden under the appearance of a modest professor of mathematics, people were impressed with a sense of his superiority. His companions and intimate friends (two of the dearest of whom from this period were Ballanche and Bredin) had already formed an opinion respecting him which will not surprise those who know his subsequent career.

(Julie shares the general opinion, André does not require Élise's eloquence to plead his cause. He cares not whether they admire his talents; the point that touches him is that he is at last loved himself, and that in spite of the material difficulties that the future presents, Julie consents to meet them with Ampère, and gives him her hand three years after that first meeting of April 10, 1796.)

Our lover was therefore at the climax of his desires, when an unlucky attack of measles separated

him temporarily from his fiancée. He consoled himself by writing to her, with the permission of Mme. Carron.

'Lyons: March 3, 1799.

'Mademoiselle,—I am permitted to write to you! I should like to be able to express a thousand feelings at once: the excess of my love, that of my gratitude, my regret at our separation, the charming remembrances, and the delightful visions which have consoled me in my exile; all these press to the end of my pen.

'So I am to be the happiest of men! This room, to-day so solitary, will soon be occupied by a beloved wife; I shall be able to devote to her all the moments of my life; she will be happy in my happiness as I shall be in hers. Confidence, friendship, and pure affection will dwell in our hearts; I shall see her seated in front of this very stove and by the side of this very table: she will tell me that she loves me.

'But I am wandering, Mademoiselle; I forget that you have not yet fixed the term of my privation. How sweet it will be to me if we have to receive some little talisman possessing the marvellous virtue of giving patience to the absent! Nothing but ink and paper is required for its composition; but it has no power unless it comes from a cherished object.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

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'Lyons : March 5, 1799.

'Mademoiselle,—No sooner had my letter gone than I sighed for the moment when I might begin another, and this morning, on getting up, here I am, pen in hand, occupied in opening my heart to you on paper. How I wish that you could indeed read it! You would not dream any longer of delaying my happiness. You would say: "If he possesses neither the talents nor the attractions which might have rendered him worthy of me, at least he knows how to love."

'An acute pain has deprived me of rest and sleep, but it has left me your image and remembrance.

'M. Brac having advised a short stay in the country as part of his plan of convalescence, I shall go when he prescribes it. I shall have to go by diligence to Polémieux; the road passes a certain village called Saint-Germain; I shall be too happy if I am permitted to halt there, in a little white house standing between an orchard and a pretty garden. It is the abode of the most charming person you have ever met; if you know her, you will pity me for having had to live so far from her for ten mortal days.

'*March* 7.—How happiness flies just as we fancy we are grasping it! Mme. Périsse had told me that everyone at Saint-Germain had had the measles; upon this assurance I formed all the projects which have so sweetly occupied my thoughts; I have just

learned the contrary fact, and my exile has thus become prolonged!

'I shall forget my weariness, if I receive to-day a few lines traced by a beloved hand.

'The fear of imperilling your health leaves me only the most distant hopes; however, I have no trace left of measles since yesterday, March 6.

'ANDRÉ AMPERÈ.'

From Julie Carron to Citizen Ampère.

'Saint-Germain: Friday morning.

'We see with pleasure, Monsieur, that your illness does not lead your mind to wander upon sad subjects. The most carefully prepared talisman would add nothing to the magic that encircles you; everything round you appears animated; the chimney corner, usually such a triste spot to an invalid, fills you with pleasant dreams. Continue, Monsieur, to build these pleasing castles, and by following the prudent advice that your friends give you, you will probably soon be able to enjoy the country.

'You have suffered in your head, and yet you write volumes! It is really wishing to perpetuate your suffering. It would be unprecedented folly to think of travelling in such cold weather. When it is fine, I shall no longer have any fears of measles.

'The doctor and the ladies shall decide it.

'If you do not submit to their advice, no talisman will help to give you patience.

'Pray, Monsieur, remember me and my sister to your aunt, and present our respects to her.

'JULIE.'

From Mme. Carron to André Ampère.

'Monsieur,—When my children were little and were sick, I used to promise them toys and bonbons to induce them to remain in their room: but for the great M. Ampère, a talisman is necessary, if we do not wish to see him bounding over the mountains of the Mont d'Or.

'You do not know perhaps that I am a frost-bitten fairy, and that my power has neither the fire nor the extent of your imagination. My talismans are composed of an infusion of patience, a few grains of calmness, a little pleasure and much moderation, pounded up together; you must separate these parts, and this will take you time enough not to fatigue your eyes, which would do you much harm; after the illness you have had, it is necessary to avoid the application and the influence of the air.

'I am, with much consideration,

'ANTOINETTE CARRON.

'Say many things from me to your mother and also to your aunt.'

'Lyons: March 13, 1799.

'Mademoiselle,—A thousand thanks for your charming talisman! The pleasure of reading it and re-reading it, of putting it in my portfolio under my pillow, has procured so sweet a sleep and such delicious dreams, that no suffering could have resisted them.

'To-morrow at 7 o'clock I start with my aunt by diligence for Neuville; at 10 o'clock I shall have crossed the Saône; I shall then go on to Saint-Germain by the Lovers' Way; it never merited the name better. I shall presently perceive in the distance the pretty white house, and my step will become all the more rapid.

'In order not to leave Tatan in the middle of the wood, I shall have to return to meet her five or six times! Oh unforeseen misfortune! I shall have to accompany her to Mme. Sarcey's. One of the happiest moments of my life will have to be delayed for five minutes! Five minutes are tolerably long in such circumstances! But I shall long to be off, and shall shorten my visit by saying that Mme. Périsse has given me this and that commission. How my heart will then beat! how rapidly I shall cross the little space that still remains! I shall enter the court-yard, approach the door, and open it. There is no expression which can depict the sensations I experience; Julie's heart will know how to

read mine, in spite of my embarrassment, and my awkward and constrained manner.

'Pray, Mademoiselle, repeat to my second mother all my feelings of gratitude.

'To-morrow, to-morrow.

'AMPÈRE.'

(I pass over the rest, some of them charming. This correspondence of some days, a thorough conjugation of the verb *to love*, ended on March 13.

The happy convalescent then took the road leading to the little white house. There he found his fiancée receiving, like himself, letters of congratulation; in that from Marsil to Julie, the jests in which a long friendship permits a brother-in-law to indulge, will probably not be read in the presence of André.)

From Marsil Périsse to Julie Carron.

'Thursday morning.

'We are approaching, dear Julie, that charming spring season in which the country adorns itself in its brightest colours, and the birds vie with each other in singing their loves and preparing to build their nests. And you, dear friend, have chosen this smiling season to make another happy. I assure you of my delight in his happiness. You know what to think of his moral and mental qualities; if he lacks those which the world considers ornamental,

will he not rapidly acquire them, being the fortunate companion of "the incomparable goddess of the Graces, the model of taste"? . . . These are some of the expressions used by this amorous André, during his illness in designating you. "What have I done," he said, "to merit such a favour from Heaven as to become the possessor of such a treasure? I shall indeed be happy; henceforth a rosy tint will be shed over my life, each day of which promises me new happiness." And then he would resume your praises. If I were to repeat to you all these pretty speeches, your modesty would be wounded; the poet Ovid never said so much of his cherished beauty. You will easily fancy that I acted as chorus, approving and thinking with him. I disputed, however, in my own mind one point which he asserted, namely, that your presence will perfume the happy place that possesses you. Now I have never, I confess, enjoyed this agreeable sensation. My olfactory nerves have never been conscious of this charming odour which our friend declares he is sensible of in the air that surrounds you. This is without doubt a special favour that he has obtained by virtue of affection, and is only the least of those reserved for him. In truth, Julie, when I reflect on this point, I become agitated. Could I not lay claim to the rights of precedence with regard to you? Do not be startled at first by such a pretension, it is not so badly founded. In the first place, you have a most

perfect resemblance to my wife; secondly, you both think alike, you are always of the same opinion; and, liking the opinions of the one, I consequently liked those of the other, at a time when our young friend never suspected the incomparable treasure he had found. That his good fortune should have led him to make such a discovery, is so much the better for him! . . . but you will agree that it is no less true that I have a priority of affection, and I await with impatience our reunion at Lyons to decide this important point before a small committee of young bachelors. Now-a-days, when people do not rave as they used to do, but reason sensibly on all things, I look upon my cause as already gained.

'Am I not foolish, my dear friend? Ah! well, it is you that make fools of us by hundreds: Montpellier, Lyons, Polémieux attest the fact. The bitter part is that we have never seen you wounded by this little mischievous god of whom you know so well how to avail yourself . . . So much the better for the fortunate André who is to be your conqueror! May Heaven grant an unclouded happiness to your union, a happiness such as you merit! We bid you welcome, both my wife and myself, on at length entering our great confraternity. Embrace your dear sister Élise heartily from me, though she be only an outsider.

'MARSIL PÉRISSE.'

In thus adding to Ampère's passionate expressions those of a far less suspicious character from some of Julie's associates, it is easy to trace a portrait attractive enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

She has 'golden hair' and 'eyes of azure blue;' the 'lips half closed,' introduced into his verse by the poet for the sake doubtless of the rhyme, provoke the protestations of Elise, who assures us that her sister's lips seem, on the contrary, very open and smiling. This characteristic trait of the physiognomy permits us to imagine distinctly the form and whiteness of the two rows of pearls. Why exhibit so willingly, unless it be so, what is not agreeable to look at?

According to the disclosures of M. Marsil Périsse, a striking likeness existed between his own wife and Ampère's fiancée. They are both tall, for Élise sends the former 'kisses in proportion to her height, with the assurance of being fully loved.' Julie's delicate constitution indicates an elegant, supple, and slight figure. She had pretty hands, and small narrow feet. Jean-Jacques possessed this sign of high breeding, a point he did not inherit from his father.

Each member of the family extols the gracefulness of the figure now before us, the serenity of a calm forehead reflecting the purity of an angelic mind. The brother Carron, no lover himself, calls her familiarly 'his incomparable beauty,' while Élise

reproaches André with having his fancy too soon elated by 'the external attractions of one whom he loves,' a reproach against which he in no wise defends himself. Then in writing to her sister, who has been telling her of her conquests at Lyons and of her worldly attire, she says, 'What I especially understand is that you think yourself very pretty, Mademoislle. There are many others who think the same.'

Julie thus was charming in her ball-dress, and was no less fascinating in her morning cap; for several times she appears before André in this negligent attire, disdaining to heighten her attractions by the slightest *prestige* of toilette. What can we add to this last evidence of her graceful appearance?

On August 6, 1799, (15 thermidor, year VII.) André-Marie Ampère, minor, son of the late J.-J. Ampère and of Antoinette de *Suttières*-Sarcey, married in the parish of Polémieux, Mont d'Or, demoiselle Catherine-Julie Carron, daughter of the late Claude Carron and of Antoinette Boyron, of the parish of Saint-Germain (Mont d'Or). On the wedding-day there was a family dinner-party at Julie's home, at which André's bosom friend Ballanche sang the bridegroom's happiness in a prose epithalamium.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Felices ter et amplius !
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die !

Let us keep the ancient feast
Of Hymen ! Let the cry be thrice repeated,
Thrice with passionate emotion :
'Hail Hymen, Hail !'

'May our wishes mount to heaven like a cloud of incense! May they descend from heaven upon this bride and bridegroom like a dew of blessing and of happiness!

'The youth is sustained by hope, the old man by remembrance; the hope and the memory of affection are equally precious. Children, youths, old men, let us all celebrate the feast of that love to which we owe our existence! Let us all sing in chorus, "Hail Hymen, Hymen!"

'When at dawn of day an early voice came whispering at my still drowsy ear: This day, two beings, good, sensitive, loving, are to be linked by the happy bonds of Hymen, I felt a thrill of joy; the sense of pleasure intoxicated me with its illusions, and I exclaimed, Let man no longer complain of his destiny! If grief and pain sometimes trouble his existence, are there not in life some moments of happiness, of supreme happiness, which compensate for years of torment and uneasiness?

'What happiness, indeed, is comparable to that of

two lovers who are united as man and wife? Their fate is from henceforth inseparable, they love each other, they adore each other, and they taste the inexpressible pleasure of confessing it . . . Their eyes have been for so long the sole interpreters of their affection!

'Oh God, who can appreciate the delicious certainty that nothing can any longer separate them, that they will bear to the bosom of Eternal Goodness one tribute as the offering of two hearts,—a tribute of beneficence, of harmony of will for good, and of those simple and yet rare pleasures resulting always from a good conscience and the constant practice of virtue?

'The happiness of two lovers united in marriage is independent of the reverses and caprices of fortune; for their happiness is in themselves; they are together, the place matters not! Love, that powerful magician, reveals the gardens of Armida in the midst of the desert.

'Ye fair young married ones, seated in the same bark, sail together on the rapid stream of life! May Iapis, the pilot of Cythera, direct the helm of your happy vessel! May the sweet illusions of the Golden Age float on pennons in the air! May the presages of love and friendship whisper softly, and swell the sail of hope!

'Young bride and bridegroom, receive at starting the salutation of your friend! . . . My heart is

assured that you will realise the delightful visions of the poets, that you will again find Eden and the Golden Age!

'Young bride and bridegroom, may you have good children, amiable as yourselves! They will indeed be virtuous if they profit by the lessons of their parents!

'Young bride and bridegroom, you will be ever united, and God will extend his hand over you in blessing you and your children: for the best homage that man can offer to the Deity is the spectacle of a life rendered happy by the practice of duty.

'*The Evening.*—The last ray of the setting sun has gilded the mountains of Polémieux. Twilight envelopes nature with a veil of sentiment. Steal away beneath the leafy trees, ye light sylphs, ye frolicsome zephyrs; and, laden with the balmy breath of a thousand plants, go perfume the nuptial couch.

'Ye married ones, enjoy in silence the approach of the blissful hour. . . Already Hymen lights his torch by that of Love. . . . Let us sing, Hail Hymen! Hymen!

'Daughter of modesty, Vesper in yonder heavens has given the signal for thy defeat. . . . Julie, the moment is come when you must leave the maternal roof. . . . God has willed that a husband should be more to you than parents: it is God who commands you to follow the new guide which He has this day given you. . . .

'The veil of Penelope descends on the innocent countenance of Julie, and hides the triumph of love. . . . She yields amid her tears and follows her new guide, whose sweet task it will be to dry the tears of filial tenderness and modesty: as the kisses of the zephyr dry the drops of dew which sparkle in the morning on the queen of flowers.

'*The Next Morning.*—Awake, young married ones! The sun is gilding the summit of the mountains, the dew rests softly on the waving flowers of the fields, the birds are hailing the dawn and singing to the wakening day. . . . Awake, young married ones! . . . And you, daughter of love, hide the embarrassment of your modesty by taking refuge in the bosom of your beloved one.

'Awake, young married ones! to taste the new blessings of love! It is love which embellishes the aspect of nature, it is love which forms its harmony! It presides at the concerts of the birds: it subjects the vegetable world to its sweet laws; it is the universal soul of everything.

'Happy solitude of Polémieux, what monuments of love will be enshrined within thee! The chronicles and emblems of love will be inscribed year by year upon the young shrubs. Repose and sweet reveries will be connected with the turf, trodden as it will be by the light foot of the beloved one. Each flower hidden among the greenness will become precious if it has been looked on by Julie.

'And the limpid springs, and solitary stream murmuring under the clustering foliage, . . . and the mysterious twilight of those noiseless haunts, . . . what memories will some day be attached to all these spots! What delightful walks! What happy labyrinths! How many times has the path been lost unwittingly! How many times has nature been contemplated from that terrace! How many times have happy summer evenings been passed under that avenue of trees!

'Solitudes of Polémieux, I hail you with all my heart! Young married ones, to whom they have been changed into Elysium, to whom they have become a garden of Eden, I salute you with all the fervency of friendship.'

As a sequel to this epithalamium, we will insert the following page, written by one of André's most intimate friends.

'Sentiments of piety, love, modesty, and pure simplicity, the sweet treasures of Ballanche's heart, it is with reverent respect that we find you here unsullied, under this noble antique form, in this little poem inspired by a friendship dating from infancy.

'Young girls, young women, all invited to this family banquet, do not cast down your eyes, do not blush. There is not a word to wound your sensitive ears; no mischievous smile will pass over the lips of those who look at you, to cause you embarrassment.

'Matrons, with the wisdom of age, be re-assured;

listen with confidence to this hymeneal hymn, to the encouragements it gives to the fulfilment of duty, to the homage it renders to virtue, and to its wishes for happiness.

'This voice which sounded in the midst of our festivity, even while speaking of the lively pleasures of this world, speedily rose above things temporal. The guests assembled, the friends of André and of Julie, carried away by the poet's emotion, have joined their prayers to his, not to ask for the newly-married ones the false enjoyments of vanity or the superfluous abundance of wealth, but to implore God to bless and to link, with an eternal and divine bond, two good and loving hearts, who have this day given themselves to each other.

'Ampère, even if a long and glorious career is destined for him, will never enjoy anything to be compared to these hours, to these short and happy years spent near his Julie, on the small paternal domain where he was born. How many memories will one day be linked with this spot? said the simple and sublime Ballanche; he was not mistaken.

'Solitudes of Polémieux, twice consecrated by love, we would hail you nearer, we would tread your now deserted walks, by the side of the dried-up stream; we would see you and never more forget you, remembering the happiness to which you bore witness!'

The first year of this union realised all the delight pictured, and waited for with such rare constancy. Julie, who was then in an interesting situation, followed her mother to Saint-Germain in the spring of 1800 (year VIII.), while her husband gave his mathematical lessons at Lyons. Once a week he visited his wife in the country. From this time André initiates us into the tendernesses, the projects, and the opinions of his home; into the solicitude which he already feels as to the health of his Julie, who grows worse from day to day, under the trials of her condition. In the following page, he speaks at first of his two Julies, believing in the birth of a girl. The little picture he alludes to is the framed campanula; we know the talisman; the portfolio of pink satin, ornamented with two embroidered and intertwined cyphers, received what he called his treasures: the replies of Julie. All these relics of affection are still enclosed under the same seal, with the autographs of husband and wife.

From André Ampère to Mme. Julie Ampère, at Mme. Carron's, Saint-Germain, Mont d'Or.

'Lyons: Tuesday morning.

'Why do I not pass my days near you? If I am wicked sometimes, it is because I am too long without breathing the atmosphere of sweetness and goodness which you exhale.

'Are my two Julies well? Does the little one remind you that her father only lives for you?'

'Wednesday, 16.

'I was thoroughly disappointed yesterday when I began to make my inventory. I do not know where you have put some of my treasures. In taking up my portfolio, I found only the little picture, which I kissed heartily; I should have had still more pleasure in kissing the talisman, but you have hidden it, you wicked little woman. It was quite enough to forbid my going so often to Saint-Germain, without depriving me also of this last consolation.

'I have not yet placed the violet by the side of the campanula; I am leaving it to dry a little in the book where I am keeping it.

'All the ladies are at Bellerive; Marsil came to see me yesterday morning, and told me that Mme. Périsse would shortly return.

'Adieu. You will laugh if I put a kiss here; but it would nevertheless give me much pleasure. Adieu.

'AMPÈRE.

'I have brought away in my pocket a book of prayers belonging to my aunt.'

(Here, for the first time, we find some letters from André's mother. They indicate the near arrival of the great family event.)

From Mme. Ampère, widow, to Julie.

'Polémieux.

'I fear, my dear children, that you may be uneasy about your good mother. I profit by the first occasion to tell you that my health continues good, and that my strength is much returned. I am thinking of my poor Ampère, and I permit you to pity him. It is sad to work for others, when it is necessary to work for oneself; but confess, my children, that you would have been very sorry if M. Roux had applied to any other but him. It will make him known, and I hope his time will not be thrown away. Embrace him from me, and he will return it as I desire.

'No, my dear Julie, I did not bring you into the world, but you have taken the place of a cherished daughter in my affections. Who could replace her better than you have done? The same candour, the same sweetness, the same goodness, the same mind. I have but one regret, and that is that I cannot render you as happy as you ought to be; but if the tenderness of a husband and that of your second mother can compensate to you a little for your privations, you are certain of being loved as much as you deserve.

'We have sent you all your linen. Marion has washed it. I have put in your sheets, as they may

be useful to you. My dear child, be cautious as to your health, and take care of the sweet little one who is to be my fourth child. I have kept an old cock for the first bouillon you take. The question is, how to have it at hand when you require it; if you have a loft that can be closed, I will send it to you in the beginning of August.

'WIDOW AMPÈRE.

'Joséphine and Tatan send you a thousand loves.'

From Mme. Ampère, widow, to Julie.

'July.

'My Julie frets herself; she is not prudent. Why, my dear child, entertain such gloomy ideas? Nothing is more natural than to bring into the world those little beings who, two or three months after their birth, are smiling and holding out their arms to you. Think only of the satisfaction you will feel when you hear a sweet voice calling you mother. It is a pleasure which makes us forget the suffering it has cost us. I do not tell you that the pain is nothing; but the worse it is, the sooner comes the end. Courage, my dear child. We have had in this neighbourhood seven happy accouchements within two months, three of which have been first children; why, then, should my Julie torment herself? All will go well. Be good, and do not give your second

mother cause to scold you. Say to your first mother, for I am obliged to yield this right to her, a thousand pretty things from me. I shall go to her immediately to help her to render our daughter reasonable. The demoiselles Bœuf came to see me with M. Navarre the moment after my son had gone; they thought the baby had already come.

It is your bed linen which delayed Marion's departure; it was not finished till Wednesday. As to the flour, I am much afraid, my dear children, that you will be obliged to buy bread and corn, for I can only send you six bushels, but that will help on; and as Delorne will be obliged to make haste and thresh for himself, I shall probably be able to find some charitable soul who will take you afterwards two or three sacks, which will make your bread better. As to cheeses, the cow which ought to furnish them is still at the fair; but I send you some pears and grapes, which will be useful to you in the meanwhile. I am profiting by the cart to send you the linen and some indifferent napkins—we have no others—besides a pair of unbleached sheets, which may be useful to you. I do not remember if you asked for anything else. You know that all your good mother possesses is at your service; she only regrets that Providence has allowed her to do so little, but she must submit.

'I have still some of the smooth cotton for knitting a second pair of socks for your husband. Joséphine

has no greater pleasure than to work for her sister Julie.

'Adieu, my dear child; keep your mind amused, and do not ever remain alone. Since long expeditions fatigue you, they can do you no good; but take a little walk on the quay when the sun is set. Pray remember me to your family. Love me always as much as I love you. This is the greatest consolation you can afford to your good mother.

'AMPÈRE, WIDOW.'

From André Ampère to Mme. Julie Ampère, at Mme. Carron's, Saint-Germain, Mont d'Or.

'Friday morning.

'I write you a few lines in haste, my Julie, to give you tidings of Mme. Périsse. They could not be better. Julien Périsse was born yesterday, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening.

When Louison woke me this morning, I was having such a sweet dream! What a pleasure she deprived me of! I was dreaming that I saw my curtains opened by my Julie, who had come to Saint-Germain to visit her sister, and had halted at first at her husband's house. She had on nothing but a light petticoat, a linen body, and a small handkerchief which revealed her fair bosom. Ah, my Julie, just as I was embracing you, the coarse voice of Louison sounded in my ears, instead of those sweet tones

which I love so much. This awakening has tortured me without leaving me the hope of seeing you to-morrow! How long are two days and a night! How I love you!

'I am writing to you while giving a lesson which unceasingly disturbs me. Adieu; I see M. Lescure just coming, so I must leave you for him. I do not know what I shall do to him.

'AMPÈRE.'

Julie in her turn became a mother; and thenceforth André blames himself for all the sufferings of his wife. 'I have reason to detest myself,' he says; 'I think again and again, my Julie, of the harm you have done yourself in keeping yourself awake to rock the little one, and in making me believe you were going to sleep; in order that I should do so. I have wept with regret all the way at my stupidity. Promise to leave it to me at the next journey, and I will take care of it myself. You forget, my poor little one, that your health is very delicate, that your occupations are too rough for you, and that you sleep but half the night.

'If you do not wish to embitter all my happiness and to make me hate, if it were possible, that which I love best after yourself, allow them to take care of the little one downstairs from eight till eleven; Françoise will then have seven hours' rest. You will consider that this is not enough; you who are ex-

hausted, worried in a thousand ways, and who do not obtain one moment of true repose. You can rely upon her; I will be answerable for her prudence. Your little one will have better sustenance, and her papa will no longer have the constant fears which agitate him, and he will regret less that he did not entreat you on his knees to put it out to nurse. I would just now give half my life that you had done so.

'My benefactress, my beloved, I love you a hundred times more now than ever, because I think more of what my happiness cost you, and of what that little being who is your child and mine will yet cost you.

'AMPÈRE.'

From Ampère to M. Carron.

'Lyons.

'My dear Brother,—I have been wishing to write to you a long time, and to thank you for the steps you have taken on my behalf with regard to the Prytaneum. Occupations, which have not left me a moment of leisure, have hindered me from doing so. You have taken much trouble to procure me the means of obtaining some recommendations to Comberousse. I am almost sure that another director is to be appointed; whom, I know not; meanwhile, the matter rests.

'I hope your own projects are succeeding better than mine, and that you find yourself in a fixed and advantageous position. Your wife is going to leave

us. We should be too sorry to lose her if we did not think she was going to restore to you a happiness of which you have been so long deprived. I hope you will be able soon to return to Lyons, for no one here will be perfectly satisfied to be far from you. You know well how Julie loves you, and I am one with Julie in all things.

'The poor little one has her anxieties also: our income is very uncertain, pupils come and go without one being ever able to reckon on them. The Prytaneum would settle everything, but who knows how this hope may end? If you would add a new service to those you have rendered me, you would try to see M. Cayre, and you could learn from him if he is still thinking of me. I confess that I have for some time feared the rivalry of Boucharlat, who understands far better than I do how to solicit those in office. Although he has worked pretty well in mathematics, could he be admitted without studying afresh at the Polytechnic School, after all that is required at the present day? M. Cayre's support would be sufficient to reassure me. When he last came to Lyons, he promised to interest himself on my behalf. I have written to him since, but he has not replied. Perhaps he has not got my address. If he asks for it, it is rue Mercière, maison Rosset, No. 18, first floor.

'You see, my dear brother, that I rely on your friendship, and that I trouble you with a long detail of all that is occupying my mind. My poor Julie has

a headache, which vexes me much. Your wife is come to see us, and to keep her company.

'Adieu. I wish you health, and all that you can desire.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From André Ampère to Mme. Ampère, Saint-Germain, Mont d'Or.

'Monday.

'My love, I have just been writing down a number of mathematical ideas, which I shall require for my work.

'I have a new pupil. On your return, I shall be able to present you with a good sum, and accounts in good order.

'Yesterday Ballanche brought me his productions, and we remained reading them till a quarter past nine.

'Wednesday.

'My experiments seem to succeed perfectly; but I have had recourse to a little fraud, which however has spoilt nothing.

I feel more and more daily that it is only for you that I care to live. Yesterday, making some preparations with sulphuric acid, it seemed to me that I should have no repugnance to swallow a glass of it, if it were not that my Julie belongs to me, and the little one she has given me.

'AMPÈRE.'

(There is no idea here of suicidal intentions; it is only a passing feeling of disengagement from all earthly things except his Julie and his child.

Melancholy impressions have never been alien to André's nature. Though rarer in his youth, they become almost habitual when he has lost Julie and becomes advanced in years. From that time, whatever may be the date of his correspondence, we never find in it an expression of serenity, but rather a certain feeling of weariness caused by the incessant agitation both of his heart and brain. He knows but little repose; to him, the days and hours do not glide away; they fly. The passion for science engrosses him; his affections consume him; every sensation of moral well-being, however momentary, is lost to him; and the circumstances which surround him favour and develop this state of things.

If the perplexities, embarrassments, and disquiétudes of life, do not touch him personally, he suffers for his family, for his friends, and for humanity. Thus, in 1816, we find Ampère writing to Ballanche, who is in grief at some family sorrow: 'I know how vain are all words when we are overwhelmed with unhappiness; I know what impression is made on the suffering heart by the arguments of resignation—*non ignara mali.* What a thing is life! It makes one too sad to think of it, unless this sad subject has become a matter of joy and of consolation, as is the case with Bredin. Oh, my friend! you must endeavour often

to see this admirable man; his conversation would calm your feelings. It cannot be, that in intercourse with me, you should alone find the peace and calmness necessary to the development of your talents, of those talents the cultivation of which you owe to your fellow-creatures and to yourself. Do not bury the talent you have received like the wicked servant in the gospel. Ballanche, my friend, try to shake off your sorrow, to retire within the sanctuary of thought, where man learns to appreciate the littleness of life.')

Under the date of 1818, these lines meet our eyes, still addressed to Ballanche:

'I am so agitated with various thoughts and anxieties of all kinds, that I have not a moment to give to occupations which could alone afford me a little rest. When I wish to devote myself to them in the only time I have at my disposal, that is to say, in the evening, my head is so empty that I have no longer an idea in it. My friend, it is a perpetual torment. Who would have believed that Ballanche and Ampère—the one at Lyons, the other at Paris—would allow two months to elapse without writing? Of these two months, one has been spent in examinations for nine or ten hours daily; and the other, alas! has disappeared like lightning. What remains of it? a few thoughts that perhaps another month may obliterate. The feeling of the nothingness of this existence pervades my whole being more deeply than

ever, awakening vague aspirations after another life —the only consolation that one can have on earth.'

(Yes, according to the expression of Ballanche, who knew Ampère well, *within his heart there was a consuming fire.*

Let us return to the happy days of the young husband; days too short, and notwithstanding already mingled with many troubles.)

From André Ampère to M. Carron.

'18 Germinal, Year IX., April 8, 1801.

'How many thanks I owe you, dear Carron, my true friend, for all the trouble you have taken. I remember but little of what I wrote to you in my last letter on the subject of our mutual positions. I believe I expressed wishes for your happiness, and for that of your wife; but in confiding to you the perplexities of my Julie, and the sorrow I felt at them, I was very far from forgetting yours. I know, alas! that you have been long exposed to a thousand troubles, far from all who are dear to you. I know, too, that for the present your position is not such as you deserve. Paris is too far from Lyons. I wish I could recall precisely what I can have said to you in that letter, which I am very sorry to have sent since it caused you some annoyance. I wrote to you with my mind full of the pupils who had just left me, worried because such a small number remained to

me, and poured forth my annoyance into a brother's heart. Fortunately some new ones have come to me since then. The trouble you have taken in my concerns will procure me, I hope, a more stable position, whether the professorship in question is obtained at Lyons or something equivalent. And then I feel confident that fortune will repair her wrongs towards you; and that all reunited, we shall see our children grow up to enjoy a happiness less mingled with trouble than that of their parents. Surely, my dear friend, this time my wishes will not cause you pain; they are, I feel, fully in accordance with your own!

'I am going to tell you also of your little nephew. They have put him on a pair of little red shoes for the first time to-day. I helped him to walk to his mother, and my Julie supported him then in her turn, and then I enjoyed the great happiness of beginning the feat over again; what will it be when he can run alone and talk? You will soon have the pleasure of seeing your Élise, and you will then hear what cause I have to rejoice in the child which my Julie has given me. The poor little thing already begins to take notice; he cries when his mother pretends to beat me, and he tries with his hands and feet to get rid of us all, and to go to her. I must indeed rely on the affection you feel for your youngest sister, your little Julie, as you call her, to tell you all these small things; but you see when I am writing to

a second self, I let my thoughts for the moment govern my pen.

'Adieu, my dear friend, you know well how much you are beloved in this house; Julie makes all in it share her feelings. She will teach the little Jean-Jacques to repeat the name of his Paris uncle, and of his aunt Aguarite, whom he will not see, perhaps, for a very long time. If you do not come, I shall be obliged to take him to you.

'Adieu, with cordial embraces.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From André Ampère to Mme. Julie Ampère, Saint-Germain.

'Lyons, Wednesday evening.

'Does my Julie remember the almond-tree and the last kisses she gave me the day before yesterday? My own heart is oppressed whenever I think of them, and I am thinking of them always. My poor little one, when will you be as happy and contented as you deserve to be? Now you will tell me that I grieve you. I will make you merry by giving you some wedding news.

'A poet of your acquaintance is going to be married; his bride is an only daughter: guess her name. A metaphysician of your acquaintance is going to be married; his bride is an only daughter: guess her name. A mathematician of your acquaint-

ance is going to be married; his bride is an only daughter: guess her name. The poet's name begins with a B, the metaphysician's by a B, and the mathematician's by a B. If you find the enigma too difficult, you have only to ask Mme. Carron, who likes equally all three geniuses under one.

'Alas! while I am amusing myself with writing nonsense to you, our little one is perhaps crying and leaving you no peace. Dear Julie, tell him to be good, and give him the kiss you promised to your husband on going to bed this evening. Do you think of that husband sometimes? Do you only think of it when your child fatigues you or wakes you? Forgive, forgive the little one; he does ill without knowing it; he will grow good, almost as good as his mother, because he has been nursed by no other.

'Say many things to all those whom we love; embrace Élise heartily. Although her kisses are somewhat general, they are none the less precious to me. Adieu, my beloved.

'AMPÈRE.'

This metaphysician, poet, and mathematician, is no other than his friend Ballanche, just then captivated by a young lady of Lyons, whom he vainly hoped to marry. Filled with this poetic dream at twenty-three, we find a touching trace of it in a page written in 1830 by the author of 'Antigone.'

'On August 14, 1825, he says, a noble and beautiful creature who had before appeared to me, and who dwelt afar from the regions in which I dwelt myself, a noble and beautiful creature, a young girl then, a young girl from whom I demanded all the promises of so rich a future; on this day, that woman passed, and I knew it not, to the regions of the life immutable and real, after having refused to traverse with me those of this life of illusions and changes. Alas! I say she had refused; but therein lies a mystery of unhappiness that I shall never understand while on earth.'

From Mme. Ampère, widow, to André.

'Polémieux.

'I will begin by telling you that your wife and little one are well. She will not come to Polémieux till Monday, because she is invited on Sunday to Neuville to luncheon; so I shall not see you, for you will go straight to Saint-Germain. I shall look for you the week following.

'Have you not forgotten to post the two letters I gave you? I received no answer. If by chance they are still in your pocket, send them immediately.

'Louison will have the bottle of oil filled; if you have any flour-sacks empty, she will bring them back. I will send Julie her linen, and some vine-

branches; Delorme will take at the same time a small cask of white wine and some faggots. As regards the carriage, when Nanon spoke of it to her husband, he answered that you would soon agree about it; that with people who were always giving to his children, he was not going to be too particular. So my son, you will arrange as you please. I send you twelve francs and six sous for April 9, and six francs for May 5.

'Adieu, my dear children. Love your good mother as much as she loves you, and she will be satisfied.

'AMPÈRE, WIDOW.'

From Élise to Mme. Marsil Périsse.

'Monday morning, October.

'You have thought of each of us, my good sister. How have you found the time to make all these purchases? We might have had two more days together. I regret every moment that I did not better employ my time with you, but my fate is ever to be forming wishes for the future or to be experiencing regrets for the past; the present flies away without my being able to enjoy it.

'Julie left yesterday for Polémieux. She was but little disposed to go there, any more than we were to lose her. Mamma will send Marie to-day to hear how she has passed the night, and to take this letter to Ampère; for just now the vintage prevents all

correspondence; each being engaged in his own, there is no opportunity.

'Your two children are wonderfully well. Stéphane does nothing but sing; his sabre has given him a superabundance of merriment; he really possesses a charming disposition. I hear him at this moment saying to Fanchette: "As you like, but I would not wish to give you the trouble." Fanchette enacts the little mother; they are both our only pleasure in the empty house. What a void! Fortunately Julie is still within my reach; but you, my good sister, whom I used to be able to see at any hour, at any moment, and whom I left for whole mornings and afternoons; how I should like to have them back again now! It seems as if I heard you saying to me: "What is done is done, we know that we love each other." Yes, I hope that you know it, that you have perceived it in spite of a thousand things which have little likeness to tender affection, and which however came from a heart which feels quickly.

'You wish, I am sure, to know how my cold is after the good syrup which you sent for it. It continues as if I had taken nothing. To say the truth, the phial is only half done; but I beg you let that one be the last, for it is too tenacious and too obstinate to merit all these sweet things; you must let me manage it, and I shall use nothing but infusions, so much the worse for it! Marion and Pierrette thought the petticoat very pretty, and the

handkerchief also. I picture you now at Bellerive, with the ladies there, whom I cordially embrace. Take care of yourself, and calm your mind a little on Julie's account, as you used to advise me to do on other matters. M. Poulin, who is ill, has sent us his son, the one who married Mdlle. Reboule. Julie and I think him very pleasant and very well bred. As to the skill of the doctor, we know nothing. He advised, for the little one, four grains of ipecacuanha, which have not been given, and warm drinks, which he has taken cold. He has promised to go and see Mme. Ampère and her child at Polémieux. I rely more upon change of air than upon his visit to do good to both mother and child. I shall soon know more about the matter for myself, for I shall take the donkey to Polémieux. Julie has promised us to come down on Sunday.

'Adieu, my sister. Say many things from me to your husband, to my aunt, to your cousin, and a word from me to Mme. Périsse. I embrace you as I love you.

'ÉLISE.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Thursday.

'I begin my day by writing to you. Then I shall read, not the blue books, for they are of a kind. . . . In short, you will see if we have ever read anything like them. It is more and more difficult, and I have

perhaps just read enough to be tortured by Ampère, for I can as little be false on this matter as on others. In short, what is done is done; do not give yourself the trouble to send the rest. I hope you will enjoy it with your husband, but I am angry with the author for making his book interesting, since it is not for me to understand it. It is nevertheless a case in which we may say with the fox, "They are too green." But why shall I conceal the truth? In the greatest, as in the smallest things, ought you not to know what I think?

'I hear from Marie that these small journeys disagree with your Jean-Jacques, and that you will discontinue them; you must give up seeing us if I cannot go to you. This attack in my head has come most inopportunely; I cough still, but much less, and I will see M. Poulin one of these days. I should like to be rid of my ailments and able to get to Polémieux. Marie assures me that you were not ill, in spite of your sleepless nights. You say that you work; take care not to do too much. What is the good of all this work compared with the good nights which we would purchase so dearly if they were to be sold? When will the little one be weaned? I write to you without knowing when and how you will receive my letter; it does not matter; I must repeat to some one or something all the regrets I feel at seeing such fine weather pass while I am away from you. I suffer from my head,

with shooting pains in my face and with ear-ache, and I cannot go to Polémieux. I remain shut up in my own room, as in a box. Mamma wishes me to dine there, and I should vex her if I left it; but I am sure you are expecting one of us to-day, and this idea frets me. As to my mother, she is busy with Péragonne preparing the washing, as the unbleached linen is to be bleached; you may judge that she has no time to waste in regrets over the fine weather and Polémieux. Françoise is making a courageous effort, and is coming to us at this time, when all the youth of the neighbourhood is preparing for the dance.

'Adieu, my dear sister. I send you a kiss in your little yellow room, which always makes me sad, you have been so ill there. May I see you in it some fine day, and as well as my heart can desire. Adieu; a thousand things to the ladies round you. If Mdlle. Mofiande is there, do not forget me. I have sent the baby's things to the wash.

'ÉLISE.'

From André Ampère to Mme. Julie Ampère, at Polémieux.

'I have just come, my dear Julie, from M. Petetin, to whom I put all the questions we had agreed upon. He sees no difficulty in weaning the baby, and he looks upon his whooping-cough as nearly cured. He advises you to make him take a decoc-

tion of lichen *peidatus* mixed with milk, so as to render it agreeable; if he will not, he declares it absolutely useless that you should take it yourself. You will feed him once or twice in twenty-four hours till the time of your leaving, and I will let the doctor know that of your arrival. We must not think of the diligence any more, nor of the Saone, which is too swollen. If it is fine, you could make use of the donkey, packing yourself up well, and putting your feet on a hot stone wrapped in cloth. Take the road by Saint-Ayr, which is very dry, so that you could walk; if you were to catch cold, nothing in the world would be more dangerous. This consideration would make me prefer your waiting for your mother, who would try to get to Polémieux this week to superintend the health and the journey of her Julie. I commission Élise not to forget the hot stone.

'AMPÈRE.'

(Elise, who has at last got to Polémieux, is there at her sister's departure, and forgets the hot stone. While the poor little Jean-Jacques is separated by force from what he loves, the good aunt goes to keep the grandmamma company, and to help to console her grandson. She does not stay long at the country house, where the Ampère ladies treat her as an oracle, but she returns to Saint-Germain. Her absence from Lyons procures us some new letters).

From Élise to Julie.

'Polémieux, Wednesday, November 11.

'I am still with your little one, my good sister. Our mother, who imagined we were together, did not send for me yesterday, so at the same time she hears of your departure she will have the good news of your arrival. This is just what I wished; she would have been too uneasy at this journey across the flooded river. Alas! the warm stone never came to my mind till after you had left. What will Ampère say? He will think me very stupid.

'Do not worry yourself about your little one; he is just as he was when you left him. Françoise found him still sleeping on her return; on waking, he seemed to be watching for you, and he looked all round the room; but we tried to divert him from this unfortunate idea, and we succeeded.

'A letter from Ampère for you was brought here yesterday, and the little frock for Jean-Jacques. After much debating, it was decided that his mother should open the letter; we found it full of tender expressions, and I send it to you as well as the frock. After some discussion, it has been settled that the little one, being just as warm in the old overall as the new, should remain as he is, till you can see and decide for yourself.

'How are you after the journey? This is what

occupies our thoughts. I can picture you in bed, but I do not know if you are ill or not. Tatan is with you, overwhelming you with her attentions; she never told us that she was afraid of the water; judge therefore what she must have felt in crossing that large river; but Tatan is the personification of courage, activity, and goodness. You have also our tall sister by your pillow; give her, I pray, a kiss in proportion to her height, for I love her thoroughly.

'Good news has at last come, all addressed to our mother, so I have been obliged to break the seal. I detest such proceedings, but it is your fault; not a word for Élise, and you know how anxious I was. All is well since you have arrived safe; take care of yourself, and heed advice. I am often in spirit by the side of your bed, but I know not how long I shall bodily remain at Polémieux.

'Adieu. Say a thousand things from me to the Périsse family. I embrace you as you know, without interfering greatly with the kisses which Ampère is continually giving you. At this moment your little one is bowing to you with the prettiest grace. Adieu, dear sister; we love you heartily.

'ÉLISE.'

From Mme. Ampère, Widow, to Julie.

'Polémieux.

'Do not be uneasy, my dear Julie; orders were given that Marion should not approach the house before your letter. I wish you were as well as your little one; he is charming. If he did not possess so good a memory, he would not have fretted so much, but his mother is always recurring to his mind. He is fat and lively, and has not suffered at all from weaning; he coughs very little. The nurse assures me that he grumbles a little at night; it is perhaps to keep up his importance, for he is very good all day. She is gone to-day to Charelet, and thence to Saint-Germain; during the whole time your boy has given us no trouble, and has been lying quietly without crying or stirring. He always makes a bow as he goes out. I tell you of nothing but him; but in truth can I talk to you of anything more interesting? Take care of yourself, and submit to all that is ordered. I share your impatience, but I hope you will soon be spared it, and that I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you grown fat. Adieu, my Julie; love me ever as much as I love you, and I shall be satisfied.

'Your mother,

'AMPÈRE, WIDOW.'

From Julie to her Mother-in-law, Mme. Ampère.

'I have received your two letters, dear Mamma, and I am very glad that mine has given you pleasure by persuading you that my health is better. The pure air of the country has produced a good effect; I have a very good appetite, and, without being fat, I have a more healthy appearance. I follow the regimen and regulations of the doctor.

'I know so well the interest you take in your child that I write to you of myself as if I were speaking to you. If I were speaking to you, I should have to thank you much for the beautiful grapes which await me at Griffon, and the fruit which my husband finds at Lyons for his luncheon. He told me that you would send us our wine, besides a measure of walnut oil. Last year, dear Mamma, you helped our housekeeping greatly by your store of oil; my illness helped to consume everything, but as I hope to be better now, I shall be very glad not to impose so many privations on you.

'Your daughter,

'JULIE.'

From Élise to Julie.

'Saint-Germain.

'I can think of nothing but you and the rain that prevents me from setting out. I am angry at not being courageous enough to encounter this bad weather; on the other side, I console myself, for I have done various things that were necessary here. Shall I find you better? Will you be a little stronger? I can see you at work by the side of your mother; I can see you talking, and Ampère comes in suddenly to give you a kiss and goes away happy. This is perfection, but when I make a third, I shall not interfere much with it. To be working for you, far from you, is not to my taste. I revenge myself by getting forward your baby-linen, and these ladies make me read; then I sleep, dreaming of you, I superintend the gathering of our fruit; I run into our deserted house, and return as quickly as possible to our good neighbours. I fancy, also, that not hearing from me, it may come into your head to be anxious about me. This disturbs me, and I am going to give this little bit of a letter to the cooper, who is mending some casks for the ladies here.

'My very dear Julie, this short absence teaches me that when one has no hope of meeting for a long time, and that with the pleasure of meeting is mingled the fear of being soon obliged to part, there is more sorrow than joy in life. Ah! I can very

easily convince myself at this moment that Ampère is, as he says, the happiest man in the world when he is near his Julie.

'Embrace Mme. Périsse for me as well as our good mother, and above all take great care to guard yourself against these first cold days; so that at my return I may find you both as well as my heart desires.

'Adieu. Say a thousand things from me. They treat me like an oracle, but if you were only here! Adieu, adieu. I entrust you to Ampère.

'ÉLISE.'

'Saint-Germain, Monday, October 17.

'I am going to have a little chat with my good Julie, and to tell her that mamma has received her letter. Ah! my sister, I find myself always saying on my return, Why is not Saint-Germain nearer Bellerive? It is especially during the last few days that we have thought of this terrible distance, because everything, except that, would induce us to pass the winter here. Mamma finds some amusement here, and she is better for it. Our good neighbours say that if we remained they would not think of going to Charelet, where they have, however, already taken a house and laid in a provision of wood, which they could quickly sell again. In short, they urge us, and they offer us with so much heartiness, all the little amusements which they can provide us. Mme.

Sarsay lays stress upon her books and papers—her daughter brings forward all the persons whom she can lay hold of in some manner or another. She says to me: "We will amuse our mothers; we will both make little caps for poor women; we will concoct fritters and pastry; we will pray to God; we will write; and in short the time will pass so quickly, so quickly." She jumbles all this together; and then she embraces me with such affection, and testifies as much eagerness as if I were a being capable of inspiring it. In times gone by, I should not have been so surprised at this reception; I had always a little word to add to the conversation; I was merry; we were somewhat to them because they saw but few people; but now it is quite the contrary. If we could bring you and your family here, there would be no hesitation, especially if we found someone to take the Griffon furnished. That little money would be very acceptable to us just now. In my mother's place I should busy myself on this essential point; but if she makes up her mind it will be too late, for this aversion to put up a bill and to say anything to anybody does not promote matters. They will remain, therefore, as they are, the pretext being that she has had, or that she has many other things in her head. As for myself, I think it is a *thing* to think of whether we have two or three hundred francs more or less, when we have nothing, or at least scarcely anything. There are moments when one

must not think of reckonings, I grant it! But there is a time for everything. *À propos* of reckoning, I feel thankful to the friend who persuaded me not to buy the grey dress; what should I have done with it? I should soon have ruined it, if I had worn it on Sundays, in our pretty roads and among the peasants who climb over you at mass, and come round you in clogs and dirty sabots. Mme. Mayeuvre herself would have been less splendid than I. She comes however, always in a carriage, though in such a simple dress, that I should never have dared to wear mine. I have never seen her so much dressed as yesterday evening at Mme. Sarsay's; she had been paying some visits in the afternoon, and had changed her little dyed morning gown for a very pretty blue one with white sleeves and a long cloak like ours. Mme. Courageau is also very simple, and if I put ever so little of a muslin apron on Sunday over my old petticoat of green stuff, which I wear with my black spencer, they exclaim that I am quite smart. This, however, has been my everyday attire since it grew cold. I dare say this does not interest you much; but so much the worse. I am sorry for it, but I must write to you just as I talk when you are present. Have I not told you that my scrawls only demand one line in reply from you? I send them to you for nothing, and you may find something in them, and may fish out matters you are very glad to know; for example, as regards our healths.

Mamma is tolerable. The first pressing has been drawn off to-day. Our harvest will not be magnificent, the hail having done some damage. We shall, however, have much more than last year, though that is not saying much, since there was not any at all. I will give you an account of it when the wine has been drawn, and so will my aunt.

'Mme. Carron passed three days here Her departure renewed so many sad thoughts, that we cried heartily. I took my poor mother as quickly as possible to Mme. Sarsay's, who kept us to dinner. Carron did well not to come; his visit must have been too short. In sorrow, one feels the sadnesses more keenly than the enjoyments, and his speedy departure would have spoilt the pleasure of his arrival.

'Marie went yesterday to Polémieux to enquire after the little one; he is quite well, but they have not broken him of the habit of striking right and left. He told Marie that he knew well that his Tatan Périsse, his Tatan Boyron, Stéphane, and Julie, were all coming to see him on Sunday, and that he would not beat Julie. They are going to order a little cloth coat for him at the tailor's at Polémieux, which undoubtedly will be the beginning of the costume which we like but little. It is only a trifle, and yet it vexes me; it seems to me that it is the first step they will make him take in opposition to good taste, and I should have liked him to have an idea of beauty and ugliness; but what matters all this if his

health is good, and if he retains the charming manner which he can so fittingly assume.

'I am going to bid you good-bye. I hear mamma nailing up the curtain in her room. We have already got far on with the work; it is a task distasteful to me, but I should be very sorry not to have it to do. Physical pain prevents my thoughts from following you; one cuts one's fingers to pieces, one wrings one's arms, one breaks one's back; still one is less unhappy than with a small piece of work in hand which does not keep one from thinking. Congratulate me that mamma has yielded to my advice in not sending for a man from Neuville; we have thus had double profit.

'Adieu, my good sister; take care of yourself; embrace my aunt and cousin for me. Mme. Sarsay begs me to give her thanks to your obliging bookseller. She was much pleased, and shows her almanac to everyone.

'My love to all.

'ÉLISE.'

(Mme. Périsse and Julie presented to Élise on her birthday a bouquet and a *pussy-cat*—that is, a sort of little tippet or fur. André adds some verses to the present.)

Élise Carron to Julie Ampère.

'No, my dear Julie, I am not ill, and the charming nosegay I have received would in itself have brought me to life; but I have avoided this miracle by enjoying with all my faculties the pleasure of being loved by my sisters. This remembrance, arriving from three leagues' distance, at a moment when I was least *thinking* that anyone was *thinking* of me, has afforded me a pleasure which I should like to give you in return; but my heart has no words; my pussy-cat must speak instead.

(We should like to hear what Élise's cat had to say, but it has vanished. The end of the letter is all that remains to us.)

'I do not think my pussy-cat very witty, but what can I do? It seems to me that it is better for it to inspire Ampère than to mix in conversation.

'If I were to finish without saying a word of your little one, it would not be my fault, but that of the nosegay with which my heart is filled. However, Toinon, who saw him yesterday, assures me that he is wonderfully well; that is the principal matter, and I have no leisure to tell you more about him. The children are waiting for me to peel some nuts; they are hurrying me, having got it into their head that I shall tell them some stories. What shall I do with them? I am sure I cannot tell. They know 'Blue

Beard' and 'Tom Thumb.' I am afraid I shall not acquit myself honourably with this everlasting cold and the hoarsest of voices.

'I must say good-bye, and charge you to keep yourself warm. I am surprised that you only kept your bed for three days; did impatience get the better of you? Take care! Say a thousand things to the Périsse family, but things which go to the heart rather than to the ear, for I love them all dearly, although I do not often tell them so. Adieu.

'A warm kiss from me to the good Tatan. All are well at Polémieux.

'ÉLISE.'

Élise to Julie.

'Saint-Germain.

'Your letter is come, my dear Julie, and it has afforded me, though so short, a great deal of pleasure; but, my dear sister, I see you have left your breakfast to write it, and if I do not find you as round and fat as a ball, it will be my fault. I shall see you on Monday, at your own house, quietly and without any interruption. Having still a little fruit left to gather, I shall not start till Sunday, weather permitting.

'You tell me that you have twice supped at the Griffon. Oh, my dear Julie, keep up the habit then, so that I may find you quite settled, and that we may see as much of each other, if possible, as we desire.

'Adieu, my sister, adieu. I do not know if you will be able to read it, but I am sure Ampère will decipher that I beg him to embrace you heartily for your Élise.

'ÉLISE.'

(This last letter is addressed to Lyons, rue Mercière, where Julie had settled with her husband on returning from Polémieux. The young mother, exhausted with nursing her baby, complained of weakness and internal pains which prevented her walking. In December 1801, André was appointed Professor of Physics and Chemistry at Bourg, in the Central School of the department of Ain; unfortunately his wife could not follow him, doctor Petelin, the medical adviser and friend of the Carron family, having ordered her perfect repose.

'Many persons think you have done wrong in going away,' writes Julie unceasingly to him, 'for everyone knows that the salary is not a thousand crowns. I should think with them if . . .' The unfinished sentence means to say: *if I did not hope* that the position at Bourg would quickly lead to something else.

The fixed salary of Ampère at the School of the Ain certainly did not amount to a thousand crowns, but to two thousand and six francs, seven louis of 24 francs each per month; and without the private lessons which he was to give at the school of

Dupras and Olivier, it would have been impossible to pay his housekeeping.

From this time there begins between the husband and wife a voluminous correspondence, still in the form of a journal. André's letters are written in large characters, upon paper of a thickness unknown to scholars at the present day. They have no date but the days of the week; they are without order, and have no indication of month or year; we cannot therefore pretend to have always hit rightly in arranging the loose sheets. But errors of this kind, even if repeated, are of no great importance. We know already that we must not look in Ampère's letters for charms of style or of originality, but for an interest of another kind, namely, for the revelation of his heart and character and his admirable good nature, and a simplicity of thought and expression which makes us at once know him and love him.

Day by day, we might almost say hour by hour, he relates to his wife the most minute matters, his labours, his hopes, his disappointments, his childlike fears, his serious doubts, his successes or his despair. He reveals his first ideas and his fleeting impressions, contradictory as they often are, with the candour of a child, returning incessantly to the subject which ever rules all the rest—the health of Julie.

I should like to place before many young men, poor and unknown as Ampère at the beginning of

their career, the confidential communications which I here transcribe for you, Madeleine. They would find in them encouragements for the future to strengthen them against the discouragement of a difficult present, a healthy disgust of an ill-employed life, and of ill-regulated passions and foolish affections, in spite of the poignant anguish that may befall the most lawful and tender love.

Julie's answers, no less simple than the letters of André, exhibit a delicacy, a style sometimes so happy in its simplicity, that they reveal to us the individual character of the writer whose name they bear.

This correspondence touches me deeply from the sentiments which it discloses. Many may find it insipid, for no unexpected changes of fortune break its monotonous uniformity, until the terrible misfortune which suddenly terminates it.

Be that as it may, these loving hearts are not wanting in emotions. The hope of meeting on holidays, the solution of a problem, the prospect of new discoveries which would establish Ampère's claim to the professorship of the Lyons Lyceum, the love of a husband, the devoted affection of a wife, the tender solicitude inspired by an only child; all these suffice to call forth sadness or joy, the calmness or the anxiety of two lives which are but one.

As soon as André reaches Bourg, he hastens to

write to his wife. These pages leave us no doubt as to the place which they should occupy.)

From André Ampère to Julie.

'From Bourg, Department of Ain,
'Friday, 7 o'clock in the evening.

'On leaving you I ran to bid Marsil good-bye, and dear dear Ballanche, for fear he should be vexed with me. I arrived a quarter of an hour too soon, and wishing to make use of it by seeing some of those dear to you, I paid a visit to your cousin Ampère. You were always before my eyes as I had left you. Why grieve you thus?

'I did not arrive till eight o'clock in the morning; the carriage stuck twice in the mire.

'M. Ribon had invited me to dinner with a little professor, one of my colleagues. This young man pleases me extremely. He took me to see his colleagues, and I was introduced to three of them. The librarian has a very stupid appearance. The one who showed me so much politeness is named Beauregard. I sent a letter of introduction at once to M. de Bohau, an old soldier and a distinguished chemist and physician.

'I shall have six or seven days free about Easter; but shall I have to wait till then for the happiness of seeing you?

'Saturday evening.

'I have arranged to board, at 40 francs a month,

at Beauregard's house. They asked me 60 francs at Renaud's inn, where I should have had to dine with the greatest buffoons I have ever seen in my life. It passed all expression; I shall not return to that barrack.

'I have seen the room allotted to physics, the chemical laboratory, the one little room with an alcove, a small receptacle for keeping the wood. I am much pleased with the machines. The laboratory has a large projecting mantel-piece, for the escape of all noxious vapours. There are appliances enough for the different experiments.

'The portress of the Central School is a poor woman, the mother of six children, who can only get on by attending to the housekeeping and errands of the professors. She has already swept and cleaned the apartment which I have just described to you.

'The journal which I have promised you will be my sole sweet occupation so long as you are absent from me. We are separated now as we were during my measles; the absence will last longer, but you love me more. You have sacrificed to me your rest and your health, and you weep as you wept for me under the almond-tree when you were fearing for my life. Your tears have been treasured in my heart.

'The grief that I have caused you at leaving you, and the shattered condition of your health, are the torment of my life!'

'Sunday evening.

'I received this morning the deed of my nomination. It is in due form.

'Address your letter to Citizen Beauregard, Professor of History at the Central School of Ain. Send me as soon as possible the work entitled *Description et. Usage d'un Cabinet de Physique*, by Sigaud-Lafond.

'Adieu, my good Julie. You know what my heart says to you.

'AMPÈRE.'

From Mme. Julie Ampère to Citizen Ampère,

At Citizen Beauregard's, Professor of History at the Central School of the Department of Ain, at Bourg, near the church of Notre-Dame.

'Lyons, Tuesday evening.

'My love,—I told you to go because I felt I was choking, and I did not wish to agitate you. Soon afterwards I went to take up our little one, that he might caress me. He called his *Pa* with his sweet little voice. He will be my sole consolation.

'Wednesday evening.

'I was quite worried at not having any news, and it made me out of spirits. My poor mother calmed me; but she also is glad to know that you are well, and that you are boarding with someone of the place, and not in the inn.

'Will you have anyone to help you in your experiments? Have you received your things, which have been at Bourg since Saturday?

'You are very good to let me have a journal. I will follow your example, although I have no great things to tell you. However, I shall compress my lines more than you do, for the sake of our purse.

'On Sunday, in spite of a heavy rain, mamma, my little one, and I, went to dine at the Griffon; for I could not endure this house without you; without seeing you come and ask me now for your hat, now for your cravat, &c.; without being able to scold you for looking so far off for what is generally just under your eyes; in short, I was not happy; you may guess the cause. I sleep but little. On Monday my sister and brother-in-law came; we talked of their affairs, which are about to be concluded. Marsil, who is a partner in everything, with the exception of the two districts, is fatigued with having so many things to superintend. He said that if it depended on him, he could realize two hundred thousand francs, and that the principal would still remain sufficiently large to employ them. I was out of spirits that day; and although I felt pleasure in knowing that my sister and her husband were so happy, these things filled me with sad reflections. God knows, however, that I am not envious!

'This afternoon I met with Mme. Lempereur and an old aunt, who is mad about you, and they

absolutely wanted to make me sing a song of your composition.

'M. Deplace thinks that you have done wrong to go away. There are many others who say the same, for almost everyone knows that the salary is not a thousand crowns. I should think with them *if* . . . But time will make us see things more clearly.

'I have told you all about my own life without having yet said a word of tenderness to my beloved one, who well knows how his wife loves him, but who is not sorry to hear it from her lips. If you are sad, I am not merry. At Saint-Germain I expected you every week, and the days passed quickly. Now you are far off, and I cannot get to you. A journey of twelve leagues is beyond my strength. The thought of this tortures me, and I must wait for time to give me a tranquillity that I would gladly enjoy at once. Mamma has ever been my adviser. She is near me; thus I am as well off as I possibly can be, afar from him who loves me so truly. Adieu, adieu!

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Friday evening.

'My day is divided between visits to my colleagues and the pleasure I feel in reading your letters, in the garden of the Central School on the

edge of the canal, where I shall often go to think of my Julie.

'Thank your small consolation from me; kiss him in the name of his papa.

'Saturday evening.

'I have been definitively installed this morning. The inventory of the laboratory has been made, the key is in my pocket; every moment henceforth will be devoted to the arrangement of the machines, before I am able to begin my course of lectures.

'I dined at Mermet's, the professor of eloquence—a chatterbox without being silly; the two Beauregards, husband and wife, were invited also. I fancy already that I can see that Mme. Beauregard is not disagreeable to him. M. Mermet's mother, a stout, healthy peasant-woman, would only join us at table for a moment, and confirmed my conjectures by giving Beauregard a little energetic advice, which somewhat disconcerted everyone. I bit my lips to prevent my laughing at the anger concentrated in the lady's countenance.

'In order to rest my eyes by change of work, I have amused myself by tracing this sort of plan; you will see by it the place I live in.'

(At the end of the page is sketched in pen and ink a plan of the town of Bourg.)

'Sunday evening.

'I have worked at my book and a little at mathematics. You must know that the professors of the

Lyceums will not be appointed either at Paris or by jury, but by three commissioners and three members of the Institute, who will visit the provinces; and if I wish to offer myself for the mathematical professorship, I must submit to an examination on the upper branches of this science, which I have neglected for the last five years. I have therefore no more resources than those that I can draw from myself. This is why I beg you to separate my mathematical papers from the rest, and make a parcel of them, which you must keep; those papers will be useless to me, because I shall not be examined on my ideas, but on my *studies*. I shall want, on the contrary, all the books which are at M. Périsse's house, except Laland's *Astronomie*.

'I shall have a new pupil to-morrow—M. Gripière; he will pay eighteen francs a month while he is alone, less if he find a companion. Beyond this I have nothing to tell you. M. Clerc asks only from nine to twelve francs a month, and he is held in repute; Gripière only came to me on being refused by him.

'Adieu, my Julie. 'AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Friday.

'My beloved one,—You must really adopt the habit of mentioning that you receive what I send you. I despatch your old coat; take care not to go out in it.

'Your intention of writing a small work on mathematics is very good, if it can be ready in time. They say that the nominations are to be made speedily.

'M. Coupier will write for you to De Gerando; do you the same, so that nothing be neglected. A letter also to Camille Jordan and to M. Morel Desjardin would be advisable; rather leave your pupil than neglect this business, your time is so precious just now; do not lose it by any considerations of politeness, and do not take more walks than are necessary for the refreshment of mind and body. I do not wish you any the more to sit up late; you have always a headache next day. Send for a bottle of wine, and when you do not take milk or soup you will have it; and when that is finished, get another. Tell me how you are, how you live; hide nothing from me.

'Yesterday I went to dine with Mme. Calas; there was a magic-lantern, and I held my little one on my lap and enjoyed all his impressions; when he saw Gargantua, he said in a low voice to me, *Papa, papa*; this made me laugh, for the figure had an enormous hat, and at the sight of a hat he always says *papa*. I danced a country-dance with Francisce and was well amused. When I think that the only time I have been a little diverted my poor husband was not there—he who is so glad to hear his Julie laugh, who would have been so happy to see her

dance—my heart aches, and I feel more than ever that to be happy we must be together.

'I send you *La Découverte*; perhaps you may require it. A M. Balouvière is come for the *Géométrie du Compas.*

'Adieu, adieu. I embrace you a thousand times.'

'JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Friday evening.

'I gave my first lesson yesterday, and I think I got through it well enough, hoping to do better in future, for at the beginning I was trembling and embarrassed.

'This morning I went outside the town to look for some retired place where I could re-read the letters in which my Julie has depicted her feelings after my departure. These feelings and these letters are all that is left to me of my old happiness.

'M. Vernarel sent me a little packet containing a cravat; it was chosen for me by you. I put it on at my first lesson, so as to begin under good auspices. I should like to embrace the one who has given me such a pretty present.'

(Ampère informs us that at the beginning of his lesson he was trembling and embarrassed. Emotions of this kind could not have long lasted with the young professor. Before his pupils in the School of Ain, as well as in his professor's chair at the

Collége de France, the science which wholly engaged him soon carried him beyond all external ideas; there was no longer then any timidity. But in the affairs of life, and in his relations with the world, the authority of the superior mind vanished. Years could make no difference here: Ampère, celebrated, overwhelmed with honourable distinctions, the great Ampère! apart from his mental labours, became once more hesitating and fearful, uneasy and troubled, and more disposed to place confidence in others than in himself.)

From Julie to Ampère.

'Lyons.

'My beloved one,—I am very glad you like your cravats. You call them presents! I never made you but one, which I appreciate highly, which is wholly thine and also mine; you guess it, and tell me that you love it better than any other.

'It is quite pastoral of you to go and read my letters in the meadows; I am afraid you may drop them by the way, and that all that I say to you may meet the eyes of the first comer. If I thought you were more careful, what pretty things I should confide to you! You should know that I love you dearly, that I long to see you again, that every evening I have a thousand things to say to you which remain unsaid, and which make me sigh; in short, you should know that when one has done

such a thing as to take a husband, one loves him too much to be separated from him, and that this absence grieves me.'

'JULIE.'

'From André to Julie.'

'Bourg, Thursday.

'I am busy with things which leave no trace in my memory. I have spent the whole day in arranging machines; thank God, it is done!'

'Has Julie been thinking of her husband to-day? He is so far from her that it will be three days before she can read what he would desire to say to her as of old: *I love you, I love you.* Do you remember when you said the same to me, and the words met on our lips? How badly have I profited by the time when this happiness was within reach! I hate all the works I have undertaken, and which have separated me from you.

'Friday.

'I have just paid a visit where I have heard some particulars which have diverted me; they have told me all the reports about Mme. Beauregard. She is well-conducted at present, because there is no temptation to the contrary. You will agree that this discovery is not a pleasant one, after having established myself as a boarder in the house. I owe a grudge to M. Ribon for having introduced me to her husband. I

think now the best thing I can do is to take no notice of anything, and to dine in my own room as soon as the month is over. The most disagreeable part of the whole thing is that everyone at Bourg knew that I left the inn de Renaud because of the coarse things that were said there; and they laughed heartily at my simplicity in going at all, as they said, to establish myself in a "*cateau*;" such is the pretty word they made use of. I should never have believed I should have sullied with it a letter addressed to my innocent wife. Do not imagine, however, that I adopt the language of the place; nobody could be more proper than my hostess. As she learned the reason which had made me quit the inn, she is very circumspect; and if M. Mermet, whom I often find with her, takes it into his head to speak a little too freely, she is careful to turn the conversation and to act the prude.

'The new room they have given me in the college is unfortunately separated by a garden from the old one, which I am allowed to retain also; my dwelling-room consists of four grey walls, a fireplace, and a window.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'You say the time has seemed to you very long, very wearisome. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. We expected it to be so, and you knew it when you determined to go; your reflections on returning from Polémieux tormented you in another manner—you felt that you must sacrifice the present for the future. Cherish these ideas in your memory, and you will feel that one grows calm in doing what one thinks one ought to do; this reasoning has always been my great resource.

'I am not, like you, separated from my family, it is true; but my husband is no longer with me, and my health keeps my spirits low; these are trials also!

'I have received the letter in which you tell me of a dinner at the house of one of your colleagues. Pay attention, *my son*, to all you say. The history of Renaud is a lesson which you are well over, but which is of no importance; it is not necessary to exhibit one's principles. But, my love, I am beginning a conversation which has almost an air of pedantry.

'I recommend you not to take anything upon yourself as regards the machines for your physical experiments. Do you mean either to give or lend your globe to the nation? In what manner has the inventory of your study been made? For what are

you answerable? Will they give you an assistant? Do you think you shall soon begin your course? Will you have mathematical pupils? Do you keep a good fire? Is your room thoroughly healthy? Have you any chairs? Those grey walls must be still colder than the others? Why did you change? Tell me all this.

'Be careful not to bear malice unjustly against the man who introduced you to the husband, for he did not introduce you to the wife: the one may be much better than the other. I beg you to take care of yourself. Tell me about the Préfet, and what he promises for our lodging.

'Good night. I feel well this evening.

'Tell me if you are going to set about completing your book on Physics.

'Adieu, adieu. I embrace you with all my strength; you know that it is with all my heart.

'Your JULIE.'

From Julie to André.

'Bourg, Sunday morning.

'On leaving M. de Rohan, I thought I should find a letter which I want terribly, oh terribly, after eight days of weary waiting. I went to take a walk; I crossed the river, and strolled along the opposite bank.

'Sunday evening.

'No letter. I would rather think that I and the promised journal were forgotten, than suppose you worse.

'But why have you so quickly ceased to think of your husband? When I begged you, on leaving you, not to grieve so much, I little thought my prayer would be so soon granted.

'I have just been writing some verses on the position of a man whom his wife no longer loves! It is not mine, is it?

'I have a headache; good night; sleep well. It is you who have given me the talisman; it is you who have so often made me happy! How did I ever resolve to leave Lyons?

'You are worse, perhaps? You will not put it on paper. . . . Oh, it might have been better for me to be a little uneasy, or even greatly so.

'What I have just written is wrong; I am foolish and unjust; but I will let the letter go, so as not to hide from you my first impulsive emotion.

'Monday.

'You will easily judge, my Julie, both my transports of joy and the keenness of my regret, when I tell you that at noon to-day, after having lost all hope of receiving tidings from you, I dropped my foolish letter into the box, and on returning to Beauregard's house found yours awaiting me.

'Since supper I have been pursued by masks; you must know that it is the fashion here for all the respectable women to mask themselves, as well as the men; there are *bals masqués* in the best houses. This custom appears all the more comical as there are no coaches at Bourg, and thus these finely costumed ladies go on foot through the streets.

'My course will open on the 21st Ventose, that is to say, in ten days.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

André Ampère to Élise.

'Bourg, Sunday, February 12.

'My dear Sister,—I profit by the one day in the week in which I have a moment free to write to you. My silence is forgiven, I am sure, for I have scarcely time to correspond with Julie.

'If you knew anyone here, I could give you news which would interest you. If you had one or two friends here, I could tell you they were going to be married, for just at this moment this is the great occupation of the Bourg young ladies. The rest of the inhabitants of this town consider the carnival this year far less animated than the preceding one. Last year there were nothing but balls and festivities; as a consolation they play at the "marteaunoire." The scene of the sport is always full of people,

who scarcely give themselves time to eat, so engrossed are they with this amusement, which I have not tried, but the constant monotony of which could fascinate none but Bressons. It is a passion, and after they have played at it from sunrise to sunset, the candles and lamps are lighted all down the street which leads from the prisons to the Grenette, and the game is continued with such vigour that they say that till two o'clock in the morning the street is illuminated and is full of players. I must confess that a good deal of paper has been wasted upon a thing which is not worth the trouble of mentioning; but a traveller ought to make a faithful recital of the manners and customs of the countries he visits, and the use of the "martinet" is the proper characteristic of the people of Bourg; other things go on as at Lyons and Paris, and all this is known by anyone who has a slight acquaintance with the lively French. Whereas, this game is a thing one would never conceive, if one did not see the pleasure that a crowd of silly people find in it, and the profit in arms and legs which it brings to the surgeon.

'I feel merry to-day from the fact that Julie has written me the prettiest letter imaginable, and has told me that all your colds, which had made me very uneasy, are better; and moreover, I have reckoned this morning the length of my exile, and find that it is only thirty-six days to the Sunday when I am to go and see her. I want to know how she is; it

is you, my good sister, who will tell me the whole truth, whether Julie has become worse.

'Adieu. I embrace you a thousand times with all my heart. Your brother,

'AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Thursday morning.

'My love,—How is it that, having re-opened your letter on the next morning, you never thought of the trouble your ideas would cause me?

'How can I bear both the grief of your absence and that of your reproaches? You are as capable, then, as others, of allowing yourself to be carried away by unjust feelings, out of your affection for me. Ah! I would gladly never have received that letter, but to have remained always persuaded that my husband would never think I had forgotten him. To be together for more than two years, to say to each other daily all that is in one's heart, and to think of doubting each other on account of the least delay of a letter, and even to imagine such ridiculous things! Yes, my good André, ridiculous things! I need not say more to you on the matter, for you already repent having written them to me, but I scold you for having thought them.

'You know your Julie, and are aware how angry I feel with Élise for her suspicions of

forgetfulness; yours awaken a very different feeling. But you feel you have done wrong, so we will say no more of it. Believe that Julie loves you, and will love you always; that she sends you to-day good kisses given with all her heart, to make you forget the box on the ear which she would have given you with equal readiness yesterday.

'Derion begs me to ask you what master you advise for his youngest brother.

'You do not tell me if you have a hair-dresser, and if you want money. I hope you will write to me before you are very busy, for you see my letter was in the parcel of books for which you asked Marsil; and if it were lost, it would be 18 francs thrown to the winds. Are you warm or cold? Is your bed comfortable or the reverse? Do you want any clothes? Let me know.

'Do not be uneasy about my health. I have seen the doctor, and I follow his advice.

'I hope you do not fast in Lent. Remember that you would vex me much, and that you have promised to listen to me. *Papa, I love you.* Your boy has just finished my letter.

'JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Sunday.

'How good you are, my Julie, to have forgiven my great folly! Until my course of lectures is set agoing, so long as I have not finished my notes, I shall not be able to re-read my letters, and you will see many ridiculous things in them sometimes; in writing to you I give vent to all the ideas which are passing through my head. You may rest assured as to the exactitude of my accounts. What pleasure those four words, *Papa, I love you*, have given me! It is his little hand which has traced them, guided by a still prettier little hand.

'I shall break off my journal this evening and to-morrow; on Wednesday I will resume my pen and give you an account of my first lecture. I have never been so short of time; I have to make an introductory speech; I only knew it yesterday evening, and I shall require a week to work at it.'

(We have before us the rough draft of this speech. The following are the first lines of it:)

'Young men, who are beginning to reflect, and to know the duties that society imposes on all men, and to seek in virtue the path to happiness, you feel assured that study will form the charm of your life in prosperity, and will afford you certain resources against the reverses of fortune.'

(After this exordium, André casts a general and rapid glance upon the sciences which are to be the object of his labours at the École Centrale. He first enumerates in chronological order those which embrace the universality of beings; he distinguishes others, which he calls *special*, and endeavours especially to give a precise definition to physics. He mentions Stahl, Descartes, Newton, Lavoisier, Berthollet, Torricelli, Franklin, Volta, Cheselden, Bergmann, Rumford, and Dr. Smith, and ends with this exclamation :)

'What glory awaits him who is to place the last stone to the edifice of modern physics; what utility may not those arts which are most necessary to humanity hope to gain from it!'

(Prophetic exclamation from the lips of a man, who, twenty years later, was to immortalize his name by making such a discovery in the science of which he is speaking!)

'Wednesday, 5 o'clock.

'I have just opened my course of lectures, and read a speech which was well received, though rather badly heard, for the hall is large and I was placed far from my hearers. I am neither pleased nor sorry; but after having been in a state of great excitement all day, increasing as the time approached, I find myself suddenly in so complete a calm that the condition has caused one of the most singular

revolutions in all my ideas that I have ever experienced in my life. How violently have I felt regret for having left you, now that this whirlwind, which has agitated me for the last week, is over. I have been looking for the silk portfolio. A series of reflections, for the last hour, have been succeeding each other in my head, with regard to the life of the body.

'Wednesday.

'I have just been having a review of my small treasures. I have read over three old letters from my Julie. I have weighed the words of her who has decided my fate; I have kissed the talisman, the little picture, a dried rose which I received from her hand, and the sweet band which once encircled her head. Then I recalled to mind many other things which I would gladly have been able to kiss also, and which are no longer within reach. Poor little one! When shall I have you again? When shall I find myself once more near you?

'AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Tuesday morning.

'So you are quite overcome, my poor André! You have passed from a state of agitation to a state which somewhat resembles sleep, but which does not

allow you, however, to forget all that you have gone through.

'I have experienced the same. At the time of our marriage, up to the day of the contract, I never slept, and I could not remain a moment in one place. When once my signature had been given, I felt as you have done after your first lecture. On leaving the municipality, I was in such a state of apathy that I saw my mother go, and felt no great emotion. I have had no apathy since then. I am always agitated either by my ideas or by my occupations.

'Wednesday, noon.

'I took our child yesterday to see your cousin Ampère. He was so sweet and attractive that everyone admired him. After supper I took him on my lap, and made him sing and say all that he knew. They were all in ecstacies, exclaiming, "How pretty he is!" "how delightful he is!" The little one heard it, and understood it, and began again more than ever. In short, my André, it was a moment of great pleasure to me, and was troubled by no thought of sadness. I should indeed have liked you to have been there to share it. M. Callas and M. le Peiré said that we were very happy to have such a sweet boy.

'How sweet it is to hear one's children praised, and how much greater must be this satisfaction when

they are older, and when we see in them talents or virtues which we have endeavoured to cultivate in them!

'Everyone talks much of you to me here.

'Adieu. I leave you for the sake of my head, but my heart is ever with you. What have you done with Ballanche's book? Do not re-read your letters; it is time lost. Adieu, adieu. I embrace you.

'JULIE.'

(The book asked for by Julie is the first work which Ballanche had just written, at the age of four-and-twenty (1801), under the title, 'Du Sentiment dans la Littérature et dans les Arts.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday morning.

'Seven years ago, my Julie, I proposed to myself a problem of my own invention which I was not able to solve at once, but the solution of which I discovered by chance, feeling the correctness of it without being able to demonstrate it. This has often recurred to my mind; I have sought twenty times without success for the direct solution. For some days past, my idea has followed me everywhere. At last, I do not know how, I have just found it out, with a number of new and curious considerations upon the doctrine of probabilities. As I think there are few

mathematicians in France who could solve this problem in less time, I do not doubt that its publication in a pamphlet of about twenty pages may be a good means for my obtaining a mathematical chair. This little algebraical work, in which no figures are required, will be drawn up the day after to-morrow; I shall read it over and correct it till next week, when I will send it to you by Pochon, with the checked waistcoat, the large woollen stockings, and the six louis I spoke to you about.

'As soon as my manuscript arrives at Lyons it must be printed; beg your cousins from me to attend to it, and draw their attention to the fact that it has only taken eight days from my book on physics, which I am going to resume with ardour. But try to make sure that Messrs. Périsse will receive the price for it as soon as the edition is finished. The six louis of this month, and the seven of the next one, must be spent on it, and I shall be certain of the position in the Lyceum. We shall, perhaps, sell some of these pamphlets, but I think we must give many of them to the Paris savants.

'I perplex you, I fear, with my commissions, but all this will not last. The future presents to us in prospect your health re-established, a good post at Lyons, and our charming child. There is one idea, moreover, ever sweet, and that is your constant love. I embrace you, and you know how heartily.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

'I should like two or three little shaving-cloths for wiping my hairdresser's razor. I do not know what has become of mine. I fear I have used them in my chemical experiments.'

(André has at length arrived at the solution sought for. For the first time, perhaps, he appears before himself as an inventor; doubly happy at his success, he relates it at once to give happiness to Julie also.

The carrier Pochon, to whom the famous pamphlet was entrusted, did the twelve leagues from Bourg to Lyons in ten hours, when he was not stuck fast on the high road in the middle of winter.

André and Julie confided to him their commissions of every kind: physical instruments, electrical machines, cylinders, phials, tubes, retorts, large and small vessels, chemical products, salts, saltpetre, mercury or marcasite, &c., &c.; bottles of ink, wine, or grapes; money ingeniously hidden in the pocket of a waistcoat or a pair of trousers; all were confided to his keeping, placed *pêle-mêle* among the cheese or the sausages.

To these were added besides the loving letters, the journal of formidable dimensions, and André's manuscripts, which, to avoid the expense of postage, were boldly consigned to the driver of the cart. Thermometers, globes, or barometers, were often taken broken from their cases, to the lively disappointment of Julie, who always laid the blame on physical science. But even greater disasters hap-

pened sometimes; for a treatise on the application to mechanics of certain rules of calculation, lost for eight days on the road from Bourg, was near never arriving at its destination.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Wednesday, 11 o'clock in the morning.

'How I sigh for the moment which is to re-unite us! Oh, when will the holidays, when will the holidays come!

'Wednesday, 4 o'clock.

'I was in the midst of this exclamation, when I suddenly took a resolution which will appear to you singular. I determined to go with a packet of your letters to the meadow at the back of the hospital, where I had read them with so much pleasure before my Lyons journeys. I wished to experience again the sweet remembrance of what I had once enjoyed there, and I have laid up, on the contrary, still sweeter ones for another time. How sweet are your letters to read! A mind such as yours is could alone dictate things that go so thoroughly to the heart, and so unintentionally, it seems to me. I remained for two hours seated under a tree, a pretty meadow on the right, and the river with the ducks in it to the left and before me; behind was the hospital building. You may imagine I had taken the precaution to mention to Mme. Beauregard, when I

laid aside my letter to set out on my expedition, that I should not be at dinner to-day. She fancied I was going to dine in the town; but as I had made a hearty breakfast, I felt myself well able to dine on nothing but love.

'At two o'clock I felt so calm, and my mind so easy, instead of the weariness that had oppressed me in the morning, that I resolved to take a walk and botanise. I went on through the meadows, and keeping by the edge of the river, I saw, about twenty steps off, a charming wood which I had discovered in the distance, half an hour from the town, and which I had wished to visit. Having arrived so far, the river by a sudden turn deprived me of all hope of reaching the wood, as it ran between it and me. I had therefore to turn back, and I came home by the road leading from Bourg to the village of Cezeyriat, planted with Italian poplars which form a superb avenue.

'Wednesday evening.

'Beauregard is the best creature in the world; he shows much interest in me, and I think M. Berger has a little exaggerated all the evil, which he has told me, respecting this household. There is no smoke without fire; but, as a nobleman said to a lady of the court who complained of having been accused of having had six children by a bishop: "Reassure yourself, madam; it is well known that

of all court rumours the half alone is to be believed."

'I do not know what nonsense I am writing to you; if I am laughing, it is but forced. I leave all this moreover in my letter, as I have done my tragic nonsense, in order to give you a just idea of the state of my mind. It is certain that my walk, a few dear remembrances, and the success of my experiments and of my lessons, have singularly tranquillised my mind, which, a week ago, was so excited.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Saturday morning.

'My love,—I received your long letter telling me of all your walks, and it has given me much pleasure; but I should be glad to see in your next that you are getting on with your little work; that you are satisfied with it, and still look forward to a successful result. Time is precious; at the present moment my thoughts are occupied entirely with this appointment. I should like to know a thousand things that no one can tell me. Ballanche has written to M. de Gérando and M. Coupier; both of them think your idea of sending your pamphlet to M. Roux an excellent one. So I expect it by Pochon.

'We went to the play last Saturday; my cousin Périsse took us. They acted "Nanine" and "La

Fausse Agnès," by Destouches. Nanine played her part badly, but Agnès very well. This latter made us laugh heartily, and me especially.

'My little one is as charming as ever. Adieu, adieu. I could never leave him!

'Your JULIE.'

Aquarite to Élise.

'Paris.

'My dear Élise,—You allow yourself to be disturbed by expressions the least calculated to disturb. Take courage; do not look at everything gloomily; life's picture is but little embellished by your imagination. You double the most ordinary troubles by your fear of the future.

'As to the interesting sister so dear to us, M. Vitet has every hope of her complete recovery, and you so exaggerate her condition that I am happier about her since I have spoken to the doctor himself than I was after having read your letters.

'Pigno gives us very fair tidings, and Jenny also; they see less cause for anxiety than you do.

'It is very possible that the treatment she is under may fatigue her a little, but only look forward to its success, and your own health will be better also.

'Your disposition has too much in affinity with my own. I torment myself with foolish fancies; everything becomes a worry to me, and my husband is not the happier for it. Nothing impairs the judg-

ment like exaggeration. I give you advice which I would fain follow myself. Julie has a stronger mind than ours; she suffers less from what I may call puerilities. I *try*, you say, every means to deceive you; but see, my dear sister, if this were necessary, I should have taken more trouble. I rejoice with you at the agreement that exists in the opinion of two celebrated doctors as regards the treatment of our sister. M. Vitet believes in her recovery, and he is not one to raise false hopes.

'Her monotonous life, and that room in the rue Mercière, pleases me but little; without her being aware of it, it induces depression, and this must not be. What you tell me of the play gives me pleasure. Oh! if you were in Paris, how glad I should be! Paris is a delightful place to visit; in the fine season, everything is an object of interest; the winter is another matter: one must be rich to enter into its pleasures.

'Just now, the usual promenade is the Tuileries. You, my good sister, who delight in superb gardens, would find somewhat to please you here. The ladies are dressed in the last fashion, and *very* sparely clad, even the young girls; and one hears praises expressed on points which formerly were scarcely mentioned without exciting a blush.

'I often think of you all. Our good Ampère, separated from his Julie, must be very unhappy.

Julie is surrounded by those who are dear to her; and then her heart, filled as it is with affection, never perhaps knew that restless passion which used to make her husband rush from Lyons to Saint-Germain, and from Bellerive to Polémieux, like the Wandering Jew. This dear brother is indeed goodness itself; your sisters may exult in having husbands so good that you, my Élise, ought to feel disposed to take one; both households are happy, and yet in no wise free from cares. Julie adores her beautiful child; my sister delights me by her account of his attractive ways. Élise is still weak from her small-pox; she has grown thin. I shall remain in my *chambre garnie*[1] until the end of the month. Meanwhile, I go and pay visits to my husband, who is always glad to see me, and these interviews have a charm for us both.

'Adieu. Write often; tell me all that is occupying your lively imagination; whatever I may say, my heart understands yours. A thousand affectionate remembrances from my husband.

'Your AQUARITE.'

[1] Aquarite removed to a *chambre garnie* in order to have her daughter inoculated.

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday evening.

'If you could send me in a letter that poor child who calls for his papa, I would take good care of him; he should run in the garden; I would play at ball with him, and I would not let him touch my acids. You say, my dear wife, that you would be sorry to leave our little one; have you formed any project of separating yourself from him, and coming to see me? This supposition is the only one that comes to my mind, though it agrees but little with the feebleness of your health; but in holding before me even remotely the greatest happiness I could enjoy, you have made me experience a sudden feeling of pleasure. Poor little one! You have so little amusement that I thank heaven when you laugh even for once with all your heart; I am grateful to Destouches for having written *La Fausse Agnès*, and your cousin for having taken you that day to the theatre.

'How glad I am that I wrote that little treatise, since it afforded you pleasure! I should like to know definitely whether you have made any arrangements with Messrs. Périsse with regard to it, always supposing that no one has had *my idea* previously, which you will soon know from M. Roux.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(In the midst of all his labours, one thought incessantly torments André: have other minds already taken the start of his own? Are his discoveries really new? M. Roux, professor of mathematics at the École Centrale at Lyons and president of the Athenæum, is to be consulted. The young inventor feels himself bound to have recourse both to his sincerity and knowledge, in order to resolve his doubts on this important point.)

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'The barometer and thermometer were both taken out of the case broken. This accident makes me consider the science of physics more than ever a stupid thing.

'So you would like to have your little one near you? I pity you, my poor husband, in not having either him or your wife.

'Not a heart yonder guesses what is passing in yours; but at Lyons you have one who follows you in everything, who sees that your calculations give you headache, that your lessons hinder you from working, and that oftener still you are sighing as you think that your wife is far from you. I also find this separation very sad! Nevertheless, I cannot think of going to see you. I do not know how I happened to speak of parting with my boy; it was undoubtedly because I was thinking of what so

many people say who have no common sense, and who imagine that I should be better if my poor little one were in the country. They do not know that I owe all my happiest moments to him. To take part in his thoughts, often even to grieve together, is a great blessing; but, my André, these enjoyments, though very necessary, do not bring back gaiety amongst us. The amusements of a child, his pretty ways, his childish talk, which envelop the past, the future, and even the present, with a rosy colouring, dazzling us so long as his pretty tricks last! When he is ill, the darkest ideas beset us, and render us unreasonable. M. Vitet, whose skill I appreciate, is little in favour of vaccination; he says that we shall not be able to judge of its good effects for the next twenty years, and he prefers inoculation.

'The printing of your prospectus, and of the beginning of your book on physics, has not been paid for. How can I tell Marsil that you will immediately reimburse him for the expenses he will incur in printing your little work?

'We must have ready money for that, and I have given all for taxes, without having anything left for the rent and for the doctor's bill. The thirty-six francs of your two pupils will be indispensable. In short, let us rely upon Providence and hope for the future!

'I should like to know if you have many auditors

at your lectures, and also the number of your private pupils. My cousin and aunt enquire if you are busy at your work; tell me something of it.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg.

'My dear wife,—Here is a register of my daily life. M. Clerc studies with me from six in the morning till ten; Gripière, from half-past eleven till one; I give my lesson on physics in the afternoon, from three to four; the remainder of my time is spent in thinking of Julie and of the works I have in view. During the leisure of the décadi, M. Clerc makes some chemical experiments with me. Yesterday I had no supper till ten o'clock, and I was thoroughly tired with pounding and bruising in a mortar, and carrying coals and blowing the fire for twelve or thirteen hours, though I was glad to have had some successful results. Ah! if all this helped me to reach the Lyceum, I should be satisfied, and I should no longer have to fear living for any length of time absent from Julie, and not being able to furnish her with necessaries, so often deprived as she now is of a thousand things she requires. My dear charming wife, who could deserve more than you everything that contributes to make life happy?

'I have made an arrangement with Perrin, by which, beginning from to-day, she is to furnish me with breakfast daily for three francs a month.

'Dear Julie, consult any doctor you choose, but do not rest satisfied without attending to your health. Oh! if my returning to Lyons could but cure you! I would at once give up the École Centrale and everything. But, far from that, I should increase your sufferings by causing you uneasiness and by destroying my hopes of a better position! At Easter, my beloved, at Easter, I shall have a few days of happiness, and perhaps you will be able! . . . but no, I hope it no longer. How I long even to kiss the edge of your coverlet, as I used to do when I bid you good night! Adieu.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'Your wife is quite impatient at having health that accords so little with her character; but she must resign herself, and hope for the future. Pray do not think of leaving your pupils; do nothing of which you may repent. Our little one is quite well; keep so too; this matters more than all to me; for if you were ill where you are, what would become of me? We cannot have everything, as you well know, my poor André; you who are far from your belongings, and who have nothing but physics and chemistry to console you. Are you always busy with those nasty drugs? You are blowing your coals and pounding in mortars all day long; you

have still less time than you had here, and your poor book is left in the lurch; but you like your Bourg physics; you have your reasons, and I do not disapprove of them. So let us have patience and rejoice in being able to talk at Easter of all that we have in our hearts.

'As I suffer less, I shall recover my strength and hope; let us look forward to the future and think of the vintage season! My good husband, and my child with me, will prevent my being ill; this thought gives a roseate colouring to my mind.

'I hope you close your bureau carefully, and your room, and all my letters; for otherwise I should not dare to write to you.

'I have heard nothing from M. Roux. Do you not give yourself up too much to M. Clerc? He is a very new acquaintance; may he not make use of your ideas? Do not forget to write to Morel-Desjardin. Send your cloth trousers, that the rats may not eat them up.

'Marsil will get the globe which you ask for, the mercury, the retort, and the balloon also. I have received the six louis you gave to M. Joli. Why did you not keep more than one? My poor Ampère, you are too ready to send me all you gain.

'Élise would be very glad of a letter from you; but you must really write to your mother.

'JULIE.'

('But you like your Bourg physics, you have your reasons, and I do not disapprove of them,' says Mme. André. This feeling of naïve condescension for the science which was to render Ampère illustrious would have astonished Julie at least as much as ourselves, if she had met with her own expression some years later. The poor wife, now battling with stern necessities of every kind, judges many things from a housekeeper's point of view. In these experiments, which are preparing the way for glorious discoveries, she only sees the fatigue of her husband as he blows the coals for thirteen hours in the day, and detests 'those nasty chemicals' so fatal to the clothes which have to be replaced. But nevertheless, in the midst of all these domestic prejudices, a thought of another kind overpowers her, a fear seizes her. May not M. Clerc make use of André's ideas? The doubt occurs to her that the balance is not equal between the two Bourg professors and their common work.

Julie may take courage. Ampère's ideas are not exhausted. He may drop them again and again; neither this, that, nor the other, nor all those which he pours forth without grudging on his auditors or on M. Clerc, will exhaust his inventive genius, any more than the kisses he lavishes on Julie will extinguish his passionate affection.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Friday.

'My dear wife,—I have been to the little room over the laboratory, where my writing-table stands, to the silk portfolio. I wished to look through it this evening, after having answered all the points in your last letter, and beg you, in consequence of a succession of ideas which have for the last hour been passing through my head, to send me the two books for which I shall presently ask you.

'The state of my mind is singular: it is like that of a drowning man who seeks in vain for a branch upon which he can lay hold. Ideas of God and of eternity predominate among those which are floating in my imagination; and after many thoughts and strange reflections, the detail of which would be too long, I have made up my mind to ask you for the Psalter of François de la Harpe, which ought to be in the house, bound, I think, in green cloth, and also a book of prayers of your own choice.

'What pretty things you have written me! You will not be ill at the vintage, because all those whom you love and whom you render happy will be near you. But I had no news from you yesterday. Oh God! if you were worse, and I am not able to leave Bourg! Élise, my sister, will you refuse

consolation to your poor exiled brother, who loves you warmly ?'

(Élise was not insensible to his prayer. Here is her letter as it stands :)

From Élise to André.

'Lyons, Sunday, March —.

'Julie wants to send you a sweet little note, and here it is, my dear brother. It would have gone sooner, if an attack of cold had not prevented me from writing to you ; for you know that I keep no reckoning with my friends, and that you might have remained silent for two months without my dreaming of bearing a grudge against you. To write for Julie is too natural a thing to me. All that has no relation to her interests me but little, So long as her health is not re-established, my own is not to be reckoned on ; but if it is God's will that Julie should be once more as I used to see her, life would seem very sweet to me. I transport myself in imagination into that time, and all other thoughts are for the moment dispelled. What happiness we should feel—you, mamma, and I—in seeing her merry and well. I place myself modestly the last, and you the first, but you know this is only out of politeness.

'To-day is very dull and triste weather. I am shut up at the Griffon, and shall see neither mamma nor Julie. I am going to pass this Sunday between

my books and André, who is truly something belonging to Julie; but this something writes with lines so far apart, that if I answered in the same way I should have already written a long letter. See, monsieur, how people write when they are twelve leagues from those they are addressing, at least when one has no great desire to be rid of them, and of one's blank paper. If I followed your example, you would not even know that your boy is more and more charming. Every time he comes into my little room, he wants to kiss the bust of Bonaparte, and calls him *Papa*. He is droll, so droll, that if he were not so heavy, I would always have him near me.

'I do not know for what purpose the other day Marie feigned to cry in order to excite his pity. The little one looked at her attentively. I told Marie that children ought never to be deceived, and upon that she began to smile. The little one, whose eyes were beginning to tremble, seeing that he had been made a dupe of, gave her a smart little box on the ears, and threw himself out of her arms like lightning. Are you not grateful to him for this conscientiousness? No box on the ears, so seriously given, ever made me laugh so much. He runs about like a little Basque; and though he gives no small trouble, Julie and mamma would spend very sad moments without him in this gloomy rue Mercière.

'I have suffered much from ear-ache; and, to use Mdlle. Amkin's language, I am *excluded* from my

wits, and *secluded* from society. I have indeed that of the Sarçay ladies; but the world is nothing to one whose heart is full of affection. I cannot tell you precisely whether it was I who made that pretty poem, or whether I read it in some tragedy of Voltaire's. My sublime mind may have encountered his, especially if the poem is in "*The Scythes.*" It has all vanished from my head, and I should like to know if that poor Tamerlane died; in politeness he could do nothing better. Perhaps, though, politeness was not in vogue in those days. However it may be, I found the piece to my taste, and "*Tancrède*" also, which I have never read, though I delight in it, for he is as sensitive as a woman, and as courageous as Bonaparte; and all those chevaliers, who are nothing but bullies, make him shine out like the sun in heaven. I have just received news of Julie; she has passed a good night, and has had a letter from you. You say you are well, and you allude to other things. What are these other things? I am curious to know; my thoughts run upon sacks of money. If you could at least accumulate them as fast as you accumulate sad ideas in your head, we should be all very rich; but do not indulge in foolish fancies; there are realities enough. Ah, if Julie were worse, you would have none of my letters; for, not wishing to be false to you, I should not say a word, and you see that I am not silent.

'Poor Ampère! I pity you for being so far away

from her. Is there at Bourg any man who is greatly attached to his wife, so that you can comfortably talk to him of yours? But it is, perhaps, as difficult to find a husband who loves as you do, as to meet with a sister who loves as I love.

'I am sorry that time fails you. I had hoped to catch here and there some little bits of science, which I repent not having seized while they were within reach. Am I not foolish not to have turned my mind to the subject? You would have told me all your Bourg experiments, and I should have understood something of them. Tell me, for my consolation, whatever is within my comprehension, and above all anything relating to your benefit, and the hopes you entertain for the future.

'Adieu. Julie tells me that you are coming to see us all at Easter. How many hours remain to be endured till then? I am sure you have already reckoned them. Adieu, adieu.

'ÉLISE.'

(Jean-Jaques Ampère, at eighteen months of age, wanted to embrace the bust of Bonaparte, calling it *Papa*. This precocious enthusiasm for the hero who just then in France was the admiration of many men and of still more women, was not to last long. It vanished as quickly as liberty did, and was not rekindled, fifty-two years later, before a bust of Napoleon III., presented to his view, by a circumstance of which Élise's letter reminds us.

In 1854, at the time of the Crimean war, our friend—still at Rome, fêted, courted, and visited by the residents and strangers from every country who settle for many months under this southern sky—our friend, I say, was invited to dinner at the house of M. ——, an honourable American citizen. To receive with due honour a guest so amiable and distinguished was the one idea and aim of the master of the house, who racked his brains with seeking for certain delicate niceties of refined politeness, which he wished to be entirely French.

It appeared in the first place to the Amphitryon an ingenious inspiration to offer his eminent guest the society of a compatriot, M. Mangin, the son of the celebrated préfet of police in the time of the restoration, and holding the same office at Rome in the double service of the Pope and of France.

But this was not enough. More still was necessary. What should it be? We shall see.

In the festive apartment, the bust of Louis Napoléon, crowned with laurels, was placed on a small pillar, just in front of M. Ampère. Thus received by friendly faces, opposite his sovereign, seated beside a functionary of the Imperial government, the illustrious savant, who had no need of stimulants to excite his fancy, would, he hoped, be more at his ease, more charming, more talkative than ever. What a fête! What a treat for the fortunate guests!

It was seven o'clock in the evening. All the guests

had arrived in the via Babouino; the soup was on the table, and the company were passing merrily from the drawing-room to the dining-room. M. Ampère, who had given his arm to Mme. ——, placed her at his right, and soon, under the influence of these pleasant impressions, he was winning all the Boston hearts by relating some episodes of his travels in America. Suddenly, the narrator stopped as if petrified; his eyes had caught sight of the plaster figure and had met the smile of M. le Préfet. From that moment there was no more talk of far-off remembrances, agreeable dreams of a republic and liberty: he must quit the New World, and think his own thoughts.

An obstinate silence immediately followed the general excitement. In vain the guests, interested as they had been in the traveller's narrative, tried to reanimate the interrupted conversation; it ceased, and could not be renewed. M. Ampère, ill concealing his impatience, rose from the table with the rest, and softly followed the master of the house. 'Monsieur,' said he, in a slightly troubled voice, 'if, in giving me the pleasure of an invitation to a family party, you had sent me the list of your guests, I should have declined the honour of your hospitality. All Frenchmen, monsieur, do not, like the Americans, profess a passionate admiration for absolute power.' Upon this, our friend seized his hat and escaped.

This incident made some noise both at Rome and

Paris. Faithfully reported by one of the guests, related by a minister[1] to an academician,[2] we may well believe that it added nothing to the favour already enjoyed at the court of Cæsar by the author of the 'Histoire romaine à Rome.'

Let us return to these Easter holidays, so impatiently awaited by André and his wife. The happiness of being together did not last long. 'This journey leaves me with still sweeter memories than the last,' writes the poor invalid, whose weakness is increasing. 'Let us preserve in our hearts the certainty of our reciprocal affection, and we shall better bear the separation.'

To these sweet words André replies with tender regrets, and the simple recital of what he calls his little adventures.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday evening.

'These three days have passed like lightning, and I find myself again at Bourg. Something, I know not what, is weighing on my heart, and causing me to make sad reflections of the swift flight of time.

'Why have I had so much to do, and gone to so many parties? Can amusements compensate to me for the happy moments I pass when you are telling me all your thoughts? These are what I am always regretting, and which form the

[1] M. Fortoul. [2] Molh.

charm of my remembrances. How happy I was the day of my arrival! You went with me to fetch the little one at Bellecour; we remained there afterwards alone together. I seem still to feel the annoyance I experienced when the demoiselles Allard interrupted us. It was they also who deprived me of the time after dinner on the next day, when I had been disturbed all the morning by a thousand useless errands and by Ballanche also.

'That day would scarcely be reckoned in my life of love, except for our solitude in the evening. Saturday was to be the last day of my happiness. I had to see M. Roux and M. Petetin; I accompanied my aunt to M. Dumontel, I visited M. Brac, and Ballanche, when I heard of the death of the Préfet. I returned to you; I hoped at least to pass my last few moments at your feet. You made me sit down on the sofa; that sofa gives me pleasure to think of. Alas! you sent me to speak to Marsil about the Préfet, and on returning I found people with you.'

'Wednesday evening.

'I am somewhat better disposed to-day to give you the recital of my little adventures. All was well as far as Trévoux, where I dined at M. Billiond's, the party being himself, his wife, his brother, and his clerk. Mme. Billiond is very young; her features are regular, but hard. There is something singular in her eyebrows, which seem to have

rather a *wicked* expression; one has no pleasure in looking at them; without this fierce expression, she would pass for pretty. Her brother-in-law praised it to me, and I regard what he said as entirely contrary to Lavater's opinion.

'I decided, on account of the bad state of the cross roads, to keep to the Châtillon road as far as I could. I was then advised to take a small open carriage. I ran to the inn where it is to be hired, and it was gone; for thirty sous I should have spared both my feet and my shoes. I had rain as far as Villeneuve; I intended to spend the night there, at the "Star;" but seeing the weather brighten, I continued my way. The mud of Bresse passed above the quarters of my boots. I reached Châtillon at eight o'clock, and just came in for the first drops of a pouring rain; if it had come on sooner, the umbrella which Billiond had lent me would have been soon wet through.

'The next morning, feeling myself somewhat recovered, I decided on going to Chapuis to see M. and Mme. Dussablon. This prolonged my journey a good half league. I hoped to rest and breakfast with them; but when I got there, at seven o'clock in the morning, they told me that, being rather tired, Monsieur and Madame would not get up before nine o'clock. I immediately set out for the high road to Neuville, where I bought a little bread and ate it, with a piece of sausage, as I walked along. Having still to go three leagues before I

reached Bourg, I felt so weary that I lay down at the foot of a tree without knowing what to do next. The five leagues the evening before in the mud had utterly done me up. Unable to continue walking, I waited on the road till I saw a vehicle coming. In it were Cardon, Gripière and others, who were just returning from Soudron. I got in with them; and as they would not allow me to share the expense, I came off by only giving fifteen sous to the driver. I reached home at noon, and slept till two, and gave my lesson at four.'

'Thursday evening.

'As regards news I must tell you that the church of Notre-Dame here has been restored to priests who have not taken the oath. Others have raised a protestation against this measure, but it has produced nothing.

'On Easter Day a grand mass was celebrated, and the Préfet was present. All the approaches to the church were crowded with people, from seven o'clock in the morning till evening.

'I intend going to-morrow to discharge my conscience of what I told you, and to pray for you both. Adieu, my benefactress! You scold me when I use the word, and I employ it every moment. Forgive me; you will not, I am sure, take from me that little pleasure that remains to me while absent from you.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Sunday.

'Pochon brings me your journal. I see that my poor husband has been wet through and dirty, and has perhaps taken cold.

'Why imagine that the time you have sacrificed to your business matters could have spoilt your sojourn here? Have we not had precious moments together, when we were arm in arm, or when we ran about with the little one under the trees at Bellecour? Were not all these pleasures? You thoroughly appreciated them, and your letter, which has just been making me cry, is not written by an apathetic heart. I love it truly, that letter; it portrays your mind, and your mind is what I love most in you. It is of no ordinary kind; it would sacrifice everything to the happiness of your wife. But your mother, you must love her also very tenderly; you do love her! but not as you ought to love your mother. You did not scold me a bit when I spoke to you about her one evening rather angrily. I should have liked you to make me feel that I was wrong, and not to have allowed me to be the first to perceive it. I am unjust when I am weary: this poor mother has endured it, and has to endure it still!! My dear husband, my André, write to her all the tender affection that you feel for her. The

greatest happiness that a mother's heart can experience is to find in that of her children a share in her own feelings, in those which have animated her in all the care that she has lavished on them. Supposing my poor little one were not to love me always, supposing he were to have a wife who told him that I did not do things as I ought to do, how I should detest this wife! But I will never be like that. I love your mother with all my heart; I respect her; she merits it by her virtues; and if sometimes my quick temper makes me say something, it is always as to her want of prudence for the future, her religious feeling checking all anxieties.

'I have been scribbling on, and have said nothing yet regarding him who has all my confidence, whom I love like a brother, who will spend his life with me and our child, never troubling his Julie with quarrels, and doing everything to render her happy. When our little one is older, we shall perhaps pass the summer in the country; in the winter, we will let him dance in the town, for I wish him to be merry and charming as he now is. Adieu, adieu.

'Your JULIE.'

(Those who have been intimately acquainted with J.-J. Ampère will see Julie's heart re-appearing in that of her son, with his touching bursts of repentance, and his deep and graceful remorse at some imaginary and venial fault.

Mme. André scolds her husband for not having scolded her when she had been angry on the matter of her mother-in-law—a feeling of rare generosity. How many wives might here find an example worthy of following!

To place ourself in the position of another, and in similar circumstances, without egotism, without bitterness, without jealousy—what equity of feeling! What a proof of an elevated heart and mind!

We must not conclude from these tender reproaches that Ampère neglected his mother; on the contrary, he loved her dearly. His conduct towards her as regarded the little estate of Polémieux, which belonged to them jointly, is sufficient to show his respectful filial devotion, even if the whole course of his life did not afford new evidences of it.

In attributing the widowed Mme. Ampère's occasionally improvident management to her piety of feeling, she exhibits both goodness and ingenious delicacy of mind. This family's fortune was so limited that the slightest extra expenses were sure to cause extreme embarrassment.

In matters of economy Julie's indulgence seems very amiable; for in her own house she maintained strict and almost stoical order, and this might have rendered her a severe judge.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday.

'How charming was your letter, my dear Julie! How it made me long for another journey, as I retraced the happiness I had tasted in the last!

'Send for M. Petetin, I beg you. You continue in an alarming state. Remember it is absolutely urgent that you should begin some treatment. A whole year has now been lost, and this has assuredly increased the evil.

'I made an important discovery yesterday on the theory of play,[1] as I was endeavouring to resolve a still more difficult problem than the preceding one. I hope to insert it in the same work, which will not increase its size greatly, because I have made a new beginning which is shorter than the old one. I am sure it will obtain me a place in the Lyceum, provided it is printed in time; for in the state of the science at present there are few mathematicians in France (I repeat it) capable of doing anything of the

[1] The work published at Lyons in 1802, under the title *Considérations sur la Théorie mathématique du Jeu*, did not refer to the theory of any particular play, but to the solution of a general problem which had occupied the genius of Pascal, Fermat, and even of Buffon; that is to say, an exact estimate, judging by probabilities, of the dangers a man runs who exposes a stake to the risks of a game of chance.—Note by M. de Lomenie, inserted in his *Biographie des Contemporains illustres.*

kind. I say this to you as I think it, but you must not repeat it.

'This new project will not permit me to send you the manuscript to-morrow. As to that of the *series*, it was advancing well, when M. Clerc was taken ill. I take his place in his class.

'In order to print my treatise, it will be necessary to know when it will be presented to the Lyons Athenæum, since the title must be discussed. Let Bellanche urge it on, and solicit M. Roux from me.

'Think of yourself, my dear wife, for the sake of your child and your husband. Oh yes! the little one will love you truly, and his little wife also. They will have such a good and amiable mother; what far-off dreams! But time is slow in vain; it passes on. When will that portion be passed which delays our reunion?

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Friday.

'You know by the little letter I sent to the post the other day that I have seen the doctor, and that your fine sermons are unnecessary, since I have done of myself what you wished that I should do. Am I not the most interested person in taking care of myself? Here is a whole year lost! I ought to be pitied,

inasmuch as I have not failed to follow the advice of the doctor you all chose.

'But, my poor husband, it is not the first time that you have made me laugh by telling me to promise that I would be no longer ill. Ah! health is so precious, that if I possessed riches, I would sacrifice them all to obtain that blessing. But I must submit. I must hope for the future, and take patience. So take patience also, my son, and don't fill your head with fancies, as you do with your calculations; for this cure is not a problem which can be solved, and we shall in vain desire to attain to it if the Master of our being wills that it should be otherwise. We must learn how to bear one's evils by doing what one can to divert the mind. This is what I try to do, not allowing myself to give way to despair. Let us be grateful to all our good relations, who love me much, and who never let me feel privations of any kind, and who do all this so heartily! Nevertheless, in spite of their affection, I truly care only to receive from a mother and from you. I love you dearly, *you* who love your Julie always, and *even when* .... we understand each other. Oh yes! we shall be happy; our little one will long remain young and merry. Some day we shall be at peace together in the country, and we will carefully cultivate our little garden.

'M. Coupier begs you to send back the book to M. de Gérando. Ballanche ought to ask M. Roux if your work has been presented. Tell me how

M. Clerc is. You are always saying that the printing of the little treatise should be hastened on; my cousins think so also, but in order to that they must have it.

'Your boy has written you some strokes.

'Adieu, adieu. I embrace you heartily. This is a good kiss, such as you love. I do not give it to you carelessly. Such as those Mdlle. Carron has never given you. Adieu.

'Your JULIE.'

(Julie's gratitude towards her family is great, and nevertheless she adds, '*I truly care only to receive from a mother and from you.*'

How thoroughly does Julia appreciate her husband's heart in thus blending his name with her mother's, and what a wise resignation is here mingled with her tender affection!)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday.

'I deserve a beating from you for not having finished the corrections I am making in my little treatise. New ideas on the theory have obliged me to remould the whole; it will be all the better for it. I cannot finish it without a day of leisure; but how can I ask M. Clerc to resume his lesson before he has recovered his strength?

'I have at last been to see the church at Brou

I intend sending a fine description of it to my sister Élise, and to write her a grand tragical, melancholy and sepulchral letter. I remember she is fond of Hervey and Young. In the main, this church has not quite answered my expectations.

'Ah! if instead of reading my description, you could have come with me to Brou! After leaving it, we would have walked by moonlight in the pretty little lanes of the little village, which lies about two hundred steps from the college. I wish you could walk there just for one day, so as to leave remembrances behind which I could afterwards recall.

'You said that my boy had written some strokes for me. Why have I not received them?

'Two soldiers were sent to me yesterday. I have found lodgings for them at the inn at ten sous each.

'Thinking that I ought to be exempt here for the first six months, I have protested against it. This conduct has only served to warn me that I shall be subjected to the sumptuary contribution.

'AMPÈRE.'

(The idea of a sumptuary contribution imposed on André's laborious life, and on the elegance of his four cold grey walls, is startling!)

André to Julie.

'Bourg, Thursday.

'My course of chemistry began to-day. Some superb experiments have inspired a kind of enthusiasm in twelve auditors. Four of them remained after the lesson. I assigned them some employment, which will leave me scarcely anything to do.

'1. L'Écuyer, treasurer and keeper of the laboratory key, will make the small purchases, and will prepare and cement the vessels.

'2. Dubos, chief arranger, will put each thing in its place.

'3. Ribon, auxiliary arranger, will be charged moreover with drawing water and supplying sand.

'4. &c. But what does all this matter to a sick person, who cares no more about chemistry than the Grand Turk?

'Ah, my poor little one, I have just received a few lines which would make the hardest-hearted man weep.

'Hitherto you have gained nothing from your treatment but headaches and greater weakness. How I shall bless the waters of Charbonnières, if you recover your health through them.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Friday.

'I am very glad you have found helpers and more time for yourself. Take care with your chemical matters; your blue stockings are ruined with that horrid acid, which burns everything. I hope your book will at length be finished by Wednesday, and that the printing can begin. M. Daburon is here. I shall be able to show it to him, so that he may correct the style of the beginning.

'Élise has been ill in consequence of the inoculation. All the women of the neighbourhood, from No. 15 to No. 18, have been confined within the span of eight days: that makes seven children. They rang the bells of Saint-Jean for the 14th July. I give you my news *pêle-mêle* just as they throw faggots into the oven. It is not my fault if I am stupid; I have been treated too much with cold water, but I intend to be sensible in my letters in future.

'Perhaps God will cure me; He alone, just at the time when I hope it least. Meanwhile I try not to make myself too uneasy at the expense my regimen entails. The strawberries and red fruits are uncommonly dear; the sugar melts as soon as it is bought. My poor mother never ceases paying. A small room at Charbonnières costs fifty sous a day. How much money! My room is hired; I hope to start on Friday.

'How many things I am obliged to do in the hope of recovering my health! Ah! if ever I have it, I will enjoy it.

'My cousin is copying for you something from the papers. Write your book quickly, I beg; never mind if the beginning is not so good. Adieu. It is sixteen days since I embraced you. I love you and embrace you for every day that you have passed away from your Julie.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Saturday.

'You speak to me of a new remedy. Oh that it may cure you! Oh, my Julie! The days begun in the house in the street Bas d'argent are perhaps gone for ever.

'What emotion the remembrance of them arouses within my whole being!

'You will receive with this letter six louis for going to Charbonnières.

'No accident has happened to me. My experiments succeed. I speak with ease and fluency ever since the subject refers to this science alone, as it is more attractive to me than any other branch of physics.

'I have still four weeks of work before going to see my Julie. I shall kiss that charming little chatterer, and I shall be happy for two months. Ah! I wish these two months may be the best in

my life. If we can but walk sometimes together in those country retreats where M. Ampère used to go in the hope of meeting Mdlle. Carron. . . .

'To return to my book. I am going to tell you the puzzling part. Not only is the beginning not ready, but I did not know how to demonstrate a formula of my own invention which I require for the conclusion of my treatise. For several days I have been vainly attempting it; and this disgusted me with the work. This very night, at two o'clock, the demonstration presented itself to my mind. I am writing to you at nine in the morning, and the work will be absolutely finished at noon. I shall have a whole week for re-reading and correcting it. You shall certainly receive it next Wednesday, with my best trousers. I have made a list of my clothes. Everything is there except a pocket-handkerchief, which must be left in some pocket.'

'Monday.

'I have been making some phosphoric lighters: one alone was good. I made another one good by warming it at the candle. Wishing to complete a third in the same manner, it blew up with an explosion; the phosphorus fell on my paper, and burnt this page of my letter. The splinters of the little vial covered me without hurting me. This incident will make me more prudent.

'I was reminded that it was the 14th July by the

mayor, who invited me to be present at the mass of the Te Deum, intended to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. The catholic priests sang the Te Deum; it was quite comical. I had, however, no wish to be present, and I think many others thought with me.

'Seven children in three houses! What a blessing from God, provided that they did not all cause suffering to their mothers!

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Sunday.

'My love,—I reckoned upon leaving the day before yesterday. The carriage was hired, the luggage ready; but a very bad night upset everything. I had pains in my side, like those from which I have suffered so much already.

'To-morrow, if I am better, I am to start; if not, I shall have to pay for the room, and the ten francs will be lost.

'In this last attack the doctor has examined me with great care, saying that until now he had not been able to judge thoroughly of the state of things. He now declares that this pain and enlargement are not at all dangerous. I believe it is as he says.

'You will pass, you say, dear André, two very happy months with your wife and boy if I tell you all my thoughts. . . . My thoughts! my poor hus-

band, they are of a sad and uniform character. When one is forced to think of oneself in order to avoid more severe suffering, one is not very agreeable, for the mind is too readily affected by the sufferings of the body. This indisposition will pass away. I shall recover my strength. Take care of yours, so that every evil may not befall me.

'I was right in not regarding it as certain that all these remedies would cure me; doctors are not gods! Moreover, if M. Petetin is mistaken, he confesses it too candidly to admit of my complaining. So I hope you will never, never speak of it to anyone.

'Adieu, my best of friends, the one to whom I love to open my heart; you may see it, for I cannot even sufficiently hide from you the discouraging state of my health.

'Adieu, "mon fils." I send you more kisses than you can ask for.

'Your JULIE.'

'What do you think of what Bonaparte says on galvanism?'

('*Doctors are not gods*,' says Julie. Alas! they know it but too well! But, in spite of the astonishment we may feel at first sight at the treatment of M. Petetin, at this regimen of strawberries, cherries, ice, and at these infusions of wood-lice or of parsley,

let us endeavour to be as indulgent as the poor invalid, and we shall have no trouble in explaining the anodynes prescribed by her doctor.

M. Petetin undoubtedly understood well what he was about. Knowing that he could not cure, he tried to soothe, and to sustain hope and courage by prescribing remedies certainly but little efficacious, but at any rate incapable of injuring. And, moreover, wishing to spare Ampère's scanty purse, he took good care not to send too often to the apothecary.

M. Petetin saw in his patient an admirable wife, a poor mother—resigned, strong, and keen-sighted—deprived of the comforts fortune can bestow, and of the happiness of being able to have near her the tenderest and best of husbands. This excellent doctor, who had watched over Julie's health from infancy, must have suffered cruelly as he watched the progressive development of a malady with which science was unable to combat, and which day by day was consuming a being so loved and so worthy of being so. Sensibility, some say, is blunted, and pity extinguished, in physicians. No! the man who will reveal to us presently the generous and delicate goodness of his heart, could perhaps, by force of self-control, assume the mask of confidence, but the painful emotion he experienced in this case could only have been all the more poignant.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Thursday.

'I feel assured that your malady may pass away of itself with country air and exercise; but still it would be well to assist nature!

'My love, my Julie, why have I been appointed professor at Bourg? My Julie, this is the only thought upon which my mind will dwell, and nevertheless to-day I must make a small explanation of my treatise to M. Delalande, who is come here. Moreover he is desirous that I should invite him to meet those pupils who have attended my astronomical lectures, in order to observe the stars together. Under any other circumstances this would have interested me much.

'M. Ribon has presented a copy of my treatise on play to the Société d'Émulation; I have been unanimously appointed a member of it.

'A thousand thanks to your cousin for what he has sent me: it is a prize of 60,000 francs proposed by Bonaparte, which I shall try to gain when I have time to do so. It is exactly the subject of which I treated in the work on physics which I have begun to print; but it would have to be brought to greater perfection, and my theory must be confirmed by new experiments.

'Say a thousand things from me to your mamma, and to Élise, and twenty kisses to the little one, and

my whole being to yourself. Oh, my wife, if M. Delalande appoints me to the Lyceum at Lyons, and if I were to gain the prize of 60,000 francs, I shall be very happy; for you would want for nothing, and you would have no longer to regret the ten francs for the room hired for you at Charbonnières.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(The programme of the prize proposed by Bonaparte began thus: 'I desire to give an encouragement of 60,000 francs to anyone who, by his experiments and discoveries, tends to advance electricity and galvanism in the same measure as these sciences were advanced by Franklin and Volta.'

'When I have time,' wrote André to his wife, 'I shall try and gain this prize, and if M. Delalande appoints me to the Lyceum at Lyons, I shall be very happy, for you will want for nothing.'

What admirable goodnature, what simple and beautiful confidence in his own powers—a confidence so well justified by his genius!)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Friday.

'I paid a visit yesterday to M. Delalande. He flattered me highly, saying that it was only in France that mathematicians like me were to be found, &c.

'He ended by asking me to give examples in numbers of my algebraical formulæ, assuring me

that these were necessary in order to place my results within reach of everyone, in the report which he should give of my labours; while, in their algebraical form, though more elegant and interesting to five or six first-class mathematicians, they were appreciated but by few. He doubted even, he added, whether men of M. Clerc's power understood me.

'I inferred from all this that M. Delalande did not wish to give himself the trouble of following out my calculations, which require indeed a profound acquaintance with mathematics. I made him out some examples, but I persist in printing my work as it is. These examples would give it the appearance of a school-book. I should like, however, to be sure that I am right in thus acting contrary to M. Delalande's opinion. But where can I consult anyone capable of deciding irrevocably? I know not to whom I can turn.

'I have found another demonstration relative to this problem which will give it a fresh value, but it will oblige me to re-write three or four pages.

'I went yesterday to dine at Mme. Beauregard's, with hands discoloured by a drug which is quite harmless, but which clings to the skin for two or three days. She maintained that it looked like dirt, and concluded by rising from table, saying that she would dine when I had left! I reminded the lady that the third part of the month was over, and that

I should not return till my hands were white; of course I shall not return at all. Perrin will give me my dinner for eighteen francs a month, without wine.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

'I have no longer anything tidy. Send me a small packet, for, in a room with a parquet floor and well furnished, one cannot indulge in so negligent an exterior as when one dines at the house of a .'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Friday.

'My dear husband,—I commend you for having left Mme. Beauregard after her politeness; but I wish it would make you pay a little more attention to your person and to your neatness, for many people might think in secret what you heard aloud. So, if you pay any visits, try to have somewhat of the appearance of a respectable man. It will afford pleasure to your poor wife, and she has not much.

'I send you the little things you asked for, and a waistcoat which I have made myself; it is lighter than the others, without being likely to soil more quickly. Put in your parcel on Wednesday your *roupe*, your large cotton velvet coat, and your woollen stockings.

'My affection for you thrives just in the contrary manner to my strength, for ever since our marriage the

one has increased and the other diminished. Never, however, have I had so tranquil a mind, although we know little what will become of us. The nine louis came in time. Write to Élise, and take care not to reveal that I told you to do so.

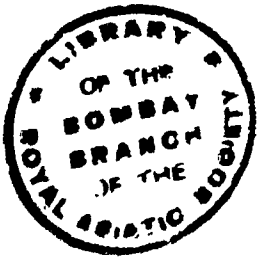
'Adieu, mon fils. Your wife embraces you, and only leaves you because her hand can write no longer.

'Adieu. Your JULIE.'

(This title of 'mon fils,' so tenderly given, smooths the way for serious advice.

André, thoroughly absorbed in his high scientific speculations, rarely descended to earthly things when himself alone was concerned. Julie was nearly the same age as her husband, but her protecting solicitude watched unceasingly over him, both when he was near and away from her. She endeavoured to disperse all the small material troubles into which an absence of mind, already sometimes unconquerable, frequently plunged the great master of physics.

In order to try and fix his attention to the small things so repugnant to his mind, she ever addressed herself to André's heart. 'Try,' says Julie, to have somewhat of the appearance of a respectable man. It will afford pleasure to your poor wife.')


LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday evening.

'My dear Julie,—You will soon receive the little work. I am far from being satisfied with it, and have just made some more corrections; but I still find the style throughout detestable.

'It is true that this in no wise affects the exactness of the calculations, which constitute its whole value. If these calculations are new, and if no one has yet invented the formulæ to which they lead me, they will interest mathèmaticians. But if these formulæ, I say again, are already known, I have done nothing but expose my ignorance or dishonesty. This disadvantage exists, besides, in all sorts of discoveries, since one can never be sure that the same things have not been found out before.

'Whom could I consult on the matter? M. Clerc is as much interested as M. Roux in my non-election at the competition for the Lyceum, for which they are candidates. I can think of no one but M. Coupier, who, after reading this treatise attentively, could decide the point, if he would but express his opinion candidly. If he judged it favourably, I would send it to Morel Desjardins and to Camille Jordan, which would be no impediment to my efforts to spread it among the savants of the capital.

'Wednesday morning.

'I have finished the astronomical part of my lectures, and I am now going to pass on to the explanation of the highest branches of physics.

'There will be at least from thirty-two to forty Lyceums; we will say forty; so there are forty professors of mathematics and physics to be chosen in France. The government will appoint from a list formed by three members of the Institute, according to the examinations, and the information they have acquired. It is absolutely necessary that I should be one of the first forty on the list, either in mathematics or physics. My hope is to distinguish myself equally in both sciences. For this object I shall bring in all my small discoveries.

'Monge, the examiner for the Polytechnic School, arrived yesterday. The competition begins at nine o'clock to-day. The préfet has written to me, asking me to be present.

'Wednesday evening.

'I have passed a part of the day without working for my Julie, for I was obliged to put off my pupils from the morning to the afternoon. The day has seemed long to me; but how the object of my labours embellishes it in my eyes! However wearisome it may be, it is sweet to me if it is to increase your small, your too small exchequer.

'Ah, my wife, when shall we be together; when

will this way of life be over? I long to hasten the time, and yet I feel our fate depends on the way I employ it.

'I want to make you very, very happy, and I could bear my exile on that condition.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'I hoped to find your manuscript in the parcel. From your wish to bring it to perfection, you will never finish it at all, and you will see the Lyceums organized before you have had time to make yourself known.

'I am sorry not to be able to offer you my advice on the subject of this treatise, but you know that I do not understand anything about it. Could you not, in your letter to M. Roux, ask him if by chance your ideas are already known, and in what book it would be possible for you to find a proof of it? You would thus oblige him not to answer *yes* or *no* carelessly.

'This is the only plan I can think of. So you have another pupil for this horrible chemistry? These eighteen francs will be no profit at all. Take care of your waistcoats and small-clothes. I send you a large cloth, with strings, to put in front of you.

'Adieu, "mon fils." Your wife loves you well and

repeats with you: Oh, Lyceum, Lyceum, when shall we get there?

'JULIE.'

(Without being radical, Julie's expedient is a good one. 'I am sorry,' she says, 'not to be able to offer you my advice on the subject of this treatise, but you know that I do not understand anything about it.'

M. Delalande, on his side, considers M. Clerc's acquirements not equal to Ampère's algebraic formulæ. M. Roux, without a doubt, is stronger in mathematics than André's wife, but nevertheless not sufficiently so to be able to judge without appeal of the work of the anxious inventor; and the latter is soon himself to perceive that the oracle, whose decrees he is waiting with such impatience, will have little to tell him.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Wednesday morning.

'I send you at last, my dear Julie, a letter from M. Roux, with my manuscript. You will find in the same parcel, three waistcoats, a pair of coarse woollen stockings, and my *roupe*; in one of the pockets of the yellow velvet waistcoat are the twelve francs and eight sous you asked for. I trust M. Roux will not write me word that my formulæ are already known!

'I find my suppers excellent, and cannot conceive how Perrin can provide them for six francs a month.

'The work that I have undertaken with M. Clerc, and which I should never have completed alone, is advancing so rapidly that it will be ready for printing in a month. It will be entitled: *Leçons élémentaires sur les séries et autres formules indéfinies.*

'You will see what your cousins think about it.

'This work being for use at establishments for public education, and supplying a deficiency in mathematical books, will some day be in great request.[1]

'I hear the bell ringing for mass; I am going to pray for my Julie's recovery. Poor little one!

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Friday morning.

'I have at last got possession of the manuscript, which I had feared you would never finish. I have just sent it to my cousin Périsse; you know how interested he is in it. Your letter to M. Roux is very good. In everything I find my husband very wise, very nice. I love him for having worked so much.

'Saturday morning.

'My cousin enquires if you have a second copy of your work. He seems to fear, besides, that if you

[1] This work, though far advanced, was never finished.

have it printed, the government may not find to its taste a treatise which speaks against gambling, as it draws a large part of the revenue from lotteries.

'Your friend Ballanche took it to M. Roux. Not knowing how intimate you are, the latter will perhaps tell the truth; moreover he will at any rate be pleased with the confidence you place in him.

'I send you a sausage and two cheeses for your suppers. I am glad you get good ones.

'You will soon come, then! We had made a plan to go into the country, to enjoy some pleasant walks with the little one; and now I shall be obliged to remain for some time in town, in my bed, or on my sofa. However, let us not despair; my strength will return for us to go to Saint-Germain.

'Poor Ampère, who has a sick wife, whom he loves notwithstanding!

'I have always forgotten to ask you to return the book of prayers which you took for your Easter meditations. If you have them, bring them with you.

'Adieu, Adieu.

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday.

'I see no possibility of the government disapproving of my small pamphlet. Can the royal lottery established under the old régime prevent gambling from being decried? The government

knows well that a hundred theories and treatises on the subject would not disgust the silly world from throwing their money into its exchequer. So I persist in having it printed at my own expense; it cannot amount to 200 francs, and I shall gain at least three parts of that sum in the sale of a few copies.

'All this, however, is subordinate to the letter from M. Roux, which is a long time coming. This little work will tend to prove my large share in the work which is about to appear by Ampère and Clerc, professors of the Central School of the Aix department; while without it, my colleague would have had all the honour as professor of mathematics.

'You will weigh, my dear wife, all these reasons *for* and *against*, and you will decide, after analysing them thoroughly, the fate of the *Considérations mathématiques sur le jeu.*

'I found the book of prayers in my pocket ten or twelve days after my arrival. I use it constantly, but I will bring it back. Adieu.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(Julie is thus made by André the arbiter of the fate of the *Considérations mathématiques sur le jeu!* Fortunately her decision will be favourable; for this little treatise was to lead the way not only to the Lyceum at Lyons, but to much greater things.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Saturday.

'Ever since the day before yesterday, my love, I have been deliberating whether I should tell you of the disagreeable circumstance that occurred at my chemical lesson. As I see that nothing is coming of it, I have decided on relating it to you. M. Delalande had announced that he would come on Thursday to my lesson. I was dressed in my best, never fearing that the experiment I had prepared would play me a trick, as nothing of the kind has happened since I began my chemical lectures. I was looking into the tubes, and watching the progress of the experiment, when a cork flew out, and I received a little hot aqua fortis in my right eye; I do not feel the slightest pain there to-day. M. Sylvain, a doctor, who was present, sprinkled the eye immediately with ammonia, which at once took away the extreme pain, greater than any I have endured for a long time; then I washed the eye with cold water, and it became as well as the other. I thought at once of my clothes, which I also covered with ammonia, so that very little injury was done; there would have been none at all if I had not been a little agitated, and if I had not thought at first of my eye only. I have really nothing but a burn on two of the fingers of my left hand, and that will have passed away by to-morrow.

I assure you that there is nothing in it all to cause you the least anxiety, for my clothes will not be spoiled, and I shall not feel the effects of the accident in any way when I go to you a week hence. My Julie, in eight days I hope to start. On Sunday, at five o'clock in the evening, I shall embrace you, I shall kiss the little one. Do you know that it is three years yesterday since you made me happy? How quickly have these three years passed! How much trouble you have experienced, of which I am the cause, while you have given me only joy! And as a climax to my stupid ways, I let the aqua fortis fly into my eye, in spite of all your exhortations to prudence! Forgive me, my Julie, it is the last time that I will cause you vexation. Yes, yes, I promise it on thus beginning our fourth year of marriage.[1] Our son will be two years old on Thursday. I bless you for having given him to me!

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(The accident of which André speaks might have been very serious to him; but how completely he forgets himself in the recital, in spite of the horrible pain he had suffered in the eye; and what solicitude does he show as to his clothes, at the idea that his housewife may be uneasy at so many chemical disasters!

[1] August 6, 1802.

This letter received no answer from the poor invalid, who had just passed a very bad night.

'I have snatched the pen from your Julie's hand,' says Élise to her brother-in-law; 'she is too much fatigued to write to you. Do you not know how emotions of every kind make her ill? Announce your return at least two days before, so as to avoid surprises.

'What have you been telling her of your experiments?' The paper is torn here. We may guess the sequel.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Thursday, August 12.

'I must remind you that he who loves you has still three days of absence from you—three long days.

'Instead of the letter I hoped for, I received one from my good sister Élise, who tries to quiet the fears your silence might cause me. But she says so much upon the necessity of trying to hide from those we love all that can render them uneasy, that I know not if I may trust what Élise tells me of your health. If I related my accident to you, it was not till I could tell you that nothing remained of it but a slight burn on the left hand. Could that have agitated you? I am in a continual state of apprehension on your account. I dare not rely on any one telling me the truth; and I therefore never

feel calm when they hush my fears. This day the little one was born who links our two lives together; tell him to embrace his mother for his papa. How I wanted one single word from your hand. O, if you were really worse. Ah! I object to Élise's opinion that everything should be hidden from those we love. This fear will torment me till Sunday.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(We here find the precise date of J.-J. Ampère's birth. He was two years old on the 12th of August, 1802.

The holidays had arrived, and André spent two months with his wife and child, generally at Saint-Romain and Polémieux, when he was not giving mathematical lessons at Lyons.

The country air and the presence of her husband seem to bring some alleviation to Julie's sufferings; but the Lyceums were not organized.

A fresh separation is again imposed on these two beings who live for each other, and whose courageous energy would be doubled were they but united.

At this time M. Clerc sent his colleague a sketch of the position reserved for the professors of the School of the Ain department. The picture is not one to reanimate the hopes of the young couple.)

From M. Clerc to André Ampère.

'Bourg, 9 Brumaire.

'We are ruined, my dear friend! You know as well as I do the resolution of the consuls with regard to the central schools of the Lyons district.

'I announce two more days of domestic happiness for you. Our return is not to take place before the 17th. It will be sad, quiet, and gloomy, and without the presence of any of the established authorities.

'I do not know how we can teach till Germinal, since, on the reception of the consuls' resolution, the préfet will have to put seals on the library, the study, and other places.

'The town of Bourg is going to organize its secondary school in such a manner that it will spring into life at the moment we leave the other. It is hard to have to depend on the government, but it will be much more so to be under the domination of a small town. Could we not form at Lyons some establishment which would render us both independent? Think of it, for there is but little for us to do at Bourg. Five or six hundred francs; such will be the salary of the professors in the future college, if even this is secured to them.

'M. Goubaud is still in Paris. They do not even know if he will return, being acquainted with all

these consular arrangements. We saw the préfet yesterday, and he told us that the government had not yet granted money for the lessons of the year XI., so that it had only sent half the salary of the last Fructidor. The préfet will give nothing towards the expenses of the projected school at Bourg; the town will be charged with everything.

'We shall have very few pupils this year: the non-residents at Bourg will not send their children for four months.

'I have just finished my translation of the *Courbes du troisième ordre.* Be so kind as to ask M. Périsse, or any other publisher, if he will undertake to print it, and on what conditions he will do so.

'My respects to your amiable wife. Your friend,

'CLERC.'

(In the month of November 1802, André returned to settle at Bourg for the second time. The letter he addressed to his wife on returning to the School of the Ain begins thus:)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg.

'It will soon be thirty-six hours since I left you.

'I did not bid Élise good bye aloud, because I did not wish you to know that I was going away for good; but I said to her in a low voice, Adieu,

my dear and good sister, may you be happy in rendering my Julie happy.

'M. de Rohan had spread a report in the town that I should not return, being sure of my appointment to the Lyceum.

'I have only had a meal and one night at the college. The wind had broken the window of my room in the autumn, and the north-east wind finished it. My papers and books were covered with three fingers' breadth of snow; I have shaken it all away, and arranged as best I could.

'At M. Dupras' my fire is lighted at six o'clock, so I warm myself as I dress. I shall have only my washerwoman to pay, and a Christmas-box to the girl. All the rest of my salary will go to Lyons.

'I had for breakfast this morning a bowl of café au lait, in which the sugar was not sparingly given. I am lodged and fed *en prince*; everything that regards my physical life is as good as it can be, but my heart is void: my eyes look in vain for my wife and son.

'Monday evening.

'I gave my first lesson at four o'clock; there were few present. Those who attended my lectures last year having received no notice of it, I shall repeat an abridgment to-morrow of what I said to-day. After all, what does it matter to me? Everything becomes indifferent to me when I think that my poor little wife is ill, and that I must not only

renounce the happiness of seeing her here, but even that of thinking that she is happy and not suffering.'

From André to Élise.

'Bourg.

'I have not forgotten that I owe many thanks to my sister for her nice letters. It is a debt of which I am glad to acquit myself; for besides the pleasure of writing to her, I have that of hoping that she will send me an answer! I promised Julie to tell you of my journey, dear Élise. My mother, who must be at Lyons, has assuredly told you of the surprising crowd that drove me from the diligence, on which it seems that I only found a place in order to sustain the honour of the French nation, for I had to remove from the roof an enormous parcel, which a young German woman had tried in vain to carry, saying to those who had elbowed her in the throng: "Man muss wirthschaften" . . . &c. After having left Polémieux, I passed near the little white house, all the surroundings of which are peopled to me with the sweetest remembrances. I was some time at Trévoux, waiting for an opportunity to get on to Châtillon; and at last I found a cart which took me to a village called Ambérieux, from whence I had still two good leagues and a half to go on foot before reaching my journey's end. I was in the cart from one o'clock till four, for the road to Ambérieux winds a great deal between Trévoux

and Châtillon. I was seated on a sack of straw, between the two uprights, my back turned to the Rosinante who was taking me this triumphal march, made backwards.

'I left Châtillon the next morning at a quarter past six. M. Valensot, who had been spending the holidays at Chamus, overtook me half way from Bourg. We made the rest of the journey together.

'I await a line from my dear Élise with the utmost impatience. Julie wrote to me that she was growing a little stronger, and that she had been out walking at Bellecour, but I should like you to confirm this good news. I say, like the little kid in La Fontaine, "Two securities are better than one." Moreover, you have promised to tell me the truth, and I rely upon it. In hopes of your letter, for which I thank you beforehand in order to make more sure of it, I embrace you cordially, and beg you to kiss Julie and my little one for me. Will you decline my commission? Adieu till Whitsuntide.

'ANDRÉ.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Tuesday.

'My love, everyone is impatiently awaiting tidings of you, and that causes pleasure to your wife. Your health was drunk in white wine. Your mother is sad at your departure, and charges me to send you many expressions of her love.

'My sister, cousin, and aunt came on Sunday; but as they seemed to fear the cow-pox, I did not venture to keep them. Your boy's arms are beginning to be inflamed. The little one is as charming as ever; he amuses himself with singing *as splendidly as you do*: it vexes me to find that he cannot follow an air. But I allow him to resemble his father in this, provided he has as good a heart, that he knows as well how to love, and that he thinks little of himself and much of others. It is true that you think more of your wife than of all the world. I should like my son not to love his quite so exclusively, for then his mother would be a little neglected. Do not forget to write to yours.'

'Wednesday.

'M. Philippe received me with the utmost civility, assuring me that I was not to press you to pay, as he could wait without inconvenience. M. Coste has promised to send me to-morrow a form of receipt. I should be glad that these 2,350 francs were out of his hands; what shall we do about it? If I could put a thousand crowns out at interest and pay the rent, I should be satisfied; but how is it to be done? I have only seven louis and a half; I owe for some shoes for you and other things which amount at least to forty-eight francs; moreover I want to make a present to your sister of a sarcenet dress.

Take care of your clothes, so as not to require to buy others.

'I am writing to you in the midst of children and conversation, the latter turns upon friendship. They are asserting that there is no such thing as a true friend. I have one, have I not?

'Adieu, adieu; the noise is increasing; they are now talking of deformed people; I am making blots, but I embrace you heartily.

'Your JULIE.'

(The height of Julie's ambition would be to invest a thousand crowns; how is it possible, after the account we have before us of necessary requirements?

This sum of 2,350 francs, accruing from a debt paid by André's mother to her son upon the Polémieux property, is absolutely all that the young couple possessed at this moment.

It is in vain to repeat that in 1802 money was of more value than in 1869. We cannot conceal from ourselves that it was a position bordering on one of extreme want; and nevertheless Julie is wishing to give a present to her sister-in-law, and we find her writing: 'Ah, but for my health, we should be too happy!')

From Madame Ampère, widow, to André.

'I confess to you, my dear son, that I have not had courage to write to you sooner; this separation has been so painful to me that for several days I have scarcely known whether I was alive. Alone in the world, I have felt myself isolated, shut up among my mountains; I could scarcely explain my condition to you. The death of your uncle added to all this, and revived all my sorrows. I have recovered a little since I heard you were well and made much of, that you had your breakfast prepared for you, and that, in short, Providence wills you where you are. We must cherish the hope of meeting again, for the distance is not so great.

'I rely upon your wife managing De Guérin's affair with M. Coste. I am inconvenienced just now, but I must wait.

'How much I pity you, my dear son, in being separated from your Julie; but from her weak state of health I shall see her go with uneasiness. Who could take care of her with you? You could not do it yourself, your work would prevent it, and her family would be uneasy, knowing she would be too much alone. Your wife would be quickly reconciled to any place, if she were not so delicate; but in her condition, any ennui would have its influence upon her health. I grieve you, my poor Ampère, but

it is the tender affection I feel for you both which prevents me from desiring your reunion.

'Adieu, think of us often. Never forget your first mother who has protected you more than once, and who prays for you to the best of her ability. You know how much your aunt and sisters regret you.

'AMPÈRE, widow.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Monday, 29.

'My love, this is the evening before my birthday, and I have received the most charming bouquet imaginable. How good you are, my dear Julie, to send me such a sweet letter instead of reproaching me, as the ladies of this place unceasingly do their husbands, for not loving them enough!

'You tell me to remain in the house where I am. I do not see why there should be any change: I give at least three hours and a half daily of lessons to their pupils; after that, three private lessons in geometry and mathematics; then my public lectures from four to six o'clock, the preparation for which occupies much time; over and above all this, is the most absorbing work of all, namely, the correction of the work of sixteen pupils in arithmetic; my whole evening is engaged in it. If I can but put these young men at once into algebra, I defy them to bring me so much work to look over.

'I do not burn my things at all, and I never perform any chemical experiments but in my small-clothes, my grey coat, and my green velvet waistcoat.

'The sister of the great mathematician Prony has married a Bourg gentleman, who attended my lectures and has shown me much kindness. I asked him, before I went to Lyons, to give me a letter of introduction to Prony; I enclose it. If M. de Jussieu hears of this, will it not seem to him as if I had not regarded his protection as sufficient?

'I have received seven louis for the preceding month, twelve francs which were due from the one before, and twenty-seven francs from the contribution of the pupils of the Central School. I may possibly be able to add to this the money from M. Blanchard, who owes me twenty-one francs. In this case, you would receive nine louis, for provided that I keep ten or twelve francs to meet unforeseen expenses, it is all that I require.

'I long for Christmas.

'My charming wife, love me, for I live but for you; kiss the little one.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(In reckoning up the list of occupations which filled up André's days, one is inclined to ask how the courageous young man found time to think over his dis-

coveries, to arrange his manuscripts, to correct his proofs, and to keep up his conjugal correspondence.

'Ten or twelve francs to meet unforeseen expenses, is all that I require,' he writes. When Julie is the sharer, his heart is as ingenious as his brain.)

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'My love, no one at Bourg feels as you do; you are alone and can only think of those who love you, whilst here I have the consolation of finding many friends who regret my husband's absence, and talk to me of him.

'Here I am with Mamma at the Griffon. I am comfortable, but you are not so. Can we remain long thus?

'Our child is well, very well, he is the greatest of all our blessings; without this one, what should we do with others? I give my mother three louis a month: she receives as money all the provisions I can furnish; she has been to M. Peletin to take him four louis, telling him that if he did not accept it I should be vexed. 'Well, let us divide it, so as not to annoy her,' he answered. I admire his delicacy: two louis are nothing for him; he has paid more than sixty-five visits.

'The little one dreams of you; one feels that he loves you with all his small strength. Yesterday he was dreaming of his papa: he saw him, he said,

bringing him a cart with grey horses, and he cried, on waking, to see it all disappear. Adieu,

'JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Sunday.

'I read this morning the rules for the organisation of the Lyceums. There will be a class of advanced mathematics, which cannot be well directed by any of those whom I know are presenting themselves as candidates with me. Unfortunately it will be better paid than the others, and so perhaps candidates may come from Paris. I am polishing up my mathematics as far as I can, by the help of books which I have bought here. I have been working at them since six o'clock, but having been to mass at ten, my occupations are thrown behindhand, and I have not been able to return to them. By some unpardonable negligence, I forgot to send a letter written a week ago, and addressed to Polémieux. I had promised my mother many details as to my position here; time has failed me; I hope you will have made amends for my silence.

'So my poor little one dreams that his papa is making him pretty presents, whilst he can only send him kisses. Give him many from me; I will return them at Christmas, with as much interest as you like.

'Madame Olivier, who superintends the linen of the house, has taken mine also. It is another

little piece of economy which is not to be despised. It is all the more convenient just now, as I shall have no money in hand till I receive something from Government, and they are in no hurry.

'AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Friday.

'I have to bestir myself, and to agitate myself to obtain a letter to Polémieux, for which I have asked ever since you left, and which the man of business has never thought of sending sooner, which, I may say by the way, is inexcusable. But to return to the matter; you write to your mother, "I suppose Julie has given you all the details of my position, and has told you all the affair with Guérin," etc. etc., and I, my dear husband, know well that Julie, with her good-for-nothing health, her removal, her rare intercourse with Polémieux, her little one to take care of, and her commissions to execute, has not a spare moment, and when she writes to you, it is just because you are the husband she loves, that she finds time to do so. In truth, the days are too short.

'The postage of your letter cost eight sous; that of M. Bencot twelve. I thought you did it in a fit of absence, but since you are sorry for it, it is well, otherwise you would ruin me, and I hasten to tell you I do not wish to be ruined. You have aroused my fears by confessing in an indifferent manner that

you are not too well off for money; have you not already desired to have back again what you sent me? I am very glad that I have been cunning enough to suspect it, for I shall now tell you always that I have no more, and you will have to believe it; but I am amusing myself with writing nonsense. I am in a hurry to send off the letter to your mother, adding something myself to it, so that she may not remain persuaded, any more than her son, that I spend my life in laughing, singing, thinking of my toilette, and being admired in the brilliant parties to which I go, and where I am to be found unceasingly; so I shall leave you for this evening, you deserve it thoroughly, though I embrace you with all my heart.'

'Saturday morning.

If you were to guess to-day what is passing in my heart, you would see that I love you as my best of friends, as the one from whom I look for the greatest share of my happiness, the father of my son, him whom I have voluntarily chosen as my companion through good and evil fortune.

'Adieu; your little one tells me that I am to say to you, "I love my papa dearly, if you please." Adieu.

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Tuesday.

'Thank you for your pretty letter; Madame de Sévigné never wrote any more charming; but you have been cunning in vain, I shall find means for scraping together something to give Christmas boxes to everybody. When I receive the 2,350 francs, I shall be able to do as I please, and then moreover I shall look for my fees also. I have dipped into my twelve francs for the postage of a letter from Derion, which will please you; I enclose it; you will see from it that I shall be appointed to the Lyceum.

'If you knew how far my competitors are from what I have imagined! How many things I have discovered on the matter, in talking with M. Clerc about M. Roux, and in sounding him without his guessing my object!

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(Our loving husband goes rather far when he compares his wife's style with that of Madame de Sévigné; but it is true that Julie's heart finds occasionally expressions of incomparable grace.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Thursday evening.

'How can I explain to you, my Julie, the annoyance I have experienced to-day? You know how

often you have urged me to read over my work; I have never had the time. Ah well! an error has escaped me in the calculation at pages eighteen and nineteen. I have just received a letter from Lacroix and Laplace; the former offers me the thanks of the Institute; the latter, in a postscript added to Lacroix's letter, praises my work, but severely criticises this fault, in a manner which makes me fear that he attributes it to my false manner of reasoning, rather than to absence of mind.

'I confess I have twice repeated the error, because I recopied a false result without verifying it. On reading this postscript, I felt as if I was reading my condemnation. I saw my post at the Lyceum and my reputation lost; but I reassure myself, feeling that the error in no wise affects the rest of the work, and that I can repair it all by writing at once a letter to M. Laplace, in which I will thank him for having examined my treatise, and corrected the error, which I will freely acknowledge, excusing myself, if possible, on the plea of the little time I had for composing and correcting my work, which was printed at Lyons whilst I was at Bourg, busily engaged in a course of lectures on physics; and then, whatever it may cost, and unfortunately it will cost me money, Messrs. Périsse will consent to reprint a leaf, that is to say, they will insert it in each copy in place of that containing the error. My reputation, my fortune depend on it; if I cannot

show my work corrected, it will everywhere be believed that it is devoid of common sense, and this on account of one single bit of carelessness, for the error appears rectified further on, in the solution of the problem following the one in which I have committed it; and M. Laplace had only to compare the erroneous passage with that in which I have given the true result to discover this fact.

'How much this letter will grieve you, my dear wife! but how could I hide it all from you? How could I repair the mischief without you? you will feel that despatch is necessary. I *must* be able to send corrected copies to the Institute, before Messrs. Delambre and Villars have completed the organisation of the Lyons Lyceum. I send you the letter I received this morning; you will see that Laplace has read through the work, and has only found this one error in it. He approves of all the rest, which leaves my theory complete.

'My Julie, I console myself with thinking that I am no less the object of your love—notwithstanding my mistakes.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

'I have made a reckoning of my receipts and expenses, which only differ by fourteen sous from the twelve francs which remained to me. I will enclose it in this letter, for it seemed to me a matter to be rather proud of.'

(In spite of his mischance, André had reason to be proud of the exactitude of his accounts; his efforts in this way were not always to be crowned with similar success.

In 1829, when the great mathematician, having shown premonitory symptoms of an affection of the larynx, was travelling to Hyères in order to seek rest and sunshine, seated in the back seat of a carriage by the side of his son, who was accompanying him, he volunteered to pay the postilions. At the gates of Avignon, already in a southern land, where the popular language is coloured and emphasised by strong epithets, André Ampère endeavoured to calculate the expenses of the journey; but absence of mind on one side, and impatience on the other, incessantly perplexed him in his reckonings.

The matter was at last settled at the will of the Avignon driver, who received his drink money, and said with an air of proud disdain: 'He's a queer fellow (*mâtin*), but not a bad one! Where did he learn to *carcalate*, I wonder?'

'Filled with the admiration with which my father's genius inspired me,' said our friend, as he recalled the fact, 'I was listening to his remarks on the classification of human sciences, when this incident interrupted us.')

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'Being worn out with pain in my chest, I sent for M. Peletin, who has ordered me to keep my bed. Accordingly, I was not very strong to bear bad news. I have given your letter to my cousins. I have no doubt they will accede to the necessary alteration; but I am afraid it will not be completed till it is too late. I leave it all in the hands of Providence, for illness makes me fit for nothing. The doctor assures me that I have only a cold, but that it must be taken care of to prevent its becoming inflammation of the lungs. He makes me take wood-lice and parsley root, infused in chicken broth.

'The first of Germinal will be more salutary to me than all the remedies prescribed, if you are appointed to the Lyceum.

'Ballanche is not come; perhaps he knows something of the examiners. Do not be uneasy; study your mathematics quietly. Adieu.

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Friday.

'What a weight does the short sojourn I have made at Lyons leave on my heart! I feel you are not happy! You have to keep all your thoughts and suf-

ferings to yourself. For some time I was the one in whom you had most confidence. Is it still thus? My Julie, I would make any sacrifice in the world to find myself again possessor of your whole heart. I promise you to become better, so that you may love me more. All my lessons have again resumed their course. If I have gained some sweet remembrances, I have lost the hope of seeing you soon.

'I must now carry my longings forward to a future, six weeks distant. How are you after having been aroused in the middle of the night? Perhaps you were not able to go to sleep again. Perhaps you were thoroughly fatigued yesterday; and, even now, who knows if you are not obliged to remain lying down, whilst I, after having slept well, have just breakfasted by the side of a good fire! I tremble in giving you commissions, however necessary they may be.

'Saturday morning.

'My love, you have surely found my purse which I left in my blue coat. I beg you to send Marie as soon as you can to the diligence office, on the St. Vincent quay. She is to give M. Meyrel forty sous for my place, which I have not paid for. You see I should have placed myself in perplexity had I missed the courier. They told me, on arriving at Chatillon, that he had just started. I ran as fast as I could, and as there is a steep ascent on the Bourg side, and this

ascent slackened the horses' speed, I was able to reach him. I arrived at a quarter to eight, little tired, for the weather had been superb, and the road tolerably good. . . I hope the little one will be able to go out. And poor Élise, what is becoming of her with her gloomy ideas? Is she still moody, vexing you, and causing her own unhappiness?

'My good Julie, all the worries come upon you at once; your aunt ill, anxieties of every kind. Ah! how I feel your troubles, and how I hate myself for not being able to ease them! At any rate I work, and what I gain will be useful to you. The poor little one gives you pleasure sometimes. I am sure that now, when he sees you sad, he will put out his little hands to embrace his mamma. This is your sole happiness. You will have others. I shall be appointed to the Lyceum; that is the future prospect which I wish you to think of; that is the idea which helps me to wait patiently for the happy moment; but you, you have not like me remembrances of enjoyment to counteract the troubles that pursue you. You suffer without the compensation of any enjoyment, and the pain you have experienced keeps you in continual dread of its return. My Julie, my benefactress, for this is the name I love to give you, your days will not always flow on thus; you will be happy, oh, very happy!

'I must leave off, my dear wife, in order to think over my lesson for to-morrow morning. I sat up

[redacted], which I do not often do; but how could [redacted] slept before having told you all that I had in [redacted]heart. Adieu, you know how I love you.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'My dear husband, you are eager to hear from your wife, and your wife was no less eager to receive tidings of you. I heard five o'clock strike after you left; then I slept a little, and was quite surprised on waking not to have you any longer by my side. . . . How did you manage the journey without a sou upon you, unless you met some one you knew in the diligence?

. .

'Our poor Élise is best with mamma; for myself, I have done seriously amiss, and I shall keep quiet until I feel that my advances will not be rejected.

. . . . . .

'My leg causes me but little pain, but it is so weak that I cannot rest upon it. My chest is better.

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Saturday evening.

'I went to-day to beg the préfet to grant the money for the course of lectures. On making up the

amount with M. l'Ecuyer, I found that the h[illegible] francs allowed at the beginning were spent, and [illegible] besides, so that another hundred were neces[illegible] to enable us to continue the experiments. I hop[illegible] the préfet will give them, if not I shall be very sorry to have bought so many glass utensils. If the pupils were obliged to furnish this money, they would have reason to think that I had not sufficiently husbanded their purse. I hope to receive the money to-morrow, although the préfet, instead of promising it, amused himself by jesting and telling me that he would think it over *with his wife.*

'Meanwhile, I shall make no experiments, but employ myself in preparing for my lectures on physics.

'Algebraical lessons seem to me far more agreeable than those on chemistry, and I hope on the suppression of the central schools, to have nothing to do with the latter. Now that chemistry is losing the charm of novelty to me, I am better aware that this science is really vexatious to one who wishes to teach it as it ought to be taught. The expenses in which he is involved, the preparation of experiments, and the occasional annoyance of seeing them fail, all this is rather disgusting.

'What you tell me of little Jenny Carron has grieved me. You know what we used to say, as to the probability of her one day forming Jean-Jacques' happiness. It seems to me, that this mis-

fortune, should it occur, would be like a sad presage, and that this poor child would be destined to lose the object of his love, before the realization of his happiness. May God preserve him from it!

'Monday.

'I received, this morning, the hundred francs from the préfet.

'Now for another piece of news. It is said that the Moulins examiners are at Lyons. You feel of what importance this is to me. If this *on dit* be true, I shall start immediately to present myself before them, and you may expect any day to see me arrive. What happiness! I shall spend next week, perhaps, near my benefactress.

'It is rumoured that M. Roux will be provisor; another fortunate circumstance. I embrace you joyfully.

'A. AMPÈRE.

(The jesting of M. le Préfet seems to me in rather bad taste; he is amused at the naïve importance attached by the young professor to the success of his modest request, without perceiving that, beneath the timid eagerness and awkwardness of the suppliant, there lurked the interest of a superior order of mind, the scientific attraction of following out his experiments, and the instruction of his pupils.

The highest functionary of the town of Bourg would have been more excusable, had he, like ourselves, not been able to repress a smile at André's reflections on the subject of the marriage of J.-Jacques, then two years and a half old.)

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Thursday.

'My love, Marsil has sent ten of your pamphlets, with as many letters, to the different booksellers' establishments at Paris.

'Ballanche has not come, perhaps he knows something of the examiners! Tell me also M. Clerc's hopes.

'Your last letter made me feel all the pleasure we experience in reading a heart that loves us. There is no one but you, I assure you, to whom I say everything; I should have no secrets from mamma, but many things would only trouble her.

'Élise is good and excellent, but unfortunately she believes me beneath her in feeling; this rather destroys our intimacy. My love, we are made for each other; if I were well we should be too happy!

'You imagine you have sent me thirty-eight louis since the holidays; I have reckoned everything, and you have given me fifty-four louis and sixteen francs.

'I did not expect to see you so well paid. I should spend your money gladly, could I but be like

any other wife, enjoying with you and our child all the small pleasures which bad health embitters. Oh, yes! it is very sad to be always an object of anxiety to my belongings, and to you, my poor husband, who see me suffering, weary, and sometimes unjust. God wills it, I must submit. Yes, I should have been too happy, had he left me my strength: a good husband, a delightful child, the best of mothers, beloved and cherished by a whole family; would it not have been too much happiness? I feel it, for, in spite of my condition, I am more attached to life than ever. It is because I love you more, and my little one also, and because I am sure that both of you have need of me for your own happiness! But let us change the subject, this one saddens me; you will feel your own heart ache like mine in reading my words.

'Do not forget to thank De Gérando; his letter to the examiners was that of a friend.

'Your JULIE.'

(These few lines addressed to Élise, show us that the storms which arose between the two sisters always ended with redoubled affection:)

'My dear good Élise,' writes Julie, 'on coming home I found my cousin Lainé, and your letter, which was not given to me, but I guessed it was there and asked for it. Could I doubt your heart, which knows so truly how to love? Ah! you must always

remember that your sister is your best friend! that nothing, nothing will change her; that if she has a bad way of showing her affection for you, she feels it none the less; and that your happiness and hers are inseparable from each other.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Sunday.

'My dear wife, I received your letter this morning with that from Marsil; what kindness on his part! All is going well now; it is a great happiness that I have corrected these four pages, which were the most careless part of the work, though one of the most important; it has now received the most attention.

'But how uneasy I am at your condition. I must indeed be, nailed as I am here, not to go and see you for one day at least. My poor Julie, my benefactress, I reproach myself for having written things which have worried you. Thanks to Messrs. Périsse, my stupidity will lead to no evil consequences; perhaps, on the contrary, all this may induce M. Laplace to pay more attention to me.

'I should like to be as certain that your health would be perfectly established by the 1st Germinal, as I am sure of being appointed to the Lyons Lyceum. Meanwhile, I have begun a new work, for it is the time for study when I am far from you. Should it

never come to anything, I am always in possession of the information acquired in preparing it.

'How your letter grieved me, my poor little one! your husband and child do indeed cherish your life; you well know that you are everything to them.

'The fine weather inspires me with the temptation to indulge myself with a great happiness: what can hinder me from going on Sunday to Lyons, and returning on Wednesday? I should then only allow my pupils to omit the two lessons of the "*jours gras*," during which they study but little. The examiners will not, I hope, come just at that moment; but this project depends on so many circumstances, that I scarcely dare to indulge the idea of it.

'Ah, how precious your letters are to me! When will the happy time come, when I shall have no more need of them?

'I feel my heart oppressed with a sadness which has at least this good in it, that it disposes me to prayer. I have thought, ever since I left you, of what you expect of me; you do not know how much this, in the present condition of my mind, demands reflection.

'I am, moreover, fully determined to do it; but how much it costs me not to be able to communicate all my thoughts to you. This is not a subject to write upon by letter.'

'Monday evening.

'You tell me to reflect. I do so only too much; my mind is no longer free for anything, I can scarcely work.

'I look upon this step as of the utmost importance. Can I take it at random, and live afterwards as if I had not done so? I grieve to have disturbed your peace of mind, by having spoken of it so soon. If I were sure that you would love me some day as you once did I should be calm, and I should at least be able to work comfortably.

'You will agree that it would be very foolish to give my confidence for once to a person whom I shall never see again, especially when I meet no one who inspires me with a desire to do so.

'Will you ever kiss me again as you did on my arrival at Lyons? You will take me for a fool, thus to turn from one thing to another; but my pen obeys a mind tormented by agitated feelings. My Julie, my Julie, are you now thinking of me?

'I am resolved to do what you wish, but this can decidedly only be when I am at Lyons.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Tuesday.

'You tell me, my husband, that you are inclined to do all I hope from you. If my prayers are heard

this will cause you as much pleasure as I shall myself experience, in finding you again such as I have always known you. You are afraid, you add, that I doubt your tender affection. I have a feeling within me which assures me that your Julie will be always dear to you, that nothing can ever make you forget the moments which you used to regard as the height of felicity; I mean those in which, linked by perfect confidence, we read each other's hearts. Yes, my husband, these were the brief moments of my happiness. I shared them with you, and I felt them, perhaps, with even greater enjoyment. Why imagine that they will never return? It is true that discussions on various subjects, and the difficulty of persuading you to share my opinion, all this absorbs time and thoughts and prevents intimate communication. But, my dear husband, we shall not always, I hope, be in so difficult a position; your mind also will be less agitated; you will become thoroughly reasonable as years increase and your child grows older, for you will have to set him an example, and he will question you on your opinions. In order to explain them to him clearly, you will have to be well convinced of them yourself. I see all this in the future; I see myself living peaceably with you both—with my two sons, as I regard you both, for suffering has made me old, and left me leisure to indulge reflections which have matured my reason. Thus, though our ages are so similar,

you must fancy that your wife is ten years older than you are. This may be taken in every sense, for freshness, activity, gaiety, all the grace of youth has disappeared; my heart is the same, it will love you always, and that is enough for you, is it not, my good André? I embrace you at the thought, and you return it, I am sure.

'I feel that we are one on the matter.

'I went yesterday to our parish church, that is to say, to the church where we appeared before the municipality. I had not been there since, and it brought many things back to my mind. I prayed to God that we may always be as united as we have been up to the present day.

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Sunday.

'How necessary to my peace of mind was the letter I have just received! Those delightful moments which you so well depict, will return. All that you say with regard to the manner of bringing up my son is true, but I shall have time to put my ideas in order before then; and assuredly I shall not wait until I have to give him instructions on the subject, to follow them myself.

'Why do you say, my Julie, that your youth is past? Are you not possessed of all its charms? You only need better health, and I hope that this spring

will restore you, especially if we are able to be together in the country; this was the sweet dream I indulged in last year for the holidays; it is the one which I cherish now for next month. Shall I again be deceived? If it were so, you should go alone and far from me; I should console myself in thinking that you were breathing a good air, and that you could not revisit the little orchard, nor the garden shrubbery, nor the almond tree where you wept, nor many other places, without thinking of your husband. You will love me always: that is the line in your letter which has calmed me, though it drew from me many sweet tears.'

'Monday evening.

'I beg you to send me my new trousers, so that I can appear before Messrs. Delambre and Villars. I do not know what to do, my best clothes still smell of turpentine, and having wished to put on my small clothes to-day when I went to the *Société d'Émulation*, I saw the hole, which Barrat thought he had mended, getting larger than ever, and revealing a piece of another stuff which he had put underneath. I know you will fear my spoiling my good trousers; but I promise to send them back to you as clean as I receive them. I have had this morning seven louis from the government. As I have spent almost all that I had for the carriage of parcels, I shall keep one for myself, from which I send you

seven francs and ten sous for the books. This morning, at the *Société d'Émulation*, a brilliant meeting for the inspectors was arranged. M. le Préfet asked me twice if I should have nothing to read on mathematics. Some good ideas have occurred to me, upon which I shall vigorously set to work.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

(Another new work begun, in preparation for Messrs. Delambre and Villars. It is to be entitled: 'Mémoire sur l'application des formules du calcul des variations à la mécanique.')

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Easter.

'How sad it is, my Julie, that your health does not permit you to go to Polémieux in the finest season of the year! When I have a headache from fatiguing myself with revolving unpleasant ideas in twenty ways, I take a walk with one of your letters. I am immediately in the country, breathing the sweet air! the shrubs are covered with flowers, the meadows and roads are fresh and green! I passed between two hedges perfumed with Mahabel blossoms, which I should have liked you to have been able to enjoy also.

'Confess that the government was very right to give a little leisure time to poor professors in this

beautiful month, and that they have been very stupid to bind themselves to remain upon a vain hope.

'M. Luc will not continue his course of natural history till the end of April; this gives me pleasure: it seems to me that in going away he will restore liberty to me.

'I have written some detached portions of my work; but they are not yet arranged in order, though the whole plan of it is sketched out.

'All my thoughts are absorbed in these calculations, but love for Julie is never absent from my heart.

'I send you six louis by Pochon; I keep one, because I do not know whether I may not require it; the nine francs which I had in my possession are already diminishing rapidly.

'Here is Ballanche's book at last; he has reason to be very angry with me for having brought it here and kept it so long. I advise you, however, you and Élise both, not to return it till you have read it, especially as you could do so in two or three days.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'My love, what have you been doing while away from me during these holidays? Of course you have

been working at your mathematics, or arranging your study, so as to be able to return if your nomination arrived. But the longer I wait, the more I fear; I would give something if you had it in your portfolio. Apropos of portfolio, do not leave at Bourg your definitive resignation nor the other papers of the same kind. They are most valuable, since they secure our tranquillity. I sent your letter to Derion the other day; I had not opened it, which I am sorry for; for I might perhaps have added a copy of your work, which we need not be sparing of, since it does not sell.

'I have seen M. Coupier, he has recently come from Claizerôlle; he scarcely knew of the suppression of the central schools.

'My strength returns but slowly; nevertheless I am a little more courageous, and I go upstairs without such difficulty; my limbs also are less trembling.

'Unfortunately I cannot yet go into the country; you will perhaps be here to make this long-desired journey with me!

'I send you everything you can require, to be well-dressed. I beg you not to unsew the lining of the sleeves of your coat. Be careful to keep your cravats clean, to have good boots, and take care of your trousers, waistcoat, and stockings. Adieu, *mon fils*. I am tired, and I love you.

'Your JULIE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg.

'My love,—I have not had a moment of leisure since Saturday. I will tell you all that has happened. Messrs. Delambre and Villars arrived at four o'clock on Saturday. M. Clerc came to tell me that all the professors would go in a body at six o'clock. We did not arrive till seven, and, seeing them ready to go to dinner, we did not even sit down. I received some expressions of civility, and so did M. Clerc. M. Villars followed me to take me by the hand. On Sunday, I wrote the continuation of my treatise, and arranged my study and laboratory. Messrs. Dupras and Olivier were told that their establishment would be visited on the following Monday. The examination of the pupils took place yesterday and to-day.

'I paid a second visit to these gentlemen on Monday morning at nine o'clock. I left them at ten. I met with a most flattering reception. One of them told me that if there were machines in my Bourg apartment which might be useful to me in the Lyons Lyceum, I had only to give in a list of them.

'My pupils have not answered badly in mathematics, but they had had too few lessons to be very strong. They have done extremely well in all other matters. The inspectors, who were delighted, after having testified their satisfaction in a thousand ways,

ended by telling Messrs. Dupras and Olivier that they had not yet met with an establishment which came up to theirs.

'I have talked to-day for a good half-hour with M. Delambre, and nearly as long with M. Villars. Judge how happy I am to see myself sure of the Lyceum.

'My work does not sell; we knew beforehand that it would be so. Those who are in a position to understand it are too learned to imagine that I could teach them anything; so that some look at the work as too much above them, and others find the author too far beneath them, and so no one buys it.

'I am uneasy about you. M. Peletin told me that he did not doubt your pain would soon abate. Consult him again. Tuesday fortnight is the 1st of Germinal. Will this long-looked-for period bring me to you? Shall I see you recovered?

'There is nothing new with regard to the closing of the central schools. No one here doubts but that the course will finish on the 1st of Germinal. If I am appointed to the Lyceum, I shall be very glad to have some time before me for brushing up my astronomy and other matters which I shall have to teach when I leave this place.

'The happiness of being with you is worth more than any salary.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Saturday.

'M. Delambre, who paid his visit to the college with M. Villars, said to me, "All that I see of you confirms the idea I had conceived of you. I am going to Paris to take the list of my observations with regard to the candidates who have presented themselves. Your post is at Lyons. The government has never yet changed anything I have done. It will certainly not begin to do so in your case; moreover, I shall be there, and I shall attend to it."

'M. Delambre never alters what he has said; my appointment is therefore beyond all doubt.

'Shall I remain at Bourg to gain sixty francs a month, and without knowing whether these Messrs. Dupras and Olivier care to retain me? They engaged me to give lessons until the examination, which has just taken place. What would my presence profit them now? They always show me the same friendship, the same consideration; but ought I to wait, before sending in my resignation for their expressed desire that I should leave? Is it not better to anticipate such a time?

'It will be necessary for me to return to Lyons, in order that I may finish the work I promised M. Delambre. I shall lose all income for two or three months, but I have now 336 francs to receive. We should live upon this till I have the Lyceum. These

gentlemen have told me that my post will bring me in more than a hundred louis from the first year, and more still afterwards, without reckoning the apartment free.

'So for two months I shall be gaining nothing; for, far from endeavouring to take pupils, I must only think of preparing for my course and working, so that I may obtain a reputation which will some day secure me a brilliant fortune. M. Delambre began by being a tutor in private families. He is going to give up the general inspection of public education, and he will have an income of 14,000 francs for the posts which he holds.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons.

'My dear husband,—I find at the close of your letter a project which has caused me much reflection.

'Undoubtedly your hopes of the Lyceum seem to me well-founded, but you are not there yet! You know how I desire our union on the 1st Germinal; but we must still ever consult reason before pleasure.

'If there should be a delay of some months in the establishment of the Lyceum, what would you do here, for there is no possibility of your giving lessons at the Griffon, unless we all go away, and my health, no less than the weather, would not permit me to go to Saint-Germain before the end of April.

'You think that you could wait in the country for the Lyceum. It is not prudent; for if anyone else were after all appointed, what a sorry figure you would make, if you had to leave in order to go and hunt up pupils!

'How many things you would be unacquainted with, even if you were often to come to Lyons! You see I find more than one reason for advising you to act like the other professors.

'We shall not get into our apartment till midsummer. The Lyceum will meanwhile be established, and if you are not appointed, you will at once be able to give lessons without having an unsettled air. And then, we need all the money you can gain. What expenses we shall have in settling in our own home! You have at least sixty francs a month where you are with M. Dupras. My love, it is not interest which sways my judgment, but *necessity*. Such, my poor André, is the result of my reflections. I shall, however, be sure to be pleased at your determination, but let us think more of the little one than of ourselves.

'How happy I shall be to see you, if it be only for two or three days! I shall have strength to bear both the pleasure and the pain. I do not tell you how much I should have if the 1st of Germinal were to pass like any other day! You know how I long for it; to talk about it only is to increase your regrets. Adieu, my very dear Ampère. If you

remain where you are, it will be another sacrifice added to many others. You make for my sake all those which cost you most, and so my heart appreciates them, and is all the more endeared to you. Adieu, *mon fils*, my husband.

'Your JULIE.'

(Good André! he is dying at Bourg with impatience and anxiety; fancying himself sure of the Lyceum, he longs to quit everything and to go to Lyons. Near his Julie, fortune and reputation seem to him easy to be acquired. Obstacles vanish: he indulges in one last dream of a happy future, while his wife is losing her strength from day to day, though she keeps her courage, and imposes upon herself yet one more sacrifice in obedience to her judgment. She stops the natural and speedy departure of her husband; and, with that good sense which has often made her stoical, and that tender affection which renders every sacrifice familiar to her, she writes: 'You think that you could wait in the country for the Lyceum; it is not *prudent*. Let us think more of the little one than of ourselves.' And the poor declining creature, more than ever needing the presence and support of Ampère, debars herself from such a consolation, in order to obey the instincts of maternal prudence, and to prevent the moral position of the young professor from losing somewhat of the consideration with which she desires to see him regarded.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Wednesday.

'How I have wept, my Julie, as I read your last letter! I must indeed be the basest of men. What can I do to repair my fault?

'I had no head to write to you on the same day, so intoxicated was I with the success I had obtained. You seemed anxious as to what I should do during the three months that remain till the 1st of Messidor. You added that it would perhaps be necessary to live all that time away from you. This idea troubled my mind.

'As to the Lyceum, it is certain that I shall be appointed there. M. Delambre, speaking the day after the meeting of the Société d'Émulation, at which I had read my treatise, said that neither Laplace nor Lagrange would disown it.

'I have made a new discovery this morning, superior to those I have made hitherto—oh, yes! far above them; if it were to lead me to the end that I expect, my name would be immortalised.

'Once more forgive me; let me embrace you, in spite of the stupidity that renders me unworthy of such happiness.'

From Julie to André.

'Lyons, Monday.

'Let us talk about the Lyceum. You *will* be appointed, my dear husband; M. de Jussieu has written to M. Bernard that your work has been approved at Paris. If my letter vexed you, I hope you have forgiven me, and that your sojourn at Bourg will not be for long.

'What do you hear as to the closing of the schools?

'May the time come speedily when we shall be reunited! How thoroughly we will enjoy it!

'What pleasant evenings we shall pass together, having little games with our Ampère!

'I slept last night; I am more settled and in better spirits. In speaking to you of my health, what happiness it would be if I could soon change my usual phrase: *always the same, my husband.*

'François Delorme has been taken as a conscript; his whole family are in grief, and the poor boy has just left without their being able to gain permission to find a substitute.

'I have written, not being able to bestir myself, to try and be useful to him, but until now without success. 'JULIE.'

(François Delorme, in whose fate Julie takes such a lively interest, was a young servant belonging to

the dowager Mdme Ampère. Françoise, his fiancée, had been the nurse of the little Jean-Jacques from his infancy, ever since he had been taken to Polémieux.

Forty-six years later, the Delormes, then an old married couple, were still living under the roof of their former master; Jean-Jacques, whose charity neglected none, assisted these poor people as far as he was able. Apropos of them, we find an interesting letter, addressed in 1848 by M. Bolo, notary, to M. J.-J. Ampère, of the Académie Française.)

'Simonest, near Lyons, July 22, 1848.

'Sir,—I hastened to go to Polémieux, to see François Delorme and his wife. I read your letter to them, and when I arrived at the paragraph concerning themselves, they seemed to experience once more all the joy of their youth. When this burst of happiness had passed over, poor Françoise, having become more calm, said sadly to me: "Write to our excellent master, and tell him that I pray the good God for him, and that I ask Him to let me see him again before I die. He must not delay coming to visit his family nest, for there are none but us left to receive him."

'As she said these words, she wiped away with the corner of her apron some big tears which she could not restrain. These honest people live in one of the buildings connected with your parents'

house; it is there they spend their lives. They gain their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, working hard, but mingling their labour with sweet dreams when they indulge in thoughts of you.

'Whenever you have a few rare moments of liberty and leisure, tear yourself away from the labours of the mind, and come and spend them in this small domain which was once your cradle. It has been carefully preserved in its old scantiness of foliage, water, flowers, and fruits; and here, in this modest estate, now long deserted, and made bare by death—in these avenues, bordered by apple trees and edged with wild pinks, beneath the old stems, now devoid of sap, and upon the ill-kept gravel walks, you will love to trace the footsteps of your mother and of your father, of the old friends and the time-worn servants of the family. You will sit down in the vine-leaved arbour, where the illustrious André Ampère loved to rest, and where your sainted mother murmured in a low voice the prayers that you learned from her in your earliest infancy. You will experience again at this fireside, now desolate, the joy of the man as he enters life and the enthusiasm of youthful contemplation; in the midst of so many remembrances of the past, everything will excite your emotion as you wander through the abandoned dwelling, even the furniture of long ago, some old picture on a gilded stand, some piece of time-worn tapestry. . . .

'You will pause a moment before the enclosure; in front of the house covered with the ivy of years, and in the light of the setting sun, amid the buzzing of bees, you will see the lizards running over the old wall, and you will almost recognise in them the ancient tenants of the garden, who could, had they speech, talk to us of the days long gone by.

'François and the good Françoise will be there, ready to grasp your hand and to press it to their hearts!

'Allow me, I beg you, the happiness of accompanying you on such a day. I, too, am a child of Polémieux, for I was born on an adjacent slope of the mountain, at Saint-Rambert, in the Isle Barbe. The whole village came to listen to your letter; every one thanks you and tenders you his blessing.

'With every expression of admiration and respect,

'I am, Sir,

'BOLO, Notary.'

(This letter, found among several others almost at the end of the collection, adds another touching remembrance to those which have already moved us. With what a sad charm is the humble domain of Polémieux invested by its solitude, silence, and death, and its scanty water, foliage, and flowers!

Short, indeed, and deeply mourned, was the season of happiness, the sketch of which is now before us. In 1816, in the midst of his brilliant career,

André wrote to Ballanche: 'Oh! I ought never to have come to Paris! Why did I not remain all my life professor of chemistry at Bourg or at Lyons? I have never been happy but during that brief period. There, with her, I should have become a great man; but it is now too late!'

Ampère was wrong in writing this last line, for four years before he had already earned the homage which posterity owes him.

In 1812, at the Académie des Sciences, like a legislator who bequeaths a new law to posterity, he uttered these remarkable words:

'As many magnetic needles as there are letters of the alphabet, placed in motion by conductors made to communicate in order with the battery by the help of some mechanism, regulated at will, would produce a telegraphic correspondence able to surmount all distance, and would be far more rapid than speech or writing in transmitting ideas.'

Did the Academy comprehend at that time the magnificent gift which this man of genius then made to his fellow-creatures?

We will return to the last letters between André and Élise, for it is over: Julie is no longer able to write.

Painful circumstances and mutual self-devotion have for too long a time imposed the necessity of living apart, upon two beings thus unceasingly longing for reunion. After fifteen months of waiting,

the end approaches: their ardent wishes are on the point of accomplishment. But a stern Providence permitted their reunion only for a day, before they bid adieu on earth for ever.)

From André to Julie.

'Bourg, Friday.

'M. le Préfet has kept open the central school for a week in order to await the reply from the Minister of State, who is to decide whether it is to continue until the opening of the Lyons Lyceum. If Fourcroy says nothing, these eight days will be as lost. However, we have not refused, in the feeble hope of a favourable answer. As I wished to give my pamphlet myself to Delambre, I have asked permission to make a short journey to Lyons; I shall be with you Saturday or Sunday. I heard to-day that Delambre had said at a dinner at the Préfet's: "You are going to lose M. Ampère; he is a man of superior talent. He has sent a treatise to the Institute, and the unanimous opinion of the members of the mathematical section is, that this work could have been produced by none but a powerful mind."

"I repeat the phrase to you without modesty, word for word, just as I was told it.

'I am certain of the Lyceum, and my success ought to satisfy you. I am no longer troubled as to the future of my son, though I am somewhat anxious as to the manner in which we shall live until I gain

more. I know how necessary it is to economise money, and still more my time, which is my sole resource for acquiring a high reputation. You will regard all this as ridiculous fancies, but I assure you it is nothing of the kind; you will see if my auguries are false.

'It is no longer the uncertainty of succeeding that makes me anxious; it is the health of my wife. If I decide on presenting my manuscript through Ballanche, I shall be deprived of seeing you, but I shall save nine or ten francs. Still, I have a louis untouched in my cash-box, and it might be advantageous to give my manuscript myself. I am quite undecided.

'Thursday.

'Do not expect me, but I still hope to see you before Tuesday.'

(The central school did not close for another week. The prolongation was accepted by André, this time without murmuring. In spite of his hesitation, he decided on going himself to place his promptly finished work, *L'Application à la Mécanique des Formules des Variations*, in the hands of M. Delambre, who promised to present this second treatise to the Institute.

On returning to Bourg, he thus writes immediately:)

From André to Julie.

'My Julie—Is it possible that we have been so little together these three days! I preserve, notwithstanding a precious remembrance of your sweet confidences and of your projects. But one thought weighs on me: I saw you weeping the evening before I left. Who will tell me if you were able to sleep that night? Élise, my sister, give me tidings of Julie; without them, there will be neither peace nor rest for me even for these last few days.

'AMPÈRE.'

(We see that the poor husband's anxiety is at its height. Élise takes her pen and sends him bulletins, but with all her lively imagination she is little able to soften their bitterness.)

From Élise to André.

'Lyons, Monday morning.

'My good André,—I am about to fulfil my promise. It seems to me that she is a little stronger than she was yesterday; she has dined on some fish and a peach ice, which she appeared to enjoy. But the pain is ever there; it destroys her health, our own peace, and often our hopes. Oh God! what a blessing it would be if among all the plants the pro-

perties of which you know, there were one which could restore all that is amiss within her! What use is science, if there is none which can render health to Julie? Make all the enquiries you can; speak about her to the learned and to the ignorant; simple people have often remedies as simple as themselves, lights dispensed to them by God for their preservation. But, above all, do not mention Julie herself, for the idea that her malady is discussed is painful to her.'

'Monday evening.

'Julie appeared somewhat inclined to sleep. For her supper she has eaten a little white of egg, and she will take her soup in the night. M. Peletin called again; he orders trifles, such as an infusion of camomile. I followed him to the stairs to ask him if he did not think she was now strong enough to take some baths. He said she was not.

'You are stamping your foot, I am sure; it is just what I did when I left him. This doctor is perhaps losing precious time in not administering remedies, whilst the other, M. Petit, used only such as were too violent for her. Where are we to find one who will treat her better? I go to bed, but not to sleep, for I have a long train of gloomy ideas to beset me. Ah! why, why did I sacrifice my own happiness so far as to advise Julie's marriage? I admired myself then as I shed

tears; to me they were the triumph of reason, and I ought to have listened to feeling alone.

'Without her, without her tender affection, how would life be possible? But I forget that it is to her husband, to him who loves her so much, that I am saying these saddening things. Adieu; I hope to be less gloomy to-morrow.'

'Tuesday morning.

'I must tell you that Julie did not sleep very badly last night, in spite of the drum which was beaten to call the soldiers lodged in the district.

'The poor dear thing is quite brisk, and told me to write to you and say that she hopes to be able to do without your arm when you return. She will have some stewed lettuces for her dinner. I assure you that Julie is going on fairly. Be calm; you shall not want tidings; I pity you so much, being twelve leagues away from her. Burn my letters, especially this one; it is too sad to keep.

'Your good aunt has begged me to say a thousand things to you. How she loves you! what a heart she has, and what spirits! she has taken your place to-night by Julie's side.

'Adieu; your son sends you an embrace; do not trouble yourself to answer me; write to your wife.

'ÉLISE.'

'Tuesday evening.

'The afternoon passed like that of yesterday; a few visits diverted her; she is admirable in her sad and suffering condition. In her place, I should be grieving from morning till night, but the poor little thing has such resolution that she always hides her tears. I leave her room when I see her making an effort to conceal what she feels. She was rather more oppressed this evening than usual, and nevertheless she wished me to go and sleep quietly. But, how can I sleep! You shall have tidings again to-morrow.

'I tell you all; the idea of concealing the slightest thing from you has not even occurred to me.'

'Wednesday.

'She was disturbed last night not by the drums, but by a feeling of oppression and a little feverishness.

'However, to-day has been tolerable; she asked to have a little beef *à la mode* for dinner, and after some discussion on the matter, it was given her. She ate so little of it—it was only the fancy of a sick person.

'The rain is come at last; she is breathing a fresher atmosphere; may this change be a salutary one to her, and God grant that all those who have unceasingly said to her, "This weather is really quite against you," may not begin a litany upon the

dampness, as they did upon the dry weather. The poor dear one will perhaps see that cool days or hot ones make but little difference in her condition. She has just told me that she has had some sleep.

'Thursday morning.

'She had a return of fever, and has slept badly. About ten o'clock this morning she was a little quieter. I have just read her your letter, and I hasten to finish this that I may send it.

'I break off in the midst of my sentences, and scarcely know what I am saying.

'Your boy is playing at this moment on his mother's bed. Adieu, my poor Ampère; this is probably the last letter I shall write you.

'ÉLISE.'

From André to Julie.

'Bourg.

'Dear Julie,—No further deliberation is necessary: the answer from Fourcroy, the Counsellor of State, arrived yesterday. He thanks the professors for their zeal, and advises them to leave off their duties, as the Government can no longer hold itself responsible towards them.

'Every one has been so persuaded of my immediate departure, that the inventory of my laboratory has been taken.

'Messrs. Dupras and Olivier have consequently

made their arrangements also. I cannot remai here under any pretext, even if I would, unless I ca declare that I do not know where to find a lodging I must leave; I shall embrace you in a few days; have nothing more to do than to verify my inventor and to pack up. I am going to be with my Juli for ever: what happiness! If you do not receiv any more letters from me, it is because I am going t start even sooner, or that my whole time is occu pied in preparations for the journey.

'Mme. de Lalande has written from Paris t a Bourg lady, that she had heard from goo authority that Messrs. Clerc and Mermet wer placed at Moulins, and I at Lyons. My love, m love, we shall never more be separated.

'A. AMPÈRE.'

From Ampère to M. Delambre.

'Bourg, the 13th Germinal, year II.

'Sir,—This letter can be filled with nothing bu the thanks I owe you, both for the post you assig me, and for the promise you have made me o presenting to the Institute my treatise, *L'Applica tion à la Mécanique des Formules du Calcul de Variations.* The copy I have had made of it, my own writing being bad, has demanded more time than I should have thought. As the man who under took the task knew little of mathematics, severa

faults have had to be corrected; this is why I have not been able to send it sooner.

'I have another request to make to you; I flatter myself that you will not refuse to replace the three faulty copies of my treatise, *La Théorie Mathématique du Jeu*, which are in the library of the Institute, and in the possession of the President and of M. de Laplace, by the three corrected copies which you will find in the parcel accompanying this letter. I have also placed a fourth copy in the same parcel. If you speak of me to M. de Lagrange, as you have led me to hope you may, would you have the kindness to present it to him as an expression of my admiration? I should not venture to offer it to so great a man, unless you deign to be my mediator.

'I must ask you a thousand pardons, Monsieur, for all the trouble I am causing you; it is a proof how much I rely on your indulgence. My treatise, indeed, met with your approbation in a hasty reading of it at the *Société d'Émulation* at Bourg; but I do not know how it will bear a more strict examination. I may perhaps have done wrong in using a formula of my own invention, which appears in the small treatise I sent to you at Lyons. I have always regarded this formula as of little importance, but it has always been very useful to me in simplifying calculation wherever I have employed it. As I have just now more leisure time than I ever

had in my life, I have begun a third treatise, the subject of which leads me to hope that I may achieve something better than I have done hitherto. What more flattering reward could I expect for my work, than one day to see some of my small productions inserted, as a whole or in extracts, in the repertory formed by the Institute from the works of scholars not belonging to it? It is to you, Monsieur, *præsidium et dulce decus meum*, that I should owe this invaluable service; it is the praise which you have had the goodness to bestow upon me, which has excited in me the desire of meriting it.

'Allow me, Sir, to repeat my thanks for all that you have done for me, and accept the expression of my lasting gratitude.

'A. AMPÈRE.

(This last letter, written by André to the learned examiner Delambre, on the evening before the former quitted Bourg definitively, informs us at length of the realisation of his wishes: he is appointed to the Lyceum at Lyons. All the vicissitudes of the famous treatise, *La Théorie du Jeu*, are terminated, and correct copies are to be substituted for the faulty ones. Upon this point we have seen with what anxiety poor Ampère reproaches himself for the error he committed in not correcting his work with sufficient attention. This

negligence assumed in his eyes the proportions of a great misfortune; he trembled at receiving the letter from the great mathematician Laplace; his career seemed to him ruined for ever.

How salutary was the influence of his wife to a nature thus impressionable! In affection, Julie's heart was also capable of vivid feeling; but in the ordinary affairs of life she constantly sought to give calmness and reality to this genius, which passed without transition from a washerwoman's account to the highest scientific abstractions, from the most minute details to the new discovery which was to immortalise him, or even from religious meditation to the expression of his passionate affection. In André, the capacity of emotion was such that he felt with incredible keenness the grief of a private misfortune or the sorrow of an historical catastrophe, whatever the number of years that had intervened; he has been seen to shed tears at the thought of events which retarded the progress of civilisation in other ages, just as if he had been the witness or the victim of them himself.

We are constantly reminded of the pain that questions of a practical nature must have cost this mighty mind. In spite of his virtuous efforts, he could not long remain on this lower world: either poetry carried him away, or science fascinated him. The lover, the thinker, the inventor, ever reappeared in spite of the hard necessity

which forced him to gain the daily bread of his wife and his child.

One feeling alone transformed and fixed this lively imagination: namely, the uneasiness he experienced at the state of his Julie's health! Nothing could distract his attention from this subject. We have before us whole pages which evidence a solicitude never at rest; injunctions and recommendations are ever renewed, ever succeeding each other in the most studied technical terms. He thinks of everything; he is a thorough *sœur de charité* by the invalid's bedside; a physician could, without compromising himself, have signed various receipts for calming potions or soothing ointments prescribed at twelve leagues distance by the young husband, who is overwhelmed with work, and who cannot sleep from the pressure of it.

With what profound respect we follow André step by step along the path of sacrifice of every kind offered to her whom he calls his benefactress! The sacrifice which weighs most upon his heart is that of separation; but in reckoning all the hours lost in giving fruitless lessons and thus stolen from precious work, we suffer more than he (for he was ignorant of the sacrifice made) at the contemplation of such inexorable duties fettering his genius and placing this grand mind at the service of the first scholar who came, and was able to pay nine or twelve francs a month for such a professor. A few

brief lines traced by Ampère's hand under the form of a journal and a letter to his brother-in-law Carron, mark as it were, the last stations of the Calvary which he trod with Julie up to July 14, 1803.

'*April* 17, *Sunday*.—Quasimodo. I returned from Bourg never more to quit my Julie.

'*May* 14, *Saturday*.—Saint Polycarp. We went to Polémieux.

(Julie was still able to be taken to her mother-in-law's country house.)

'*Sunday*, 15.—I went to church at Polémieux for the first time since my sister's death.

(He is speaking of his eldest sister, who died very young.)

'*Thursday*, 19.—Feast of the Ascension. Grand mass in the church at Polémieux. A sad conversation together on the way.

(We can readily picture the husband's sorrow as he supports his poor dying wife.)

'*Friday*, 20.—M. Carron arrived.

'*Saturday*, 21.—Walk in the garden. Julie very ill.

'*Sunday*, 22.—Saint Julie. I went away in the evening, leaving Julie much fatigued. I returned to her after having enquired M. Lambert's address.

(M. Lambert was an ecclesiastic.)

'*Tuesday*, 24.—Saint Jeanne. We started by the

diligence. Julie took leave of her brother with affection.'

(André and his wife left Polémieux for Colonges, near Lyons; it was there her death took place.)

From André to M. Carron.

'Lyons, Thursday, 19th Messidor, year XI.

'Dear Friend,—If you knew how my time is spent, you would understand why I do not write to you; I have so many journeys to make to M. Peletin, and to the Lyceum, which was opened last Monday! Tuesday and Wednesday I gave my first lessons; to-day, Thursday, I am profiting by the holiday to tell you of our poor invalid. The swelling having increased to an immense extent, the doctor ordered her to take dittany wine; this remedy has greatly lessened the oppression; but it has caused so much pain in the stomach that it was obliged to be left off, and all has begun again.

'Julie did not sleep badly last night, and feels altogether less weary to-day than usual. M. Peletin will come to see her to-morrow. Oh! my brother, how my poor Julie is to be pitied, and how agonising it is to see her suffer! I do all I can to hide my grief from her, and it seems to me that I sometimes succeed. The doctor gives us great hopes, but alas! who knows if there is any foundation for them? Oh my friend! to understand the deso-

lation I feel, you must, like me, have witnessed the suffering and the agonising danger of all that you love in the world. Your mother has no thought but for her child; Élise constrains herself, so as to avoid all that might disturb, but no one can give his health to purchase Julie's back again. I forget that you also have a wife in thus speaking to you only of my own. Every one at Colonges is longing for the end of the summer in the hope of seeing you return. Julie and I are not among the last who cherish such a wish.

'Adieu, my brother and friend, I embrace you heartily.

'AMPÈRE.'

'*Saturday*, 28.—Eve of Pentecost. I spoke for the first time to M. Lambert for a moment in his confessional.

'*Monday*, 30.—I quitted Colonges, leaving Julie in hopes of seeing M. Lambert again.

'*Tuesday*, 31.—My hope was again frustrated.

'*Wednesday, June* 1.—I was too late at M. Lambert's, on account of Saint Didier and Rieussec.

'*Sunday*, 5.—I left Bellerive intending to return on Monday.

'*Monday*, 6.— Absolution.

'*Tuesday*, 7.—St. Robert. This day has decided the rest of my life.

'*Tuesday*, 14.—I had to wait at the hospital for the

whey; I went into a church, from which a corpse was being carried. Spiritual communion . . . visited M. Vitet. Went to Polémieux for the broom.

'29. Went to Polémieux for some dittany.

'*Monday, July* 4.—Mass of the Holy Spirit.

'*Tuesday*, 5.—First lesson at the Lyons Lyceum.

'*Thursday*, 7.—M. Peletin discontinued the dittany wine.

'*Friday*, 8.—I went to fetch M. Brac at the Bridge.

(M. Brac is another doctor.)

'*Saturday*, 9.—Julie very ill in the morning. I begged M. Mollet to take my place at the Lyceum. M. Peletin continued the same treatment, in spite of the new symptom.

'*Sunday*, 10.—M. Peletin discontinued the *alkekenge*. The new symptom has abated.

'*Monday*, 11.—St. Elizabeth. I went to consult M. Peletin, who ordered plasters and dittany wine every two hours.

'*Tuesday*, 12.—In the morning Julie took from my hand a spoonful of dittany wine. At three o'clock I went to M. Peletin to consult him upon scarification. At five o'clock he returned with M. Martin.

'*Wednesday*, 13.—Nine o'clock in the morning:

'Multâ flagellâ peccatoris; sperantem autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit.

'Firmabo super te oculos meos et instruam te in viâ hâc quâ gradieris. Amen.'

Here follows a prayer, written most probably in the extremity of his anxiety.

"'My God! I thank Thee for having created me, redeemed me, and enlightened me with Thy divine light, in ordaining that I should be born in the bosom of the Catholic Church. I thank Thee for having brought me back to Thee after my wanderings; I thank Thee for having pardoned them. I feel that Thou desirest that I should live but for Thee alone, that every moment of my life should be consecrated to Thee. Wilt Thou take from me all happiness on earth? Thou art Lord of it, oh my God! my crimes have deserved this chastisement. But perhaps Thou wilt still listen to the pleadings of Thy tender mercy. "Multâ flagellâ peccatoris; sperantem autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit." I trust in Thee, oh my God! but I shall be resigned to Thy decree, whatever it may be; death would have been easier to me. But I have not deserved Heaven, and Thou wouldest not plunge me into hell. Deign so to help me that a life passed in sorrow may merit for me the happy death of which my sins have rendered me unworthy.

'Oh Lord! God of mercy! Deign to reunite me in Heaven with her whom Thou hast permitted me to love while on earth.'

One word from Élise tells us that the end had come.

'My good Ampère,—I feel it is no longer pleasant to be occupied with self—that all is indifferent: moreover, is it not for your sake that I thus write to you of her?

'Do you not believe with me that this dear spirit is hovering round us, and is still interested in those who were so dear to her? I am so often going to speak to her!

'In the night I fancy I hear her; I listen; and if it is not she, it is something belonging to her which says to me: I am here; calm your sorrow; we shall meet again.

'Ah! my poor Ampère! We have both of us lost everything. I shall not seek for consolation; the idea of forgetting her is revolting to me, and I can scarcely listen to those who talk to me of it. The day which will re-unite me with her whom I have loved will be a happy one. Poor little one! do you know she pressed my right hand; I feel the pressure still. She looked at me. I wept, and I have long perhaps to remain behind . . . for one does not die of grief.

'But you must really take care of yourself; consult M. Brac; do not add to my grief by the knowledge that the husband of my Julie is ill, lonely, and forsaken; your son, poor little thing, is as well as he can be without her. Adieu, adieu! Perhaps some day I may be able to speak to you about her without constraint. They tell me I am

wrong in recalling the remembrance of her to your mind. Adieu! adieu!

'ÉLISE.'

All was over; Jean-Jacques had lost the mother whose joy and pride and sunshine he had been; the mother who had said in speaking of her child: 'We owe all our gaiety to him; his infant grace, his childish language envelope the past, the future, and even the present, with a rosy tint which dazzles us so long as his pretty ways last. How sweet it is,' she adds, 'to hear one's children praised, and how complete must the satisfaction be when they are grown older, and we see in them the virtues with which we have inspired them!' At another time this poor Julie, who was soon to be no more, says to her André: 'Oh yes! we shall be happy! our little one will long be young and gay; some day we shall live peaceably together in some little country spot which we can easily cultivate. Let us think of the vintage; the presence of my husband and son will prevent me from being ill.'

Her son, alas! dear Madeleine, was to be separated from her for ever—more unhappy even than you, for your six years and a half left you the memory of all the past. His heart and his memory, but three years old, could preserve neither the remembrance nor the image of her whom he had lost.

But, as with yourself, God deigned to preserve for André's child a precious heritage, in the letters of his mother. In reading them at a later period, he must have learned to love her and revere her. These letters, carefully preserved by Jean-Jacques up to his death, were transmitted to us under the same seal as those of his father. Among all the innumerable papers entrusted to our care, these were not the least precious, and it is with a feeling of emotion mingled with respect that these touching family archives have been read and re-read twenty times over.

Before finding in them the evidence of so many virtues, we had often heard of them. In speaking of his father, Jean-Jacques reproached himself for not having devoted himself to him sufficiently exclusively; but how re-assuring on this point is the correspondence of the two Ampères, which begins in 1811, at the period of the scholar's first communion, and ends in 1836, at the death of the illustrious savant!

What evidences of confidence, tenderness, devotion, and reciprocal admiration, are exhibited unceasingly by these two affectionate men! Twenty-four years' difference existed between them, but this difference of age was quickly equalised by the unalterably youthful heart of the elder, and the precocious intelligence of the other.

André and Julie did not wholly vanish from this

world, since they left behind them an inheritor of their innermost being; the poor mother who in anticipation delighted in the virtues and qualities she divined in her child, was not permitted to see her hopes realised.

The great Ampère, however, more jealous of the fame of his son than of his own, owed the real happiness of his life to the celebrity of Jean-Jacques.

Nevertheless, in these moments of fatherly triumph, how many times must the remembrance of the absent one have been more poignantly awakened than ever—these triumphs, which his Julie could not share!

Some day, dear Madeleine, if Providence permits you to possess and to cherish a son, give him this manuscript from his aged great-grandmother. Meditating on the life of which these letters tell, and comparing the various fortunes which await men at the close of their youth and at the threshold of manhood, this same grandmother has many a time wished that her great-grandchild may possess some of the virtues of André.

We ask not God to give genius to our children: such pride would not touch His beneficence; but we may ardently desire for those whom we love, healthy faculties of mind, wisely developed, and governed by a pure and powerful mind.

In choosing between an inactive life, with all the ease that wealth bestows, and the stern duties

which work and self-devotion imposed on André Ampère, my preference would not lie with the easiest task. André did not spend his evenings in pleasure. One deep feeling, and one alone, filled his heart; his affection, in which self-sacrifice occupied so large a part, was never lessened by satiety; the brightness and reality of his simple pleasures might have called forth envy from the happy ones of this world. He lived out of himself, for two beings only to whom he made everything subservient, even the hope of his fame, the presentiment of which he fostered as early as 1803. Subject to the law of Jesus Christ, he was not so only in belief. He loved and honoured God in all his laborious works; he accomplished simply and naturally all his religious duties.

(The following letters have been offered to us since the first publication of this work. They contain charming details of the infancy of Jean-Jacques, who was confided to the care of his grandmother, a strong-minded and simple woman, whose tender affection was combined with austerity of character:)

From André Ampère to M. Carron.

'My dear Friend,—I write to you in order that you may not forget that I am alive. What can I say to you? You are suffering like myself. Still I feel

that you will love him whom your sister loved, and who has had the unhappiness to survive her. I am told that the interest of my child demands that I should retain my post. I am retaining it; I am resigned to anything.

'Your mother and sisters have not been ill; but it is sad to see them. Poor Carron! her brother and all her belongings have become dearer than ever to me. If I could embrace you, it would be some alleviation to mingle our tears! Adieu! adieu!

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From Madame Ampère, widow, to André Ampère.

'1804.

'It grieved me, my poor Ampère, to see you in the state in which I found you on Sunday. Try, my good son, to bear the cross with Jesus Christ; He visits those whom He loves. What would become of your poor child if he lost you? Alas! I see daily what need he has of his father. Remember how she commended her son and your family to you: are you following her last desires? No. Grief is fatal to men; you are looking ill, thin, pale; do you know what all this may end in? In utter prostration. How many sorrows and afflictions have already befallen your mother! Be reasonable then; think that you have still a task to fulfil. Providence has left you a son for your consolation; Julie's child is

another Julie. You are obliged to live for the sake of bringing him up in the love and fear of God, for the sake of following him into the world, and hindering him from partaking of its vices. You are better acquainted with youth than I am; you know how difficult it is to instruct and to govern the young. Who will need a Mentor more than your own Jean-Jacques? The more I see of this little creature, the more I perceive how sad it would be for him to be placed in the hands of strangers; I am sure that he would then become very troublesome. You will say, How can one judge of a child of his age? And I answer you that he has need of you, that no one can take your place, and that it is your duty to take care of yourself for his sake, and for the sake of those round you.

'Let Delorme know if I am to see you on Saturday; as for myself, I shall only go to Lyons in fine weather; if not, it would be necessary to keep the little one in the house, and what should we do with him?

'Adieu, my son. Have pity on your poor mother, who would give anything to see you happy, and who has had this blessing but for a moment. Send me the rules you observe with regard to Jean-Jacques; he begs me to say to his papa: "I love him dearly, tell him to come and see me."

'AMPÈRE, widow.'

(The post at the Lyons Lyceum, so dearly ob-

tained, André now no longer feels that he has the courage to occupy. Like a man struck down by an incurable malady, he longs to find some alleviation to his grief by a change of situation and place. He listens to various proposals, to advice of the most opposite character ; he sketches out impossible plans.)

'Do not give in your resignation without reflection,' writes Mdlle. Jeanne Boyron to him. 'Your aunt wanders a little perhaps, but never mind it. Her tender affection for you keeps her awake night and day ; act so that you may neither have to regret nor grieve over your conduct.'

From Madame Ampère, widow, to André.

'1804.

'Do not think, my dear son, that I wish to advise you ; I am as undecided as you are. I should like to see you calm and happy ; this is all I desire.

'What is this vitriol undertaking about? You, without experience, trustful as you are, to place yourself at the head of a commercial enterprise! You will be deceived, you will be ruined! You do not wish for a partner ; but would it not be better to gain a thousand crowns than to run the risk of losing six thousand, your child's fortune, your own, and who knows what more?

'To take a school where a large outlay would be necessary, without being certain of having pupils is pretty nearly the same thing. To go to Paris for

twelve hundred francs!—you could not live on it. If you were here, you would silence me by saying: "Well, mamma, what do you wish me to do then?" Alas; my son, I do not know. I should like to be rich enough to say to you: "Travel, amuse yourself;" but that will not do; it is necessary to realise the extent of your resources accurately, that the little you possess may not be spent. You have such a quick temper. When you have an idea, all is well; for this reason it is better to ask advice, to do nothing in a hurry, not to act as you did with one of your best friends the other day, and not to answer: "It is folly, there is no sense in it." Do you think, my child, that such words are not felt? People end, on the contrary, by saying nothing more, and you are left to take your own foolish course. I have tried to mend your display of passion by imputing it to your sad situation; he seemed to me, indeed, far more touched by your sorrow than by your words. Is it possible that a good Christian, a member of Jesus Christ, who ought to suffer with patience, resignation, and gentleness, should give way to despair as you do? Throw yourself at the foot of the Crucified, and ask Him to instruct you as to what He would have you do; I, on my part, will pray the Holy Mother to intercede with Him, that He may render you good and patient towards those who love you. Alas! my child, you must feel that if you give free vent to your bursts of passion, they will only increase, and

you will become a burden to yourself. Promise God day by day to become more submissive to His will. Messrs. Brac, Périsse, Ballanche, and Coupier, are all much attached to you; consult them, ask them, and do nothing in haste; try to see if this business enterprise is worth what you are told, if all these fine speeches are not used in order to get rid of an undertaking which is more likely to ruin than to enrich. I repeat that in such a matter I am incapable of giving you my advice; I beg you only to follow the opinion of those more experienced than I am.

'Adieu, my poor Ampère; love your mother as much as she loves you. Take care of yourself for the sake of our little one.

'AMPÈRE, widow.'

(All Ampère's doubts ended speedily on his appointment as Master of Analysis at the Polytechnic School. The 11th Brumaire, year XIII. (November, 1804), on the day of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon, a letter addressed to Élise announces the modest installation of the young Professor.)

From André Ampère to Élise.

'11th Brumaire, 1804.

'My dear Sister,—I promised to write to you, but I did not wish to speak to you of that which unceasingly occupies my mind, and still more since I

have quitted my native place. I thought I should leave behind me the thoughts which I shun, and I have deceived myself. It would be too cruel in me to renew the painful impression which I produced on your own mind five weeks ago.

'I am going to tell you of the event of the day. Standing at a corner of the Place du Carrousel, where Louis XIV. held his fêtes, I saw the Pope this morning drive past, presently followed by Bonaparte, who was repairing to Notre Dame for the ceremony of coronation.

'The crowd was small, and all was quiet. An hour afterwards I saw the French regiments return which had formed the line the whole length of the way. I saw one with the standard all in tatters, which had been torn in the wars of the Revolution.

'I am writing in my room in the Polytechnic School; I have occupied it since yesterday. Within these four walls my life is henceforth to be spent. At every line I feel the air tremble with the reports of the cannon from the Invalides, which is about two hundred steps off. If you knew this monument of a great age, raised to humanity, you would feel how many remembrances cling to it.

'Three o'clock is striking; the Emperor is at Notre Dame, and this moment is probably that of his coronation. This evening he will pass along the Boulevards, in front of Carron's windows.

'I am anxious to hear from you. If you are

at Saint Germain, you must be suffering from the cold. The weather is less severe to-day in Paris; so much the better for those who are under arms.

'Adieu, my sister: think of me sometimes, unless the remembrance becomes too painful to you. My remembrances will never cease to cling to me. Adieu: my feelings towards you are those of a most tender brother. 'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

(A standard all in tatters, which had been torn in the wars of the Revolution, and a temperature less severe on that day for those who were under arms—such are the things that strike Ampère as he sees the triumphal cortége of Napoleon I. pass by. In 1806 the young Professor of Analysis writes to his sister Élise: 'Did I tell you that I was presented to the Emperor a fortnight ago? I have now calmly looked at this celebrated man, whom you admire so much. What a man he would be had he as much feeling as he has genius!'

At Bourg, three years before, André-Marie had felt himself more embarrassed before the examiner Delambre than he now did in the presence of the sovereign Bonaparte . . .)

From André Ampère to Élise.

'January, 1805.

'I waited till to-day to write to you, in order that I might send you and your mother some news of Carron,

whom I thought I should have seen yesterday. I went there in vain, but I gained the knowledge that they were well, for I saw Élisa. I also went to see M. de Jussieu, who has shown me much kindness; and I called on Messrs. Morel, Desjardins, and Delambre. These are all I saw on this day formerly so happy, now so sad!

'How can I hear myself wished a happiness that I know is lost for ever, without weeping? I have been tempted not to write to you in order that I should not make you experience what I have felt myself; but you would perhaps have attributed my silence to forgetfulness. You are not within my heart to see what is passing there, and to note the ever increasing sway of feelings experienced in moments too quickly fled!

'Adieu: your brother embraces you heartily.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From André Ampère to his sister Joséphine Ampère.

'February, 1805.

'I thank you, my dear sister, for the letter which gives me tidings of you and my little child. Kiss him heartily from me, and try to inspire him with the taste at least of listening to reading, if not with that of reading himself. I send you a book for this purpose, and beg you to try and make him understand what you read, explaining to him as far as

possible, and showing him the corresponding pictures. You must try to make him connect the written ideas with the illustrated ideas, both as regards the animals and the stories.

'I do not know if you have very cold weather; it has frozen hard the last few days, and the Seine is covered with ice. A pretty thing here, and one not seen at Lyons, is the number of little birds which are to be found in all the less-frequented streets, mingling with the passers-by, and no one attempting to harm them. Adieu, my dear sister; I commend my little one to you, and I embrace you all most tenderly. Would it be possible for Jean-Jacques to learn by heart a little fable, which you might choose for him in the *Bibliothèque des Enfants*, among those which are easiest of comprehension?

'Adieu, my dear sister; love me always as I love you.

'Your brother,

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From André Ampère to his son Jean-Jacques.

'I send a kiss to my little one if he is very good. He may kiss his grandmamma tenderly, and say to her: "My dear grandmamma, papa would like to be near you, and embrace you as I am doing." If you are very good, my little one, your dear grandmamma will

take you some day to La Croix des Rameaux, that you may gather some pretty flowers. Adieu, my little one; I embrace you tenderly.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From M. Barret to André Ampère.

'Belley, February 23, 1805.

'I have heard, my dear friend, that the tumult of the great city creates in your heart a feeling of painful isolation; that your thoughts carry you back to the mountainous paths of Polémieux, and that you recall with pleasure the remembrance of having trod them with me and other friends. These pleasant remembrances occupy my mind also, and make me desirous of again cultivating metaphysics, anatomy, and botany, and so many other things which I used to love, and which I still love as they deserve. But you have fled far from us, and if, for my own part, I had not found such an asylum as Providence has assigned me, I know not what would have been my feeling of desolation. I believe I should never have forgiven you. However, I not only absolve you, but I hope that happiness has accompanied you to Paris, or rather that you may recover it in the society of those who would receive you with such a hearty welcome. Daily I more and more experience the proofs of God's goodness. Freed from the anxieties and duties of the world, enjoying a liberty

I have never before known, I am tasting the innocent pleasure of cherishing all those whom I seemed to be leaving. A peculiar blessing seems to rest upon all belonging to me. My brother came to visit me ; he spent a week with me. I cannot but remark that his character is beautifully softened by religious feeling. He sent me a letter from a friend, in which the latter, equally touched with divine grace, tells me that he feels more than ever the happiness of being a Christian ; and, just as if they had passed the word to each other, I receive on the very same day a line from Brédin, who assures me that pride alone has made him fall back from the way of truth, and that he implores both my help and yours in enabling him to tread it with greater firmness. This is not all : Bonjour seemed giving way ; and I have induced Brédin to stick close to him, promising that you and I will second him. In another direction, Grognier has married. His wife is religious : this may contribute to bring him back to Christianity. Lastly, it is under such circumstances that M. Lambert is to preach at St. John's during Lent. This is sufficient in itself, I think, to allow us to hope for the sincere conversion of our friends. So, my good and worthy Ampère, our little apostleship has not been in vain. Next to God, it is you who have powerfully influenced my brother's mind. I beg you, in the name of all that is dear to you, to try and gain the same influence over his younger

brother; but the cure of such a sick man is no light work. This task accomplished, you would scarcely be dearer to me, but you would become more pleasing to God. Do this miracle, and I shall quite forget that you have left Lyons for Paris.

'My love to Lenoir and Ballanche if they are near you.

'Your affectionate friend,

'BARRET.'

From Madame Ampère, widow, to André Ampère.

'March 1805.

'You ought, my dear son, to have received a letter in which I told you that the things from the Lyceum had arrived safely. I have not yet received the parcel of books which you are sending to Jean-Jacques.

'We are concocting a surprise which the little one was to announce to you himself, but he has gone out walking with his aunt, and I do not like to miss the opportunity that presents itself for my writing. He knows how to read sufficiently well to amuse himself, and he read, all alone, the letter you wrote to him. Every day, after dinner, he reads two pages, and on Sunday three, out of a book of Buffon's. It is only the hope of knowing all about animals which has induced him to persevere. Whether he is good or naughty, he always goes to fetch his little armchair

and sit by his aunt, and he never fails to finish his task. He has been charming for a whole week; such a state of things cannot last longer—that is the difficulty. One does not know what to do with him. Nothing daunts him but imprisonment. When the crisis is over, he declares that he is far more happy when he is good, because he is caressed and loved. He says, "I do not know why I am naughty, it vexes me so!" Yesterday evening he amused himself with reading in a low voice a little story; he was quiet, and appeared very happy. We must hope that reason will correct his bursts of passion, but his temper is hasty.

'Your aunt thanks you for all your remembrances of her, and wishes you, as we all do, good health, a little more happiness, and above all a tranquil mind. Oh! my dear child, if all could but succeed according to your desires!

'Adieu: love me as much as I love you, and let your mother have tidings of you as often as you can.

'AMPÈRE, widow.'

From Madame Ampère, widow, to André.

'1805.

'My dear Ampère,—Do not buy such expensive books for your boy; they are of no use to him at present. He is not sufficiently advanced to be

amused with all the things they contain. We have only been able to induce him to read *La Petite Suzette* and *Le Petit Négrillon*; for in the other story there was a mad dog, and as soon as he hears of bad animals, his fears return.

'*Le Buffon de la Jeunesse* amuses him much. Tatan reads it to him every evening, and your sister shows him the engravings. You ought to be very pleased with Joséphine, for she takes great trouble to teach him, and she tries to pacify his temper. I often admire her patience. She would like some little stories, printed in large characters, in which there are none but good children. If he reads of naughty children, he imitates them; he does not try like them to correct himself. His selection of his reading is a little perplexing; he gets tired when he does not understand; he yawns when the stories are long. Your sister would like a book written expressly for him, like the first volume of *Charles*, which taught him so many little things within his comprehension. She could not go on with the second volume because it is full of naughty little fellows like himself, though they mend their ways; but Jean-Jacques, as I said before, does not attend to that. He takes great pleasure in reading my book of prayers, and I have promised that at Easter he shall have one of his own to take to mass.

'As for play-things, I only want a few pasteboard boxes. He does not care much for play and for

amusing himself with toys. It would be money thrown away, like the third book you mention.

'Adieu, my son. Do you always dine with that ecclesiastic? You are fortunate in having little birds round you when you walk out. We live in the country, yet we have not such a pleasure.

'With the hearty love of all three.

'AMPÈRE, widow.'

From Madame Ampère, widow, to André.

'March 29, 1805.

'You do not write often, my dear son: of course your occupations prevent it. Your little one continues to learn with much ease; he likes his Catechism so much that your sister maintains he will one day be a Father of the Faith. He retains the fables without difficulty; Joséphine reads one to him about four times over, and then he knows it without a mistake. His library interests him more than his playthings; he counts his books, as he used to count his toys. He wanted my almanac to make up the twentieth.

'He is still troublesome, though he is a little more under control; when his naughty days come, his eyes have a wicked expression, he frowns, and we have some difficulty in avoiding a storm; but time, patience, care, and above all the intelligence he possesses, will make

him a charming child. His love of stories increases more and more; he would like a book full of them.

'From your last letter, my son, you seem to have begun to weary again, and your gloomy moods have returned. Do not give way to this faint-heartedness. God places us where He wishes us to be.

'As Jean-Jacques has been naughty, I shall not allow him, as a punishment, to kiss his papa in this letter; but he says all the same that he would like to see you, and that he is very sorry that you have gone away from him. I beg you again not to sit up so late, and to take care of yourself. You are all in all to us, my dear son.

'AMPÈRE, widow.'

'On March 20 three suns were seen to rise, apparently connected by the colours of the rainbow. At Ause, where the phenomenon was observed, they were seen to reunite at ten o'clock in the morning. As for myself, I saw them, and I judge that they were two clouds charged with water, through which a ray of the sun was shining, and I left them to reunite when they chose.

'Your little one is asking to write to you. I have just forgiven him:

'"My papa, I love you much. I should like to see you. I am going to begin to be a little better child."'

From André Ampère to Élise.

'1805.

'I have been to Lyons after some months of absence, and I have only seen you for a few moments. How grieved I should be at this, if I did not think that my presence can only make you feel your sorrow more keenly!

'In the letter I am writing to your mamma, I send good news of Carron, and his wife and children. I am writing to you this evening; the moon is shining sadly into my room, which is more in unison with my feelings than the one I occupied last year. It looks into a little courtyard where no one passes. There are no little birds here which come to my window as they did at the Palais Bourbon, and there are no beautiful chestnut-trees like those which I saw from my window, covered with blossoms. I am glad of it, for those chestnut-trees and the dome of the Invalides rising above them gave rise to very sad reflections. My friends constantly ask for my poor little one; love him as you used to love her whom we called Julie.

'What have I to tell you, my dear sister? The days pass in monotonous uniformity. The time not occupied with work is spent in gloomy thought. Ever since I have been here, one day of my life resembles all the rest. I hope for another post, and I shall not be happier when I have it. But I ought

not to complain : perhaps the generality of men are not happier than I am.

'Adieu, my dear Élise : think sometimes of your brother, and be sure that no one desires your happiness more earnestly than he does. May you recover a little calmness of feeling! may you, like myself, sink into that apathy in which the heart is scarcely any longer aware of suffering, because no longer alive to feeling!

'Your brother,

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From André Ampère to Élise.

'1805.

'You must be angry with me, my dear sister, for having remained so long without writing; but what had I to say to you? My life is a circle with nothing to break its uniformity; weary of work, weary when I have a moment of rest—such, pretty nearly, is the whole of my existence. I have but one pleasure, a very hollow, very artificial one, and which I rarely enjoy, and that is to discuss metaphysical questions with those who are engaged in this science at Paris, and who show me more kindness than the mathematicians. But my position obliges me to work at the pleasure of the latter, a circumstance which does not contribute to my diversion, for I have no longer any relish for mathematics. Nevertheless, since I have been here, I have written

two treatises on Calculation, which are to be printed in the Journal of the Polytechnic School. It is seldom except on Sunday that I can see the metaphysicians, such as M. Mainç de Biran, with whom I am very intimate, and M. de Tracy, with whom I dine occasionally at Auteuil, where he resides. It is almost the only place near Paris where the country reminds me of the banks of the Saône. There are some pretty groups of willows, too, on the banks of the Seine; but the country only makes me feel sad. Some time ago I dined at Auteuil with the celebrated Lafayette, whose son married Mdlle. de Tracy. The sight of the liberator of America caused me an emotion of which I had scarcely thought myself susceptible, in the state of moral apathy which at present constitutes my existence.

'Of what am I going to write to you? In truth, I am so void of ideas and feelings that I cannot find a subject upon which I could dwell without grieving you. You will see in the letter I am writing to your mother, that all those in Paris in whom you are interested are well.

'Adieu, my dear sister: think of me sometimes, if you can do so without too much sadness. I embrace you heartily. Adieu.

'Your brother,

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

From André Ampère to Élise.

'1805.

'What various feelings I have experienced, my dear sister, in reading your letter! Both of us full of the same remembrances, we both suffer the same pain. A thousand things combine to take up my attention: plans for advancement, abstract investigations, the society of the learned, and a life away from Lyons. But you, poor Élise, what a difference! Everything around you is calculated to keep up your sorrow. Oh yes! I feel the contrast; you are perhaps the most to be pitied, placed as you are in a situation in which it would be impossible for me to live. Nevertheless these plans, these investigations, and these learned men cannot occupy my thoughts for long: I am always returning to the one idea which I ought to strive to dispel. They tell me that I must do all that I can for this end, but I never succeed, for I have not even the wish to do so.

'Sometimes I am filled with a desire to quit this Paris, and go to Polémieux, that I may abandon myself completely to my thoughts and to my poor little one. Poor child! they tell me he would be better if he did not remember so much; that he still sometimes asks the most heartrending questions. He does not know, however, how much he is to be pitied.

'There is one thing about which I wish to speak

to you, Élise. You tell me to keep him; can I have him come to Paris? I wish to leave him with those who are devoted to him; my good mother cherishes him night and day. Monument, as he is, of a grief I could never forget, who could preserve in his heart the memory of what he has lost better than you could do? You are right: he must never enter the house he quitted on that terrible day.

'But you will not always live in the same place; and when you go, take him with you and let him never leave you more. Oh! if he could be any source of consolation to you, if he could restore you peace, health, and sleep, I would without hesitation sacrifice my pleasure for yours.

'I will not write you more on the matter to-day, I feel myself too weary of life.

'Adieu, my sister: offer your mother the tender affection of a son who owed this title to her choice. I have been happy to bear it. Adieu. As to my interests and position, everything is as I could wish.

'Adieu, adieu, my sister.

'ANDRÉ AMPÈRE.'

(It seems strange that Ampère, feeling himself full of gratitude to his mother for the care she lavishes on Jean-Jacques night and day, should not only think of taking his son from her, but of being separated from him himself. The fact is that at this time Élise, Julie's sister and intimate associate, was

seized with a dangerous malady, the progress of which was hastened by her sorrow. André, by a last act of sacrifice, longed to give her some consolation.)

Fifteen months after Julie's death, Ampère wrote these concluding meditations.

'September, 1805.

'Mistrust thy intelligence: it has too often deceived thee! How canst thou still rely upon it? When thou wert striving to be a philosopher, thou feltest even then how empty is a mind which possesses but a certain facility in producing brilliant ideas. Now that thou art aspiring to become a Christian, dost thou not feel that there is nothing good but what comes from God? The intelligence which takes our attention from God, the intelligence which diverts us from true good, however penetrating, however agreeable, however useful it may be in procuring us corruptible things, is but a spirit of delusion and error.

'The mind is given us only for the sake of leading us to truth and to the highest good.

'Happy the man who unclothes himself to be clothed anew! He who tramples under foot all vain wisdom, to possess that of God, despises mere intelligence as much as the world esteems it. Do not conform thy ideas to those of the world, if thou wilt that they should be conformed to truth.

'The doctrine of the world is a doctrine of perdition. We must become simple, humble, and entirely detached from the world; we must become calm, thoughtful, and never question the will of God.

'The fashion of this world passes away. If thou art living upon its vanities, thou wilt pass away like it. But the truth of God abides for ever; if thou art living upon that, thou wilt abide like it. My God! what are all these sciences, all these arguments, all these discoveries of genius, all these vast conceptions which the world admires, and on which it so greedily feasts its curiosity? *Nothing*, in truth, but vanity.

'Study, however, but without any eagerness.

'Let the half-extinguished energy of thy feelings be expended on less frivolous objects. Do not let it be consumed on vanity.

'Take care not to allow thy mind to be preoccupied with science as in days past.

'Work on in the spirit of prayer. Study the things of this world—it is the duty of thy state; but beware lest they distract thy attention from the contemplation of the light eternal. Hear the conversation of the learned, but let thine ear be ever ready to listen to the gentle voice of thy Friend in Heaven.

'Write, as thy calling bids thee, with thy right hand, but with thy left lay fast hold on the robe of Almighty God, even as a child clings to his father's garment. If thou dost not, thou shalt surely dash

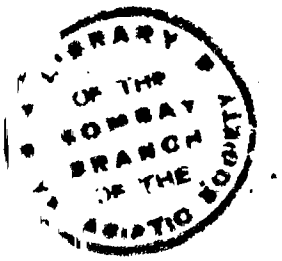
thyself against some stone. May I always remember what St. Paul says:

'"Using this world as not abusing it:" and oh! may my soul from this day forth be one in God and Christ Jesus!'

'Bless me my God.'

André suffered, and toiled, and struggled; but from these sufferings, these labours, and these struggles, he came forth a man of such rare intelligence as may not easily be equalled, but who furnishes a bright example of what can be accomplished by steady courage and constant perseverance, by a frugal and contented spirit, a passionate love of science, and of the truth in all things.

The young men who read this account of his early labours, may well incline their heads respectfully, as they follow the brief record; but if they are capable of appreciating the rectitude, humility, kindness, generosity, and tenderness of his soul, they will assuredly offer to them a mental tribute of deep sympathy and fervent admiration.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